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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ABRAHAM COWLEY

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

FROM THE TEXT OF DR. SPRAT, &c.

WITH TH[illegible]IOR.

Begin the song, and
Lo! how the Years
All hand in hand d
And to my song wi
Would the dance la
My Muſick's voice
Till all gentle notes
In the laſt trumpet'

[illegible]ditted quire!
[illegible]es dance.
[illegible]HE RESURRECTIO

COWLEY does to J[illegible]
Jove and COWLEY [illegible]
The Muſes did young COWLEY raiſe,
They ſtole thee from thy nurſe's arms,
Fed thee with ſacred love of praiſe,
And taught thee all their charms:
As if Apollo's ſelf had been thy [illegible]
They daily rock'd thee on his lyre.

[illegible] VERSES TO COWL[illegible]

VOL. III.

Bell's *ſecond edition.*

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTIN[illegible]

Anno 1784.

POE

ABRA

PREF. TO BOOKS O
FIRST BOOK. OF H
SECOND BOOK. OF

Alone exempted
The forward CO
For Envy's blas
He blossom'd ear
In whom the do
Ripe in his prim
With us he left
The feast of wit,
While the fair tr
In verdure with
The pride of ear

AT THE Sp

... of ingenuity wh...

"The occaſion," ſays ...

"jects of his Six Books of ...

"returned into England, h...

"the main intention of his ...

"diſguiſe of applying ...

"ſion; and that of ...

"To this purpoſe, after ...

"he proceeded to the conſidera...

"having furniſhed himſelf with ...

"he retired into a fruitful part ...

"field and wood might ſhew h...

"thoſe Plants of which he had ...

"maſtered that part of the ...

Volume III.

" The two firſt Books tre
" ſembling the Elegics of O
" ſweetneſs and freedom of t
" them in the ſtrength of th
" the ſenſe. The third and four
" in all the variety of Catullus a
" for the laſt of which authors
" verence, and imitated him n
" and numerous pace of his Ode
" the familiar eaſineſs of his Ep
" The two laſt ſpeak of Trees in
" Georgicks: of theſe the ſixth B
" cated to the honour of his coun
" BritiſhOak to preſide in the Aſſ
" Trees, upon that occaſion he en
" of the late rebellion, the King
" turn, and the beginning of th
" manages all in a ſtyle

...occaſions of wit and poetry, ſo
muſt be confeſſed that, in the main, he has but a bar
ren province to cultivate, where the ſoil was to b
enriched by the improvements of art and fancy. H
muſt ſo frequently deſcend to ſuch minute deſcrip
tions of Herbs and Flowers, which adminiſter ſo fee
ble occaſions for thought, and are ſo unfurniſhed o
variety, that ſince the enumerations are no where te
dious, but every thing made beautiful and entertain
ing, it muſt be wholly aſcribed to the ability of th
artiſt, with a *materiem ſuperavit opus*.

This wonderful performance put me on a conſider
ation by what artifices of ingenuity he could poſſibl
effect it: I was ſenſible that the ſmalleſt ſubjects wer
capable of ſome ornament in the hands of a goo
poet.

> In tenui labor, at tenuis non gloria, ſiquem
> Numina læva ſinant auditque vocatus Apollo.

This was deſignedly hinted by Virgil, when h
came to his deſcription of Bees, to raiſe the credit o
his own performance; whereas thoſe manners, poli
ticks, and battles, with which he has adorned hi
poem, were for the moſt part true in fact, and the re
lay obvious to invention; but our Author was obliged
to animate his ſilent tribe of Plants, to inſpire th m
with motion and diſcourſe, in order to lighten hi
deſcriptions with ſtory: but where he is confined t
the deſcriptive part itſelf, where he is to regiſter th

ſtandin
nary lif
opus; it
the fag
for his
the jud
was to
ply con
that m
than th
nicely f
places
the ſeaſ
their lo
ful qual
has ma
hauſted
ed and
and pe
agreeab
wherev
the fur

Yet
verted
juſt reg
being n
ginatio
vention

... but they appear the re
nuine thought, and naturally arising fron
Antiquity had been beforehand in fur
with diverting fables relating to several F
he never suffers to escape his hands; of
not a cold and dull reciter, but delivers tl
new a grace, such an ingenious connexio
cation to his design, that in every one, inst
tradition, we have the pleasure of a story

Having mentioned our Author's design i
we must speak something of the econor
the most important part of a poem, and fr
it properly takes its character; for witho
tificial cast and drift, it can never be able
itself; the boldest efforts of wit and fancy b
wise but extravagant excursions. This it
completed the Georgicks of Virgil, where e
concluded with a surprising and natural

junction: what more beau
Poet have given to the ſub
can we ſee the drama itſelf
tificial cloſe? In his fifth B
between the Trees of the A
Pomona, ſeated in one of th
tween the two worlds, the c
aſſembled before her. The Au
ference to be in truth due to t
unwilling to determine for the
vents the deciſion, by a quarrel b
the Indian Bacchus, and the Euro
both countries are thereupon draw
ready to engage; when Apollo d
rous deity by the charms of his mu
beautiful and artificial a turn, that a
would have reſted ſatisfied with the
Author purſues his advantage, and b
queſt of his harp, puts a ſong into Ap
and faſtens upon the moſt noble as wel
ſubject that the nature could afford, of
diſcovery of America. The drift of his laſt
yet ſeems to top upon the reſt. is deſcr
hands in the forementioned Preface, whe
partial reader may judge if Virgil himſelf
eſigned for the glory of Rome and Augu
owlcy for his country, and the monarch of

at laſt tumultuouſly diſſolved, but arti
by the approach of the gardener, wh
fancies to have entered that morning
uſual, to gather ſuch Herbs as he ki
aſſiſtance to his wife who was fallen
third and fourth Books treat of t
third he ranges thoſe that appear in
the fourth he muſters up the tribes
Autumn Flowers, which, together
are aſſembled before Flora, to offer
claims for the precedency: the godd
doubtful how to determine amongſt
petitors, and to decline the odium
ſhe puts them in mind of the inſol
the dangerous conſequences of a ſin
principality; that ſhe was a Roma
themſelves were Flowers of a Roma
fore adviſes them to follow the n

junction: what more beautiful caſt or turn could the Poet have given to the ſubject before him? or where can we ſee the drama itſelf wind up with a more artificial cloſe? In his fifth Book the competition is between the Trees of the American world and ours. Pomona, ſeated in one of the Fortunate Iſlands, between the two worlds, the convention from each is aſſembled before her. The Author, finding the preference to be in truth due to the Indian Plants, yet unwilling to determine for the ſavage climate, prevents the deciſion, by a quarrel between Omelichilus the Indian Bacchus, and the European: the powers of both countries are thereupon drawn into parties, and ready to engage; when Apollo diſarms the barbarous deity by the charms of his muſick; which is ſo beautiful and artificial a turn, that an ordinary poet would have reſted ſatisfied with the diſcovery. Our Author purſues his advantage, and beſides the conqueſt of his harp, puts a ſong into Apollo's mouth, and faſtens upon the moſt noble as well as agreeable ſubject that the nature could afford, of Columbus his diſcovery of America. The drift of his laſt Book, which yet ſeems to top upon the reſt, is deſcribed to our hands in the forementioned Preface, where the impartial reader may judge if Virgil himſelf has better deſigned for the glory of Rome and Auguſtus, than Cowley for his country, and the monarch of his time.

if the reader conſiders th
will not think the verſion
original: he that takes t
will at leaſt find a juſtneſs
I hope that the performan
gaged with me in the atte
their parts of the undertak
the defects of mine. If, in
that diverſion I propoſed,

Yo

worthy of the
compare them,
or's ſenſe; and
that were en-
only ſupport
amends for
meet with
xpected by

ant,

ATE.

CHARLES DUKE O

MY LORD,

I DARE appeal to that learned t
ſent enjoys the honour of being
patronage, to juſtify me in prefe
of their ever-celebrated Cowley t
tection. I have long had the ami
ſome part of my endeavours to your
come recommended to a following
voted to a patron that was the glor
of his own; but while I deſpaired of p
could merit encouragement from a
Grace's worth and honour, I was oblig
for this opportunity of gratifying my w
that renders my application a juſt homa
that otherwiſe had been preſumption. I
ducts of my invention muſt h
offering for your

... to abet me) that
pliſhed with all thoſe noble qu
elevated Muſe would have cho
tue and honour were the themes
would have been tranſported to
age and climate, an example t
with the moſt noble of the ancie
the advantages of birth and qualit
dowed with ſuch greatneſs of ſoul,
ſuch generoſity of temper, with
condeſcending goodneſs and court
in your blooming years, procure
love and admiration: it is upon t
the Muſes claim a ſhare in your fa
times, been the province of the m
tronize wit and learning.

Carmen amat quiſquis carmine

It is from thence I am encouraged
of my ſel...

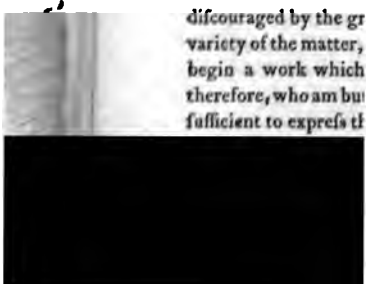
he performed to the beſt of the Latin poets, it might confidently take ſanctuary under your Grace's name. However, I may conclude myſelf ſafer in this Tranſlation than in any original which I was capable of deſigning. I ſuppoſe, in ſetting forward this Work, that every Engliſhman, as far as was poſſible, ſhould be maſter of their beloved Cowley entire, and hope your Grace will approve my zeal, if not the performance; at leaſt I will have recourſe to that indulgence you never fail of extending to your petitioners, and beg the honour of ſubſcribing myſelf, with all ſincerity,

Your Grace's

moſt devoted humble ſervant,

N. TATE.

CONSIDERING the i
beſt poets always had
inſomuch that in all o
baniſhed from the
what evil planet wa
Plants, as to permit n
lebrate their beauty a
a copious field of matt
a plentiful return of f
ſides its pleaſant hiſto
body, or, to ſpeak mo
ly underſtand) contai
frame, and a complete
I am induced to belie
ſo much think them i
diſcouraged by the gr
variety of the matter,
begin a work which
therefore, who am bu
ſufficient to expreſs th



...putation enough to
name carved on the barks of some T
reckoned a royal prerogative) inferil
Flowers. You must not, therefore, ex
many Herbs collected for this fardel a
to the compounding of one single m
two little Books are therefore offered
made up of sundry Herbs, and gilt w
brightness of style; in the choice where
much laboured, but took them as they c
there being none amongst them which co
plenty of juice, if it were drawn out accor
none so insipid that would not afford m
whole book, if well contracted. The metl
I judged most genuine and proper for this
not to press out their liquor crude, in a sir
meration, but as it were in a limbeck, by th
heat of poetry, to distil and extract their sp
have I chosen to put them together which ha
ty in nature, that might create a disgust for
variety; I rather connected those of the m
rent qualities, that their contrary colours, be
ed, might the better set off each other.

I have added short Notes, not for ostent
learning, (whereof there is no occasion here
for what is more easy than to turn over an

pery that lies out of the comm
ſuch perſons I was to ſupply
But for the ſake of the very Pla
treating of them in a poetica
from their real merit, and that
tribute to them thoſe faculties
endued them, (who ſtudies wh
not what is moſt capable of ver
have feigned thoſe qualities wh
greateſt matter for pomp and
becauſe poets are ſometimes allo
and ſome have too exceſſively
truſt is ſo wholly denied to us, th
out heſitation be believed when

O Laertiade, quicquid dicam, aut erit,

I wastherefore willing to cite p
is, ſuch as wrote in looſe and free
pared with verſe, bears the auth

as too credulous of the Greekiſh
may not ſafely be credited, he wi
this ſubject mentioned by him whic
ed by all that write of Herbs. Nor
reader, becauſe I have made my Ph
forthwith (as if he were in Dodona
pect oracles, which, I fear, my verſ
ſemble in this, that they are as bad m
gods of old delivered from their templ
conſulted them.

Having given you this account, if a
upon this Book who have read my form
not long ſince by me in Engliſh, I fear t
occaſion, from thence, of reprehending
concerning which it will not be imperti
to clear myſelf before I proceed. In the 1
foreſee that I ſhall be accuſed by ſome of tc
licacy and levity, in that having undertake
jects, and after a day or two's journey, I
through lazineſs and deſpondency of reac
or poſſeſſed with ſome new frenzy, have f
ſome other road, inſomuch that not only
they ſay, but the third part of the taſk has l
than my whole performance: "Away,
"with this deſultory writer: yet with v
"what voice, threatening mighty matter

Of war and turns of Fate I ſing

"Thou ſing of wars, thou Baſtard! w

excuſe my brevity, though not ſo eaſily e the undertaking; nor ſhall my inconſtancy in inifhing what I have begun be ſo much blamed ny conſtancy in ceaſing not continually to begi l being, like Fortune, conſtant in levity. But if, der! (as it is my deſire) we have furniſhed you what is agreeable to your appetite, you ought ake it in good part that we have uſed ſuch mode n as neither to ſend you awa ſtomach with too much fatiet that our attempts, ſuch as the dſtry of others, who are enable dſtrength to undertake the very ubjects: as Ageſilaus of old, wh de no great progreſs into Aſia, yet being the firſt in that adventure, he opened the way to Alexander for a glorious and entire conqueſt. Laſtly, (to confeſs to thee as a friend, for ſuch I will preſume thee) I thus employed myſelf not ſo much out of deſign, as carried on by a warmth of mind; for I am not able to do nothing, and had no other diverſion of my troubles; therefore through a wearineſs of human affairs, to theſe more pleaſing ſolaces of literature (made agreeable to me by cuſtom and Nature) my ſick mind betakes itſelf: and not long after, from an irkſomeneſs of the ſame things, it changes its courſe, and turns off to ſome other theme. But they preſs more dangerouſly upon me, and, as it were, ſtab me with my own weapon.

oniet with more than the co
" preſently retreating with mor
" whereas he that has once appli
" as if he had married a wife, t
" better for worſe; whether th
" and eaſy, or harſh and almoſt
" neither to quit it for tireſome
" by new loves, nor think of a div
" relinquiſh, till he has brought i
" wedlock terminates with life."
me as a fault; and ſince I cannot
whether I am therein to be blame
mine.

In the firſt place, therefore, t
truly aſſerted of human life is to
poetry; that it is beſt never to hav
ing born, forthwith to die; and i
be carried on to their Omega, (to

excuſe my brevity, though not ſo eaſily excuſe the undertaking: nor ſhall my inconſtancy in not finiſhing what I have begun be ſo much blamed, as my conſtancy in ceaſing not continually to begin, and being, like Fortune, conſtant in levity. But if, Reader! (as it is my deſire) we have furniſhed you with what is agreeable to your appetite, you ought to take it in good part that we have uſed ſuch moderation as neither to ſend you away hungry, nor cloy your ſtomach with too much ſatiety: to this you muſt add, that our attempts, ſuch as they are, may excite the induſtry of others, who are enabled by a greater genius and ſtrength to undertake the very ſame or more noble ſubjects: as Ageſilaus of old, who thought he had made no great progreſs into Aſia, yet being the firſt in that adventure, he opened the way to Alexander for a glorious and entire conqueſt. Laſtly, (to confeſs to thee as a friend, for ſuch I will preſume thee) I thus employed myſelf not ſo much out of deſign, as carried on by a warmth of mind; for I am not able to do nothing, and had no other diverſion of my troubles; therefore through a wearineſs of human affairs, to theſe more pleaſing ſolaces of literature (made agreeable to me by cuſtom and Nature) my ſick mind betakes itſelf: and not long after, from an irkſomeneſs of the ſame things, it changes its courſe, and turns off to ſome other theme. But they preſs more dangerouſly upon me, and, as it were, ſtab me with my own weapons.

"egaters of the Church, has
rich, and ample world, of poc
to be exercised upon.

"When thou thyself," fay th
"with the approbation of al
"an example, in thy Davidei
"doſt thou, like an apoſtate
"return to the leeks and garli
"appearance of Chriſt himſel
"poſing ſilence on the oracle
"again hear the voice of Apc
"tripod? After the reſtoration
"gation of it from monſters, ſh
"ed by the dreary ghoſts of an
"what the prophet threatenec
"evils? Your Muſe is in this
"ſhame and pity than if Magd
"again to the brothel. Behold
"ment does not (as in

A heavy charge indeed, and terrible at the firſt ſight: but I eſteem that which celebrates the wonderful works of Providence not to be far diſtant from a ſacred poem. Nothing can be found more admirable in Nature than the virtues of ſeveral Plants; therefore, amongſt other things of a moſt noble ſtrain, the divine poet upon that account praiſes the Deity, "who brings forth graſs upon the mountains, and "herbs for the uſe of man," *Pſalm* civ. *ver.* 14. Nor do I think the liberty immodeſt, where I introduce Plants ſpeaking, to whom the Sacred Writ itſelf does ſpeak as to intelligent beings: "Bleſs the Lord, all "ye green things upon the earth; praiſe and exalt "him for ever." *Dan. ch.* iii. *ver.* 54. *Apocr.* Thoſe fictions are not to be accounted for lies which cannot be believed, nor deſire to be ſo. But that the names of Heathen deities and fabulous transformations are ſometimes intermixed, the matter itſelf compelled me againſt my will, being no other way capable of embelliſhment; and it is well if, by that means, we are ſo. No painted garb is to be preferred to the native dreſs and living colours of truth; yet in ſome perſons, and on ſome occaſions, it is more agreeable. There was a time when it did not miſbecome a king to dance, yet it had certainly been indecent for him to have danced in his coronation-robes. You are not, therefore, to expect in a work of this nature, the majeſty of an heroick ſtyle, (which I never knew any

perhaps, to eaſily be ſolved. I h
been reſolved in myſelf to writ
made thereof ſuch publick and ſol
almoſt amounts to an oath :

Si quidem hercle poſſim nil prius, neque

When, behold! I have ſet in anew.
matter, becauſe I remember myſel
given an account in metre, I am w
affirms it to be a poet's right) to
therewith; they were written to a
ingenious friend, who laboured un
diſeaſe, tho' not with the ſame dan

More poetry! you 'll cry. Doſt tho
Fond Man! to the diſeaſe thou haſt for
It has reach'd thy marrow, ſeiz'd thy i
And force or reaſon cannot draw it the
Think'ſt thou that Heav'n thy liberty a

Thrice I took hellebore, and, must confess,
Hop'd I was fairly quit of the disease;
But the Moon's pow'r, to which all Her[illegible] yield,
Bids me be mad again, and gains the field:
At her command for pen and ink I call,
And in one morn three[illegible]
Which, in the transpo[illegible]
I throw, like stones, a[illegible]
Ev'n thee, my Friend[illegible]una,
The arrows fly, the s[illegible]d.
What methods can't th[illegible]udy to r[illegible]
Whom nor his own no[illegible] publick griefs can tame?
Who in all seasons keep my chirping strain,
A grasshopper that sings in frost and rain.
Like her whom boys, and youths, and elders, knew,
I see the path my judgment should pursue,
But what can naked I 'gainst armed Nature do?
I 'm no Tydides, whom a pow'r divine
Could overcome; I must, I must resign.
Ev'n thou, my Friend! (unless I much mistake)
Whose thund'ring sermons make the pulpit shake,
Unfold the secrets of the world to come,
And bid the trembling earth expect its doom,
As if Elias were come down in fire;
Yet thou at night dost to thy glass retire
Like one of us, and (after moderate use
Of th' Indian fume, and European juice)

I can be ſerious, too, when buſ'neſs ca
My frenzy ſtill has lucid intervals.

[illegible] all that Solomon's lo
(Ah! fatal lofs!) ſo wifely
Tho' I the oak's vivacious
I ne'er to all their names i
Yet I the riſe of groves
In verſes like their trees, r
To which ſome one, perh
Till mine at laſt become a
Aſſiſt me, Phœbus! wit o
So bounteouſly both Plan
Where'er thou com'ſt, hu
And with new life ename
As when the Spring feels
Break thro' the bonds of

Some parts the palſy o
And motion, (ſtrange
The other. This Mez
Outdoes; in this diſea
With live ones. Some
Under Death's weigh
Ah! Life! thou art De
In nought reſembles ſ
Vain phantoms oft' th
And roving thoughts
Oft' when the nerves
(That heav'nly juice,
Each feeble limb as 't
Yea, the whole fabric
Theſe, and all evils w
(For numerous faucy
The Phœbus bade by
Saying, "My kingdo
And straight he gave n
Like theſe to Æneas
One wondrous leaf h

But in the ſacred time of [illegible]
The careful midwife's hands with
The lazy Gout my virtue ſwiftly
Whilſt from the joints with nim
All poiſons I expel that men ann
And baneful ſerpents by my po
My pointed odour thro' its ma
And of a ſecret wound the add
So Phœbus, I ſuppoſe, the Pyt
And with my juice his arrows
From ev'ry limb all kinds of a
I baniſh, never to return agai
The weary'd clown I with n
And pains as pleaſant make
Nor do I only life's fatigue r
But 't is adorn'd with what
I make the colour of the bl
[illegible] the ſkin with a

But a *good prince* is the ſhort grant of F te,
The *world* 's ſoon robb'd of ſuch a vaſt e e:
But of my bounty men for ever taſte,
And what he once was, I am like to laſt.

MAIDENHAIR; OR, VENUSH R*.

I BEING the chief of all the Hairy ſtate,
Me they have choſen
To ſpeak on their bel w,
Among the other Pla w;
And fern, too, far an reſide
O'er the wild fields, i y a.
Some hairy comets alſo ne ,
And marriages of ſtars wit nets contrive:
But we ſuch kindred do not care to own;
Rather than rude relations, we 'll have none.
My hair of parentage far better came;
'Tis not for nought it has Love's gentle name.
Beauty herſelf my debtor is, ſhe knows,
And of my threads Love does his nets compoſe.
Their thanks to me the beauteous women pay
For wanton curls, and ſhady locks, that play

* The name it bears, becauſe it tinges the hair, and i for this purpoſe boiled in wine with parſley-ſeed, and plenty of oil, which renders the hair thick and curling, and keeps it from falling. It is always green, but never flowers. It delights in dry places, and is green in ſummer, but withers not in winter. *Plin.*

For when your head is bald, c
In vain you boaſt of treaſures
The women won't believe you
Such wealth : all lovers ought
So I to Venus my aſſiſtance len
(I 'm pleas'd to be my heav'nly
Tho' I am modeſt, and content
In ſimple weeds, that make no g
For I am cloth'd as when I firſt
No painted flow'rs my rural hea
But above all I 'm ſober ; I ne'er
Sweet ſtreams, nor does my thir
When Jove to Plants begins an h
And from the ſky large bowls of
You ſee the Herbs quaff all the li
When they ought only modeſtly
You 'd think the German drunka
Were beginning

Rail.
hou art,
art: 182
ils
fpoils;
s thin,
in:
rize 285
c eyes.
friend.)
190
's fink.
'rs, 195
Rhine,
200

Here the grand council 's
The ſpirits ſcout to ſee wh
Buſy as bees thro' ev'ry pa
Thick as the rays ſtream fr
Their ſubtile limbs ſilk, th
And therefore nought thei
But with much toil they w
Perpetual labour tires the ſ
Oft', too, as they in pains b
The airy vagrants hoſtile h
Oft' in venereal raptures th
Or burnt by wine, and dro
Then leaden Sleep does on
And with dull drowzineſs t
Cold floods of dire diſtempe
For want of dams and fence
Then are the nerves diſſolv'

New life, (if I may ſay it) does return:
The members by the nerves are ſteady ty'd,
A pilot, not the waves, the veſſel guide.
You all things fix: who this for truth would take,
That thy weak fibres ſuch ſtrong bonds ſhould make!
Looſe teeth thou faſten'ſt, which at thy command
Well-rivetted in their firm ſockets ſtand:
May that fair uſeful bulwark ne'er decay,
Nor the mouth's iv'ry fence e'er give way!
Conceptions women by thy
Nor does th' injected ſeed ſ
Ah! Death! do n't life itſel
Let a man live before he m
Thou 'rt too ſevere if, in th
Our ſhip, before 't is built, ſ ...ck.
Of thy perfections this is bu
You bring to view things ab ...at 's paſt
Recal: ſuch tracks i' th' mi... ...things you make,
None can the well-form'd characters miſtake;
And left the colours there ſhould fade away,
Your oil embalms, and keeps 'em from decay.

...ing me comes, and co
With chaplets binds from
Bidding me ſing of her, ar
Herſelf will be the guerdo
My heart, methinks, is mu
And I thy influence, kind
Juſtly thy leaves may repre
For that, among its wealth,
As of kings' heads guineas t
That princely part you in e
All ſtorms and clouds you b
But leave ſerenity and peace
Bacchus himſelf not more re
When he infuſes his hot purp
When in full bowls he all our
And flatt'ring hopes with ſho
But thoſe enjoyments ſome di
And ſuch delights flow from

ny strains
y pains.
: lightsome grown,
nust own :
heart,
thee a part :
ssion bear,
r.
the mind,
lood,
wns,
s crowns :
ing,
g ;
e,

ickly hu
from care thou
Whene'er we labour under this
These, tho' in prosp'rous affluen
To all our joys a bitter tincture g
Frail human nature its own poiso
And life itself thy healing virtue n

SCURVYGRAS.

A MALADY there is that runs thro' a
The northern world, which they the S
Thrice happy Greece! that scorns the b
Nor in its tongue a nearer does afford.
Destructive Monster! God ne'er laid a c
On man like this, nor could he send a w
A thousand horrid shapes the m
And in as many h
Thi

That a small egg ſhould
Of ſuch vaſt bulk and ſtre
Thinks that as much ama
As men, when he o'erflov
With naſty humours and
By ſlinking wind and vap
Even in his cradle he unlu
(Tho' he be ſon of Sloth, n
His toils no ſooner Hercule
Monſters now ape that mo
Ere he 's well born the limb
And they are tir'd with ver
They languiſh, and delibera
Loath to obey the active ſou
Nor does it to your wilder'd
Where there pain is, 'cauſe it
When men for want of breat
Nor purple ſtreams in azure

... no my deserts de
That tyrant falls tha
Sing lo Pæan; yea, t
And let the Gothick
That will disease wh
Is led before my chari

D C

Ta[illegible] neither leaf, nor
How, in this pensile pot
[illegible] perfect magick
Those things you do for
Those wonders, if compa
Since you yourself are a fa
To [illegible] the strength of o
The [illegible] thyself
Live [illegible] that woul
[illegible] with some

ouſe moſt conſtant to a Plant moſt dear,
whom no couple ere more loving were.
e let Love of wanton ivy boaſt,
idneſs is th' effect of nought but luſt:
r ſhe enjoys; but that her love
: are two, many diſtinctions prove.
rength and leaves are diff'rent, and her fruit
the difference beyond diſpute.
eneſs to the parent does profeſs
e in that is no adultereſs.
it with different juices is ſupply'd,
: her maiden-name bears tho' a bride:
dder on her ſpouſe depends alone,
thing in herſelf can call her own:
h his juice, ſhe on his ſtalk is borne,
inks his leaves her head full well adorn.
r he be, ſhe loves to take his name,
iſt with him be ev'ry way the ſame.
and Evadne, thus inflam'd,
th ſome others, for their paſſion fam'd:
der! for thy huſband Flax thou'dſt die,
but may'ſt thou ſpeed more luckily.
ner living paſſion, but ſhe grows
re renown'd for kindneſs which ſhe ſhows
tal men when ſhe 'as reſign'd her breath,
of them is mindful even in death.
er and the ſpleen moſt faithfully
ons ſhe does eaſe and free.

Who my deſerts denie
That tyrant falls that p
Sing lö Pæan; yea, thr
And let the Gothick ſh
That wild diſeaſe whic
Is led before my chariot

DO

Thou neither leaf, nor
How, in this penſile poſ
Thou 'rt perfect magick
Thoſe things you do for
Thoſe wonders, if comp
Since you yourſelf are a
To make the ſtrength of
The huntreſs thou thyſel
Live, Riddle! he that wo
Unfold, muſt [illegible]

[illegible]
I cannot now
cles allow;
to you, are none,
reater one.
r Herbs thy prey,
nets doſt lay.
thy myſteries
ipus adviſe.
Plants you hold,
eds them ſo infold:
tal Siſters ſpin,
nor web, put in:
tely twine
long line.

[illegible]
Fed with his juice, ſhe on his
And thinks his leaves her he
Whoe'er he be, ſhe loves to t
And muſt with him be ev'ry
Alceſte and Evadne, thus inf
Are, with ſome others, for th
So, Dodder! for thy huſband
I gueſs, but may'ſt thou ſpee
This is her living paſſion, bu
Still more renown'd for kind
To mortal men when ſhe 'as
For ſhe of them is mindful ev
The liver and the ſpleen mo
Of all oppreſſions ſhe does ea

A noble part, ...
Use, therefore, little things, ...
That men small things preserve

WORMWO

'MONG children I a baneful v
By none but hags or fiends d
They think a doctor is in jes
If he agrees not that my jui
The women also I offend,
'Tho' to my bounteous har
Few palates do my bitter
How few, alas! are well
Sweet things alone they
'They find what bitter
Long nauseousness succ
And that which so mu
'The palate justly suffe
She 'as done the stom
All tasteful food she
She loaths the daint

Then they 're content to drink my harſher juice,
Which for its bitterneſs they ne'er refuſe.
It does not idle in the ſtomach lie,
But, like ſome god, gives preſent remedy.
(So the warm ſun my vigour does reſtore,
When he returns, and the cold winter 's o'er.)
There I a jakes out of a ſtable throw,
And Hercules's labour undergo.
The ſtomach eas'd, its office does repeat,
And with new-living fire concocts the meat:
The purple tincture ſoon it does devour,
Nor does that chyle the hungry veins o'erpow'r.
The viſage by degrees freſh roſes ſtain,
And the perfumed breath grows ſweet again.
The good I do Venus herſelf will own;
She, tho' all ſweets, yet loves not ſweets alone;
She wiſely mixes with my juice her joys,
And her delights with bitter things alloys.
We Herbs to different ſtudies are inclin'd,
And every faction does its author find:
Some Epicurus' ſentiments defend,
And follow pleaſure as their only end:
It is their pride and boaſt ſweet fruits to bear,
And on their heads they flow'ry chaplets wear;
Whilſt others, courting rigid Zeno's ſect,
In virtue fruitful, all things elſe neglect:
They love not pomp, or what delights the ſenſe,
And think all 's well if they give no offence.

Who moſt cenſorious is a
Such I am, and ſuch you,
But I no dire revengeful p
Our ſchools in wiſe men a
No fault I puniſh more tha
Within my province, whe
Choler with haſty ſpeed be
As ſoon as me it in the ſto
Preparing for a war in mar
Not daring in its lurking ho
It makes a ſwift eſcape the b
I follow him at the heels, an
Find out which way the noi
Of water, too, I drain the
When Winter threatens a de
The Dutchmen with leſs ſkill
And turn the courſe of wate

"Glide on with me, I'll b
"That stop the channel w
This all the members does
Who of a dismal deluge flo
Men-eating worms I fro
And conqu'ring arms against
(Voracious Worm! thou wil
Heir of our bodies be whene'
Defer awhile the meal which,
Of human viands thou ere long
Those vermine infants' bowels
And love to suck their fill of ten
They cannot stay till Death serve
But greedily snatch up the meat
Why should I speak of fleas? such
So basely born, ev'n to enumerate;
Such dust-born, skipping points of
Whose only virtue is to run away.
My triumphs to such numbers do am
That I the greater ones can hardly co
To such a bulk the vast account does
That I some trophies lose which I shou
Oft' wand'ring Death is scatter'd thro'
And thro' the elements infection flies:
The earth below is sick, the air above;
Slow rivers prove they 're sickly whilst th
All things Death's arms in cold embraces
Life even the vital air away doth snatch.

... without reaſon, therefore, o
Did conqu'ring Rome my honou
The conqu'ror a triumphal draug
Drank as the guerdon of his vict
Holding the crowned goblet in hi
He cry'd aloud, " This cup can h
" Nor does it 'cauſe 't is bitter ple
" My toils were ſo in which I met

WATERLILY

D'ye ſlight me, 'cauſe a bog my b
And I am found among a crowd of r
I 'm no green vulgar daughter of th
But to the noble Waters owe my bir
I was a goddeſs of no mean degree,
But Love, alas! depos'd my deity :
He bade me love, and ſtraight my k
In Hercules's triumphs bo...

But 't was a night of noble wickedneſs.
He (to be ſhort) my honour ſtain'd, and he
Had the firſt flower of my virginity:
But he, by his father Jove's example led,
Rambled, and could not brook a ſingle bed.
Fierce monſtrous beaſts, and tyrants, worſe than
All o'er the world he ran to ſeek and ſlay;
But he, the tyrant, for his guerdon ſtill
A maid requires, if he a monſter kill.
All womankind to me his harlots are,
Ev'n goddeſſes in my ſuſpicion ſhare.
Periſh me, let the ſun this water dry,
And may I ſcorch'd in this burnt puddle die,
If I of Juno were not jealous grown,
And thought I ſhow'd her hatred in my own;
(Perhaps, ſaid I, my paſſion he derides,
And I 'm the ſcorn of all his virtuous brides.

Till Jove at length, in
Said I ſhould never fro
His word my body of
And ſtraight all vaniſh
My knotty root under
And makes me of a clu
My thirſty leaves no liq
My tears are now retur
My form its ancient wh
And priſtine paleneſs in
Now in perpetual mirth
We Plants, believe me,
We truly feel the ſun's k
Cool winds and warmer
Nectar in dew does from
And earth ambroſia unti
I pity man, whom thouſ
And cruel love

happy race;
luence,
esh our sense.
a rise,
plies.
es perplex,
gue, does vex;
endur'd,
his wounds are cur'd.
hrow;
ould undergo.
y slave shou ld beat;
eat:

They kindle, or just singe the
Whate'er they are, my awful
When glimmering thro' the p
Why wink'st thou? why dost
Look on me! Oh! my sleepy
Besides, my tedious discourse
Any man have but little mind
Without that's help; thus ther

SPLEENWORT; OR,

Me cruel Nature, when she n
Nor stalk, nor seed, nor flow'

* The virtues of this Herb are t
says, that in Crete, where this He
no spleen.

My form its ancient
And priſtine paleneſs in my cheeks rem
Now in perpetual mirth my days I paſs;
We Plants, believe me, are an happy rac
We truly feel the ſun's kind influence,
Cool winds and warmer air refreſh our ſe
Nectar in dew does from Aurora riſe,
And earth ambroſia untill'd ſupplies.
I pity man, whom thouſand cares perple
And cruel love, that greateſt plague, doc
Whilſt mindful of the ills I once endur'd
His flames by me are quench'd, his wou
I triumph that my victor I o'erthrow;
Such changes tyrants' thrones ſhould
Don't wonder, Love! that thee thy
Alcides' monſters taught me to de

And left, unhappy Boy! thou ſhouldſt believe
All handſome folks thy cruel yoke receive,
I have a waſh that beautifies the face,
Yet chaſtly look in my own wat'ry glaſs.
Diana's mien, and Venus' face I lend,
So to both deities I prove a friend:
But leſt that god ſhould artfully his flame
Conceal, and burn me in another's name,
All heats in general I reſiſt, nay I
To all that's hot am a ſworn enemy.
Whether diſtracting flames with fury fly
Thro' the burnt brain, like comets thro' the ſky,
Or whether from the belly they aſcend,
And fumes all o'er the body ſwiftly ſend;
Whether with ſulph'rous fire the veins within
They kindle, or juſt ſinge the outward ſkin;
Whate'er they are, my awful juice they fly,
When glimmering thro' the pores they run and
Why wink'ſt thou? why doſt ſo with half an eye
Look on me! Oh! my ſleepy root 's too nigh:
Beſides, my tedious diſcourſe might make
Any man have but little mind to wake
Without that's help; thus then our leaves we take

SPLEENWORT; OR, MILTWASTE*.

Me cruel Nature, when ſhe made me, gave
Nor ſtalk, nor ſeed, nor flow'r, as others have.

* The virtues of this Herb are told in its name. Nic. ſays, that in Crete, where this Herb abounds, [illegible] no ſpleen.

You 'd think me heav
Had brought me forth
Vain outward gaudy ſt
And they reſign their r
To gardens no poor Pl
For there, God wot, th
But the wiſe gods mind
Phœbus, above all tulip
So does that Coan, old I
Who the next place to I
For when the members
And over ſuch or ſuch b
I of the ſavage and unru
A ſtubborn province, w
I that reſtrain. tho' it re
And bring its ſwelling r
The paſſages with rampi

ul leprosy upon the skin appears,
nd the chang'd visage Death's pale colours
Hence watchfulness, distracting cares and te
And pain proceeds, with hasty killing fears: 679
Hence halters, cruel Love! our necks release
From thy more fatal yoke, and daggers ease
Our souls of life's incurable disease.
May no such monstrous
Jove and my virtue all fi
The treasury Trajan rig 685
Compar'd; for when tha
Why do you laugh? is it
Pretend to know the Ro
I a dull stock and not a P
Having so long kept doctors company, 690
If their discourse should not advantage me.
It has, and I great wonders could relate,
But I 'm a Plant that ne'er was given to prate.
But to return from whence I have digress'd,
I many creatures ease by spleen oppress'd. 695
Crete, tho' so us'd to lie, you may believe,
When for their swine their thanks to me they give.
The wretched ass, whom constant labour tires,
Sick of the Spleen my speedy aid desires.
Eating my leaves (for I relieve his pain) 700
He cheerfully resumes his work again.
Now, if you can, vain painted flow'rs admire,
Delights scarce sooner born than they expire,

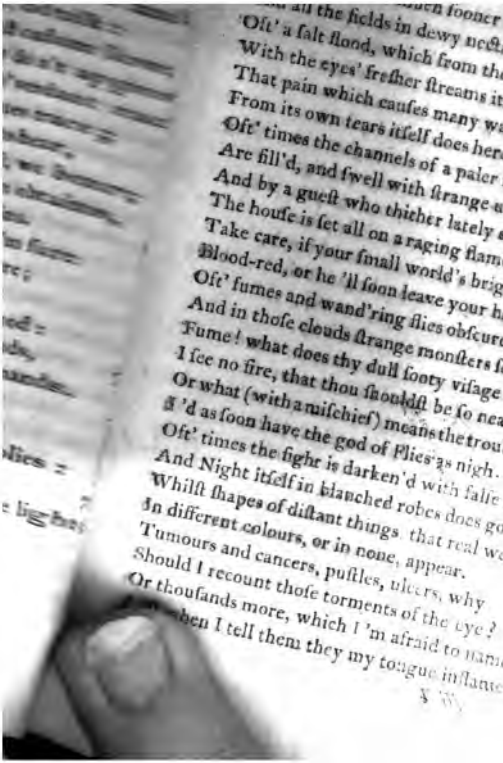
Some think your comm
'Cauſe you of old Auguſ
Why did you ſtill prolon
That baniſh'd Ovid, and
But I ſuppoſe that neithe
Nor orator, nor poet, eve
Wherefore I wonder not
And the world's tyrant ſo
Thou truly to all tyrants
Their madneſs flies before
Their heads with better w
And let the world in them
At thy command forth fro
Of tyrants Love, the great
Falſe Love, I mean; for tho
True Love, who, like a go
Juſtly that dogſtar, Cupid,
Whoſe fire kills [illegible]

Who to bate glutt'ny gave dominion firſt;
For thence ſprang vice, whoſe train diſtempers were,
And death did in new ghaſtly ſhapes appear
Shun cruel tables, that with blood are dy'd,
And banquets by deſtructive Death ſupply'd.
Sick, if not well, thou 'lt Herbs deſire, and we
Shall prove, if not thy meat, thy remedy.

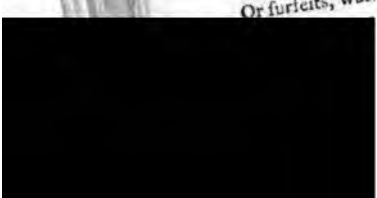
EYEBRIGHT.

Enter, ſweet Stranger! to my eyes reveal
Thyſelf, and gratefully thy poet heal,
If I of Plants have any thing deſerv'd,
Or in my verſe their honour be preſerv'd.
Thus, lying on the graſs, and ſad, pray'd I,
Whilſt nimbly Eyebright came and ſtood juſt by:
I wonder'd that ſo noble an Herb ſo ſoon
Roſe by my ſide like a champignon;
I ſaw her not before, nor did ſhe appear,
For any thing I knew, to be ſo near.
On a black ſtalk, nine inches long, ſhe grew,
With leaves all notch'd, and of a greeniſh hue.

[illegible] news! to
And thus, in lang
'Twas low, for H
Hoarse murmurs [illegible]
"Thou only Bard
Who in thy songs [illegible]
All men are not all[illegible]
Tho' such respect to
We hate the custom
To slight a kind inge
I wish my root could
Our nation all would
But if by Nature's self
The pow'r of Herbs, a
Nature's injunctions ne
We [illegible] es to all her
I [illegible] the gives your
N[illegible] ble when she
For [illegible]



Strange ...
And thus, in language ni
'Twas low, for Herbs th
Hoarse murmurs of the
"Thou only Bard! (fai
Who in thy songs do'st
All men are not allow'
Tho' such respect to y
We hate the custom w
To slight a kind inge
I wish my root could
Our nation all would
But if by Nature's fe
The pow'r of Herb
Nature's injunction
We're [illegible]es to all
Let [illegible] she give
Nor [illegible]ble whe
For she with spari
But if some mala
Or wine, or love
Or surfeits, wat



't approve
dant race.
trace;
ear,
ve bear;
obtains,
s.
n sure
e;

od:
ids,
nands.

plies:

That pain which causes many wa
From its own tears itself does here
Oft' times the channels of a paler
Are fill'd, and swell with strange
And by a guest who thither lately
The house is set all on a raging flan
Take care, if your small world's br
Blood-red, or he 'll soon leave your
Oft' fumes and wand'ring flies obscu
And in those clouds strange monster
Fume! what does thy dull sooty visa
I see no fire, that thou shouldst be so
Or what (with a mischief) means the t
I 'd as soon have the god of Flies as ni
Oft' times the sight is darken'd with
And Night itself in blanched robes d
Whilst shapes of distant things that r
In different

What comelineſs is mi
You know Arnoldus (i
Did fight by me to mer
'Tis true; and my knov
The more eſteem'd for
With my kind leaves he
And profit with your pl
Thoſe light will truly gi
Bacchus, will dwell in y
Then call thy boy with a
And with that wine be fi
Till thou haſt drunk for a
An health to ev'ry letter
Then drink an health to t
(I 'm confident) to pledge
But we loſe time; go; care
What I have ſaid in never-

Why in Elyſian gardens do n't we grow,
Where no chill blaſts may on our beauties blow?
We 're halcyons forſooth, and cann't with eaſe
Bring forth, unleſs the world be all at peace.
Nor is this ſoftneſs only to be found
Among ſmall Herbs, ſtill creeping on the ground;
Great elms and oaks themſelves it does controul,
In their hard bark they wear a tender ſoul.
Theſe huffs effeminacy count no crime;
You 'd think in ſummer they to heav'n would climb;
But if the year its back upon them turn,
Each giant creeps back into th' earth his urn;
Here lies—you on his bulky trunk may write.
For ſhame! there lie; let not the mold lie light.

* It is excellent againſt the ſtone and all diſeaſes of the bladder, thence in Latin called *Veſicaria*.

Tay conquer'd ivy, Ba
And of this Herb make
This Herb with Plenty
Plenty, which conſtantl
So thy extended guts thy
And its own ſelf thy tilt
So at Jove's table gods th
But ſtraight with nectar
Nor do the cups the Phry
To fill them, each is his o
So in the heart that doubl
(In which the ſoul itſelf d
That heav'nly bowl, mad
With purple nectar always
Of what ſhe ſpends Nature

away,
y.
e,

down,
feeds;

Th' apothecaries have a new c
(Dull knaves! that hate the ve
And from a naſty ſow, (whoſe
Stinks on my tongue) have ſti
But I to them more than to ſw
They are the hogs by my larg

UPON THE

My virtue dries all ulcerous r
And native ſoftneſs to the ſkii
My pow'r hard tumours caun
Either with water or with fire
Of ſcares, by burning caus'd,
Nor let ſmallpox the countena
My conqu'ring hand pimpger
Nor blackiſh yellow ſpots the
Morphew departs, and out ea
Tho' from our god himſelf th
Nor leave I ought upon the ch
To make 'em ſhy of looking i
Nor doubt I but that ſex muc

UPON

In my fire that false g
Consume, (true gold f
Black blood, at my co
Nasty itself, thro' nast
Choler and phlegm, y
They wear the dear n
All meteors from the
And whatsoe'er obscu
I of the gout remove t
And all the humours
Thorns, splinters, nail
How they could so cor
This is the least: all p
And Death force then
Infants that know not
Before they 're wretch
Oh, Heav'ns! says th' i
Is 't a distemper to be l
For if we make a true a
Advantage life to hind

DUCK

A lusty frog a duck
(Fatten'd by me) as Jo
And if the learn'd Apic

From me great benefits al
Tho' long time hid, they
In a ſmall ring the wits of
Run, and the ſame, confir
The Plants which Nature
In various ſhapes and colo
Why ſhould I mention? th
That ev'n of me mankind
Something they do, and n
Which Phœbus and the Fa
But this I 'll tell you; dry
And cholerick fire of hot S
Do ſoon extinguiſh, and all
Whatever are their nature
My native cold and wat'ry
Who my chill parent is, an
Thus when the water in th

ROSEMARY.

Touching the bite of the Tarantula.

DAUNIAN Arachne! who ſpinn'ſt all the day,
Nor to Minerva will it ev'n yet give way;
Whilſt thy own bowels thou to lawn doſt weave,
What pleaſure canſt thou from ſuch pains receive?
Why thy ſad hours in ſuch baſe deeds doſt ſpill,
Or do things ſo ridiculouſly ill?
Why doſt thou take delight to ſtop our breath,
Or act the ſerious ſports of cruel Death?
Whom thou ſcarce toucheſt ſtraight to rave he's foun
He raves altho' he hardly feels thy wound.
One atom of thy poiſon in the veins
Dominion ſoon o'er all the body gains;
Within upon the ſoul herſelf it preys,
Which it diſtracts a thouſand cruel ways:
One 's ſilent, whilſt another roars aloud;
He 's fearful, th' other fights with th' gazing crowd
This cries, and this his ſides with laughter ſhakes,
A thouſand habits this ſame fury takes;
But all with love of dancing are poſſeſs'd,
All day and night they dance, and never reſt;
As ſoon as muſick from ſtruck ſtrings rebounds,
Or the full pipes breathe forth their magick ſounds
The ſtiff old woman ſtraight begins a round,
And the lethargick ſleeper quits the ground:
The poor lame fellow, tho' he cannot prance
So nimble as the reſt, he hops a dance.

Cruel diſtemper! thy wi
Worſt maſter of the rev
When this ſad Pyrrhick
Ah! what a weight han
Tell me, Phyſicians! wh
Poor mortals of this ſtra
For me may Phœbus ne
(Whoſe godhead you an
If I know any more (to t
Whence this dire miſchi
But to the heart, you kno
Thoſe diſtant provinces i
(To you, my Friends! I
Auxiliary troops of ſpirit
Send, and the camp with
Many kind Plants beſide
Attend, nor bluſh that un

Plantain, *the Thiſtle* which they Bleſſed call,
And uſeful Wormwood, in their order fall;
Then Carrot, Aniſe, and white Cumin ſeed,
With Gith, that pretty, chaſte, black rogue, proc.
Next Vipers'-graſs, a Plant but lately known,
And Tormentil, and Roſes red, full blown;
To which I Garlick may, and Onions, join;
All theſe to fight I lead; go, give the ſign.
With indignation I am vex'd, and hate
Soft muſick that great praiſe ſhould arrogate.
Poets will ſay, 't is true (they 're giv'n to lie)
Willing their miſtreſs ſo to gratify;
But food I ſay it does, not phyſick, prove
To madmen, (witneſs all that are in love!)
She to a ſhortliv'd folly does ſupply
Conſtant additions of new vanity;
And here (to ſhow her wit and courage too)
Flatters the tyrant whom [illegible]

Take my advice, Men!
Why will not you rather
If you 're afraid your fecr
Your tongues you (that '
Why ſhould we Senſe, wi
Put to the rack, to make i
Of this juſt reaſon I have t
Old dubious ſaws long ſin
How many ill conjectures
On this, that I muſt ne'er
The reader of a thing obſc
Inclin'd to carp, and to tal
Hence one ſays Mint Mar
And Mint to Venus alſo is
Mars loves as well to get a
Mankind, the booty of hi
Mint from the ſeed all ſen

Their milk from thicknings; but how this I do
I'll tell you on these terms alone, that you
Shall me before resolve how first you gain
Notions of things, then how you them retain.
This I dare boldly say, the fire of love
With genial heat I gently do improve;
Tho' constantly the noble human seed
That sacred lamp with vital oil does feed:
For what to Venus e'er will faithful seem,
If heat itself an enemy you esteem?
Whether I know her Proserpine can tell,
I by my punishment am clear'd too well.
Besides, nought more the stomach rectifies,
Or strengthens the digestive faculties.
Such, such a Plant, that feeds the am'rous flame,
If Venus love not, she is much to blame;
And with ingratitude the seed I may
Charge, if to me great thanks it do not pay.
But other causes others have assign'd,
Who make the reason which they cannot find.
They say wounds if I touch them, bleed anew,
And I wound wounds themselves; 't is very true
For I a dry astringent pow'r retain,
By which all ulcers of their gore I drain:
I bloody-fluxes stop; my virtue 's sure
The wounds that Nature's self has made to cure
On bites of serpents and mad dogs I seize,
And them (war's hurts are slight) I heal with ea

Of which ſome I omit, and
Of all will tell, (and then I
Tho' I abhor my ſorrows t
(And here the tears down
I did not always in your ga
But once a comely virgin I
Black tho' I was, (Cocytus
Yet beauty had to kindle ar
Left any one ſhould think t
Ovid will tell you ſo as well
My father had a pleaſant ſha
Where he perpetually to wa
There mournful yew and fu
Whoſe melancholy greens n
With other trees whoſe look
Here Pluto (Jove of th' infe
Saw me as I was walking all
He ſaw me and

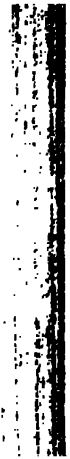
What could I do? his ſtrength was far above
Mine; he the ſtrength has of his brother Jove.
In ſhort, me to a ſecret cave he led,
And there the rav'ſher got my maidenhead;
But in the midſt of all his wickedneſs,
(How it fell out the poets do n't expreſs,
Nor can you think that I, poor creature well
The cauſe, at ſuch a time as that, could tell)
Lo! Proſerpine, his wife, came in, and found
My wretched limbs all proſtrate on the ground.
She no excuſe would hear, nor me again
Let riſe; but ſaid, there fix'd I ſhould remain.
She ſpake, and ſtraight my body I perceiv'd
(Each limb diſſolv'd) of all its ſtrength bereav'd:
My veins are all ſtraight rooted in the earth,
(From whence my ruddy ſtalk receives its birth)
A bluſhing crown of flow'rs adorn my head,
My leaves are jagged, of a darkiſh red;
And ſo a lovely bed of Mint I make
In the ſame poſture that ſhe did me take.
But the infernal raviſher my fate
('Twould move a devil) did commiſerate;
And his reſpect for what I was to ſhow,
Great virtue on my leaves he did beſtow:
Rich qualities to humble me he gave,
Of which my fragrant ſmell 's the leaſt I have.
All this the Ancients underſtood was true,
And thence their great religious caution grew:

But they miſtaken were:
That others be not caugl
Nor paſs the Stygian lak

MISS

Welcome, thrice welc
The greateſt gift Teutat
With more religion Dru
Thee, than thy ſacred ſt
Raiſe holy altars from t
And ſtrow your various
Next let the prieſt, whe
All due devotion, and h
Cloth'd all in white, by
With hands and necks r
Where, that he may mc

Then let two ſpotleſs bulls before him lie,
And with their grateful blood the altars dye;
Which when you 'ave done, then feaſt, and dance, a
And let the wood with their loud voices ring. [ſi
Such honour had the Miſſeltoe, which hate
And envy to it did in gods create.
Th' Egyptian temples do not louder ſound,
When there again the adored heifers found;
Nor did ſhe ſeem leſs majeſty to wear
(If any tree there Miſſeltoe did bear)
When in Dodona's grove upon an oak
She grew, that in its hollow oracles ſpoke;
For this one Plant the Ancients, above all
Protectreſs of their life did think and call;
She only from the earth loaths to be born,
And on the meaner ground to tread thinks ſcorn;
Nor did ſhe from prolifick matter come,
But, like the world, from Nothing's fruitful wom
Others are ſet, and grow by human care,
Her leaves the product of mere Nature are;
Hence ſerpents ſhe of their black ſtings diſarms,
And baffles (man's worſe poiſon) magick charms,
Beſides all other kinds of maladies
(How numberleſs, alas!) that on us ſeize.
Nor wonder that all other ills it beats,
Since the Herculean ſickneſs it defeats;
Than which none more chimera-like appears,
One part of it is dead, the other raves and tears.



The Ancients thought ſc
O' th' world, they then l
Nor was ſhe then thoug
And guard life's fort, bu
Ev'n the womb's fruitfull
For what ſoil barren to t
Which without ſeed has
Or what to her cloſe ſhu
That makes th' obdurate
That from a tree comes f
Like the Athenian godd
But if that 's true, which
(For tho' they 're ancien
I wonder not that Miſſel
To us, ſince her the ties
For men of old (if you 'l
Born out of oaks, were t

fallacy:

d,
dmend:

12.

eem,
is teem:
pain,
in? 12.
e writ,
t)

12.

... grows, and far more beauty
Than, with their saddle-noses, dusky Pl
So, I suppose, to the gods' eyes the soul
O' th' miser looks as yellow and as foul:
For if with gold alone the soul 's inflam'd
It has th' *aurigo* from the metal nam'd.
This the almighty gods can only cure,
And reason, more than Herbs, our minds
But th' outward jaundice does our help in
When with gall-floods the body 's dy'd al
I cannot tell what others do, but I
Give to that jaundice present remedy;
Nor do I rashly undertake the cure,
I an assistant have that makes me sure.
Nature's own patent gives me my comman
See, here 's her own sign manual, here 's h
Thro' leaves, and stalk, and roots themselve
The yellow blood ...

But you! chaſte lads and girls, that *lie alon*
And none of love's enjoyments yet ha*ve kn*
'Take care, and ſtand aloof, if you are *wi*se,
'Touch not this Plant, Venus her ſacrifice;
I bring a poiſon for your modeſties.
In my graſs, like a ſnake, blind Cupid lies,
And with my juice his deadly weapons dyes.
The god of Gardens no Herb values more,
Or courts, preſents, or does himſelf devour.
This is the reaſon, hot Priapus! why
(As I ſuppoſe) you itch ſo conſtantly,
And that your arms ſtill ready are to do
The wicked buſineſs that you put 'em to.
Let him who love would ſhun from me remove,
Says Naſo, that Hippocrates in love:
Yet to his table I was duly ſery'd,
Who me, choice dainty! to himſelf reſerv'd.
Prove that from love he ever would be free,
More chaſte than Lettuce I 'll conſent to be.
The praiſe of chaſtity let others keep,
And gratify the widow'd bed with ſleep,
Action 's my taſk, bold lovers to engage,
And to precipitate the ſportive rage.
Frankly I own my nature, I delight
In love unmix'd and reſtleſs appetite.
From curing maladies I ſeek no fame
(Tho' ev'n for that I might put in my claim)
Fuel I bring that pleaſure may not ceaſe:
'Take that from life, and life is a diſeaſe.

If thus you like me, make me your repaſt,
I would not gratify a Stoicks taſte.
If morals groſs and crude be your delight,
Marſh-weeds can beſt oblige your appetite.
Go from my Book, foul bawd of Pleaſure! go,
(For what have I, lewd Bawd! with thee to do?)
From theſe chaſte Herbs and their chaſte poet flee;
Us thou offend'ſt, and we 're aſham'd of thee.
With ſuch a proſtitute to come in view,
Chaſte matrons think a ſin and ſcandal too:
Bluſhes pale Waterlilies' cheeks o'erſpread,
To be with thee in the ſame volume read,
Who ſtill the ſad remembrance does retain
How, when a nymph, in thee ſhe gorg'd her bane;
That very night to Alcides' arms betray'd,
Thro' thy deceitful force, the yielding maid.
While I but mention thee (who would believe?)
And but thy image in my thoughts conceive,
Thro' all my bones I felt thy lightning move,
The ſure forerunner of approaching Love.
With this, of old, he us'd t' attack my ſenſe,
Before the dreadful fight he did commence:
But love and luſt I now alike deteſt,
My Muſe and mind with nobler themes poſſeſs'd.
Laſcivious Plant! ſome other poet find,
For Ovid's or Catullus' verſe deſign'd,
For thou in mine ſhalt have no place at all,
Or in the liſt of pois'nous Herbs ſhalt fall.

Our ...

Venus! who plague enough
Thofe Plants which Nature
Improperly are in thy work
Yet Venus, too, much ſkill'
Theſe foreign aids to her ow
Who 'd think green Plants
(Life's friends deſign'd) fucl
What wonder, therefore, if
Luſt is of Luxury the conſt
When he * who with the h
Could find her lurking in t

* Pytha

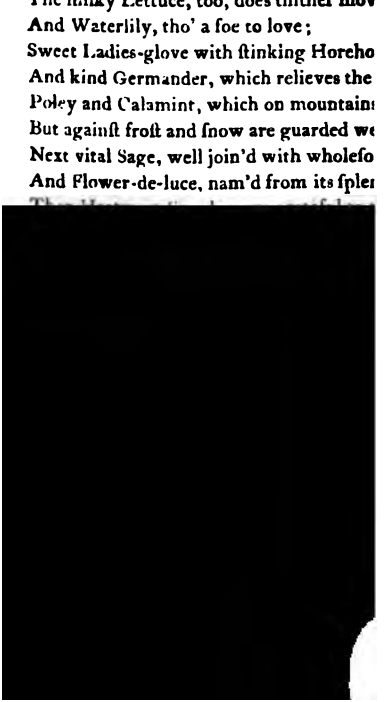
End of the

CYBELE's† holy myſteries now begin;
Hence, all you Males! for you it is a ſin
One moment in this hallow'd place to ſtay,
You gibing Males! who no devotion pay:
Into the female ſecrets do not pry,
Or them at leaſt pretend you do n't deſcry:
'Tis rude that ſex to inſpect too narrowly,
Whoſe outſide with ſuch beauty treats the ey.
Auſpicious glory of th' enlighten'd ſky,
More ſacred than thy brother's deity,
With thy whole horns, kind Luna! favour m
And let thy creſcent face look luckily.
Thee many names and offices adorn;
By thy kind aid poor tender babes are born ‡;
Thou eaſeſt women when their labour 's hard,

Be thou the midwife to
And let it fruitful be, a
It was the time when
And the glad fields in po
That the recruited Plant
And at the Sun's comma
How pleas'd they are the
And that from Winter's f
The world around, and fif
They view; such objects fu
Straight their great work t
And bus'nefs mind amidft t
Each one contends, with all
Each day an higher verdant
Each one does leaves with be
And haftens to be fit for hum
Equipp'd, they make no ftay,
Intent upon

cmale's ſtyl'd) which ſumm
The ſecrets of the houſe ſhe open
Telling how each Herb ſpoke, and
Ye gentle, florid part of humankind
(To you and not to men I ſpeak) pra
My words, and them moſt ſtedfaſtly
Which from the Delphick Laurel you
'Twas midnight (whilſt the moon, at full
And her cheeks ſeem'd to ſwell with mo
When on their looſen'd roots the Plants
In th' Oxford Gardens did to council go,
And ſuch, I mean, as ſuccour women's pai
Orpheus, you 'd think, had mov'd them by h
They met upon a bed, neat, ſmooth, and ro
And ſoftly ſat in order on the ground.
Mugwort firſt took her place, (at that time
The Preſident of the Council
Birthwort, her
Next

Of ointment in this place, now far more fi
Than the occaſion of thy death doſt meet;
There Lilies with red Peonies find a room
And purple Violets the place perfume;
Yea, noiſome Devil's-turd, becauſe ſhe kn
Her worth, into that ſweet Aſſembly goe
The milky Lettuce, too, does thither mov
And Waterlily, tho' a foe to love;
Sweet Ladies-glove with ſtinking Horeho
And kind Germander, which relieves the
Poley and Calamint, which on mountain
But againſt froſt and ſnow are guarded we
Next vital Sage, well join'd with wholeſo
And Flower-de-luce, nam'd from its ſple



Minerva's Plant did likewiſe thither hie,
And was companion to Mercury;
There ſcarlet Madder, too, a place did find,
Drawing a train of its long root behind;
Thither at laſt, too, Dittany did repair,
Half-ſtarv'd, and griev'd to leave the Cretan air;
With her the bold ſtrong Sowbread came along,
And hundreds more, in ſhort, to them did throng:
Many, beſides, from th' Indies croſs'd the main,
Plants that of our chill clime did much complain;
But Oxford's fame thro' both the Indies told,
Eas'd all their cares, and warm'd the nipping cold.
The Pigmy and gigantick ſons o' th' Wood
Betwixt all theſe in equal ſpaces ſtood,
Spreading their verdant glories round above,
Which did delight and admiration move.
The ſcarlet Oak, that worms for fruit brings forth,
Which the Heſperian fruit exceed in worth,
Was there, good women's maladies to eaſe,
And ſprains, which we as truly call diſeaſe;
Her treacherouſly the Ivy does embrace,
And kills the tree with kindneſs in her face;
Hardly in nobler ſcarlet clad, the Roſe,
The envy of thoſe ſtately berries grows;
Near which the Birch her rigid arms extends,
And Savin, which kind ſinners much befriends;
Next them the Beech, with limbs ſo ſtrong and large,
With the Bush purchas'd at ſo ſmall a charge;

Of ointment in this place, now farmor
Than the occasion of thy death doft nacel
There Lilies with red Peonies find a root
And purple Violets the place perfume;
Yea, noisome Devil's-turd, because she kn
Her worth, into that sweet Assembly goes
The milky Lettuce, too, does thither mov
And Waterlily, tho' a foe to love;
Sweet Ladies-glove with stinking Horehoun
And kind Germander, which relieves the w
Poley and Calamint, which on mountains d
But against frost and snow are guarded well;
Next vital Sage, well join'd with wholesome
And Flower-de-luce, nam'd from its splendi
Then Hartwort (much more grateful to the
Than Dittany) with Wild-carots, enters the
Confound and Plantain, frugal Herbs are the
Who all things keep safe under lock and key;
And Masterwort, whose name dominion wea

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And Savin, which kind ſinners much befriends;
At them the Beech, with limbs ſo ſtrong and large,
In the Buſh purchas'd at ſo ſmall a charge;

Nor did the golden Quince herſelf conceal,
Or Myrrh, whoſe wounds diſtemper'd mortals heal
Laſtly (ye Plants! whom I forget to name,
Excuſe me) Juniper, too, thither came,
And Laurel, ſacred to the ſons of Fame:
Such rev'rend heads did the green Senate fill,
The night was calm, all things were hush'd and ſtill
Each Plant, with liſt'ning leaves, ſtood mute to hea
Their Pres'dent ſpeak, and theſe her dictates were.

MUGWORT [THE PRESIDENT] BEGINS.

After long cold, grave Matrons! in this place,
For the good of our's (I hope) and human race,
This ſacred Garden we, whilſt others ſleep,

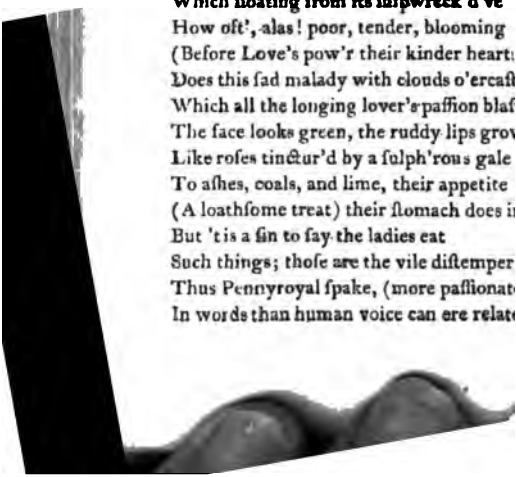
By numerous and great fatigues you 'ave try'd,
And to th' oppreſs'd kind aid have oft' ſupply'd.
You 're gen'rous, noble, Female Plants! nor ought
The glory of your ſex cheap to be bought:
The ſelfſame battles you muſt wage again,
Which will as long as teeming wombs remain:
But that to war you may ſecurer go,
'Tis fit the foe's and your own ſtrength you know.
Call the bright Moon to witneſs what you ſay,
Whilſt each ſuch tributes to their country pay:
Let each one willingly both teach and learn,
Nor let that move their envy or their ſcorn.
And firſt, I think, upon the menſtruous ſource,
My conſtant taſk, 't is fit we ſhould diſcourſe;
From what orig'nal ſpring that Nilus goes,
Or by what influx it ſo oft' o'erflows;
What will reſtrain, and what drive on, the tide,
And what goods or what miſchiefs in it glide:
See you its ſecret myſteries diſcloſe,
A thing ſo weighty 't is no ſhame to expoſe.
She ſpake, the reſt began, and hotly all
(As ſcholars uſe) upon the bus'neſs fall.

PENNYROYAL.

First Pennyroyal, to advance her fame,
(And from her mouth a grateful odour came)
Tells 'em, they ſay, how many ills that ſource
Threatens, whene'er it ſtops its purple courſe:

That foggy dullness in the limbs extends,
And under its own weight the body bends.
Things ne'er to please since now will not please,
And life itself becomes a mere disease:
Ulcers and inflammations, too, it breeds,
And dreadful bloody vomiting succeeds.
The womb now lab'ring seems to strive for breath,
And the fool struggles with a shortliv'd death:
The lungs oppress'd hard respiration make,
And breathless coughs soon all the fabrick shake:
Yea, the proud foes the capitol, in time,
And all the mind's well-guarded towers, climb:
Hence watchful nights, but frightful dreams proceed,
And minds that suffer true, false evils breed.

At which, they say, the whole Assembly mov'd,
Wept o'er the loss of beauty once belov'd:
So that good company, when day returns,
The setting of the Moon, their mistress, mourns.
She told the means too, by what secret aid
That conqu'ring ill did all the limbs invade;
Thro' the womb's arteries, said she, it goes,
And into all the noted passes flows;
(Whether the womb's magnetick pow'r 's the cause,
As the whole body's floods the kidney draws,
Or that the Moon, the queen of fluid things,
Directs and rules that like the ocean's springs)
But if the gates it finds so fortify'd,
That the due current that way be deny'd,
It rages and it swells; the gross part stays,
And in the neighb'ring parts dire revels plays,
Whilst the more liquid parts does upward rise,
And into veins of purer nature flies:
It taints the cozy channels as it goes,
And all the soil is corrupted where it flows:
The bane its journey thro' the *cava* takes,
And fierce attacks upon the liver makes,
And heart, whose right-side avenue it commands,
Whilst that for fear amaz'd and trembling stands;
But the left region so well-guarded seems,
That in her walls safe she herself esteems:
Nor stops it there, but on the lungs does seize,
Where drawing breath itself grows a disease:



...ant the wearied life o'erflow
Which floating from its ſhipwreck'd ve
How oft', alas! poor, tender, blooming
(Before Love's pow'r their kinder heart
Does this ſad malady with clouds o'ercaſt
Which all the longing lover's paſſion blaſ
The face looks green, the ruddy lips grov
Like roſes tinctur'd by a ſulph'rous gale
To aſhes, coals, and lime, their appetite
(A loathſome treat) their ſtomach does i
But 't is a ſin to ſay the ladies eat
Such things; thoſe are the vile diſtemper
Thus Pennyroyal ſpake, (more paſſionat
In words than human voice can ere relat

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'hence thro' a ſmall propontis carried down,
: makes the port, and takes the left-ſide town.
Vhat will ſuffice that covetous diſeaſe,
Vhich all the heart's vaſt treaſures cannot pleaſe?
ut avarice ſtill craves for more and more,
nd if it all things do n't enjoy is poor.
'h' *aörta* its wild legions next engage,
leſs me! how uncontroll'd in that they rage!
he diſtant head and heel no ſafety knows,
hro' ev'ry part th' unbounded victor flows;
ut as the blood thro' all the body 's us'd
o run, this plague thro' all the blood 's diffus'd.
They all agreed; for none of them e'er doubt,
ow life in purple circles wheels about:

Think with yourſelves how it offends the ſenſe,
When all alone (nay dead) if driven thence:
Let dogs or men by chance but taſte of it,
(But on dogs rather let ſuch miſchiefs light)
Madneſs the tainted ſoul invades within,
And ſordid leproſy roughcaſts the ſkin;
Whilſt panting dogs quite raving mad appear,
And thirſt for water, but the water fear.
It ſtabs an half-man by abortive birth,
And from the womb (Oh, horrid!) drags it forth.
Now fancy children born of ſuch baſe blood,
Which gives the embryo poiſon inſtead of food:
Nor is this all; for corn and vines, too, know
Its baneful force, by which fields barren grow.
A tree, once us'd to bear, its fruit denies;
If young it fades, and if new-born it dies.
Witneſs the Ivies; ('tis no ſhame) to you
What good does their med'cinal virtue do?
Thee alſo, Rue! who all things doſt o'ercome,
From this ſtrong venom muſt receive thy doom.
Plants dry and yellow, as in autumn, grow,
And Herbs as if they had the jaundice ſhow.
Offended bees with one ſmall touch it drives
(Tho' murm'ring to be evil'd) from their hives:
The wretched creatures leave their golden ſtore,
And ſweet abodes, which they muſt ſee no more:
Nor do ſtrong nets their vines within defend,
Which in their very youth draw to their end.

ſot I name things of little eminence;
'he warlike ſword itſelf makes no defence;
ınd metals, which ſo oft' have won the field,
'o this effeminate diſtemper yield.
or frequent bloodſhed, blood now vengeance takes,
ind mortal wounds ev'n in the weapons makes.
eauty, the thing for which we women love,
'h' occaſion of keen ſwords does often prove;
et then the female-plague thoſe ſwords rebate,
ea, ev'n the mem'ry of what 's ſo ingrate.
laids with proud thoughts, alas! themſelves deceive,
/hilſt each herſelf a goddeſs does believe;
ike tyrants they miſuſe the pow'r they have,
nd make their very worſhipper their ſlave:

Thro' all the boughs and all the leaves around
There went an angry, loud, and murm'ring, ſound;
For they of women's honour tender are,
Tho' ſhe thereof had ſeem'd to take no care.

PLANTAIN; OR, WAYBREAD*.

Next Waybread roſe, propt by her ſeven nerves,
Who th' honour of a noble houſe preſerves.
Her nature is aſtringent, which great hate
Of her among blood-letters does create.
But her no quarrels more than words engage,
Nor does ſhe ever, like mad mortals, rage.
I envy not the praiſes which to you,
Ye num'rous race of Leachy kind! are due:
The purple tyrant wiſely you expel,
And baniſhing ſuch murdering blood do well;
Proudly he o'er the vital ſpirits reigns,
And cruely inſults in all the veins:
Arms he of dreadful poiſon bears about,
And leads of maladies a mighty rout.
But why ſhould you ſuch vain additions make,
And ills already great for greater take?
Whilſt you ſo tragically paint the foe,
More dreadful, but leſs credible they grow.
He leſſens, that would raiſe an hero's fame
By lies; falſe praiſes cloud a glorious name.

* The many virtues of Plantain are to be read in Pliny and Fernelius. The old phyſician Themiſon wrote a whole volume concerning them.

No flower, no, not Flora's self to fight
Or touch than them appears more soft and w
But at the same time also take a view
Of man's rough prickly limbs and rusty hue
You 'll say with Butchers'-broom sweet Voile
And mourn that Lilies should with Bramble
Then let their eyes and reason testify
Whether pure veins their purer limbs suppl
You cannot say that dying-vat is bad
From whence a florid colour may be had:
But this, you 'll say, committed some offenc
Or the just Moon had never driv'n it thenc
No: you 're mistaken; it has done no wron
But all the fault lies in its copious throng:
'Tis therefore from the rest, by the great la
Of publick safety, order'd to withdraw.
So, if a nation to such numbers rise,
That them their native country cann't suffi
To seek new lands some part of them are fo

The preſſes ſtill with juice ſwell to the brink,
Of which their fill the hot male-bodies drink;
But temperate women ſeem to kiſs the cup,
Nor does their heat ſuck all the liquor up.
A vital treaſure for great uſes ſhe
Lays up, leſt Nature ſhould a bankrupt be;
Leſt both the parents' ſhares of mingled love
Too little to beget a child ſhould prove;
Unleſs the mother ſome addition made,
To perfect the deſign they both had laid;
One part of it is red, the other white as ſnow,
And both from ſprings of the ſame colour flow:
One wood, you 'd think, and th' other ſtones did yield,
Whilſt out of both a living houſe they build:
The former of ſuch poiſoning arts accus'd,
In which you fancy venom is infus'd,
(Perhaps with this the fatal robe was dy'd
Which Hercules had ſent him from his bride)
The tender embryo's body does compoſe,
And for ten months to kind nutrition goes.
Nor is this all, but on the mother's breaſt
Again it meets the little infant gueſt;
Then chang'd it comes both in its hue and courſe,
Like Arethuſa thro' a ſecret ſource:
Then from the paps it flows in double tides,
Far whiter than the banks in which it glides.
The Golden Age, of old, ſuch rivers drank,
That ſprang from dugs of ev'ry happy bank.

The candour and ſimplicity of men
Deſerv'd the milky food of th' infant
How juſt and prudent is Dame Natur
Who for each age does proper food pr
Before the liver 's form'd, the mother'
Supplies the babe with neceſſary food;
And when to work the novice Heat fi
In its new ſhop, and ſcarce its bus'neſs
Its firſt employment is in ſcarlet-grain
(A childiſh taſk for learners) milk to f
At laſt in ev'ry kind its ſkill it tries,
And ſpends itſelf in curioſities.
Now ſay it venom in the members bre
With which her child the careful mot
Their bane to infants cruel ſtepdames
Whilſt mothers ſuck from better ſprin
But how, you'll ſay, does that which i
So prejudicial to their mothers prov
'Tis lively whilſt

Of Life Death 's no
A living man can like
But you a running stre
And no corruption by
To be as hurtful in thei
As if from some corrupt
But now do you go on, (
Part false, I think, part ve
If any hurtful seeds you can
In human bodies, (where th
How quickly Nature's order
When to the blood the floodg
The courses this, perhaps, may
'Tis dangerous to keep bad com
Is this the blood's fault? I 'm no
Tho' with my juice a man should
She spake, and with ambrosial od
Her speech, which many there, th
At last the Laurel's thoughts they a
'h' oracular Laurel's words they all

LAUREL.

AT fate which frequently attends o
t men, does thee, egregious Blood
praise what others too much difap
ve in their hatred as their love.
an in prej'dice, that in favour lies,
o their ears a various rumour flies.
III.

Hear Dittany; ſhe ſays each woman's known
The moon to bring each month with poiſons
Nor need we mingle Herbs or charms, each
Medea proves in her own blood alone.
Yet the fair Roſe, if all be true ſhe 'as ſaid,
Each woman has in that a goddeſs made:
From thence, ſhe ſays, life ſpins its purple thr
And tells you how the half-form'd embryo 's
But if my dear Apollo be not unkind,
Nor I in vain his ſacred temples bind,
Such blood, nor form, nor nouriſhment, ſupp
And ſo that triumphs in falſe victories.
The many reaſons here I need not tell
Which me induce, this one will ſerve as well

Which the womb's thirſty jaws, when they begin
To feel and taſte, immediately ſuck in
Into receſſes, which ſo turn and wind,
That them diſſecters' eyes can hardly find:
In the ſame chambers part o' th' female life
Keeps a briſk virgin, fit to make a wife;
Them Venus joins, and with connubial love
In mingled flames they both begin to move.
There redneſs, caus'd by motion, you may ſee,
And blood, the ſign of loſt virginity.
Of their invention, blood, they 're mighty glad,
And to inventions eaſy 't is to add:
The ſmalleſt ſpark 't is eaſy to augment
If you can get it proper nutriment.
You need not introduce new flames beſides,
Th' elixir by this touch rich ſtore provides.
All fires, (provide them fuel) think it ſhame
To yield to Veſta's never-dying flame.
Thus the firſt generous drop of blood is bred,
Which proudly ſcorns hereafter to be fed.
With the ſeed's native white at firſt 't is fill'd,
And takes delight with its own ſtock to build;
But when that fails, then life grows burdenſome,
And aid it wiſely borrows from the womb;
Herſelf the ſtuff ſhe borrows purifies,
And of a roſy ſcarlet colour dyes;
From whom the womb's full paps, with thirſty lips
Into its veiny mouths it daily ſips.

Look where a child's new-born, how soon it goes,
And that food swallows which of old it knows:
Kindly it plays and smiles upon the breast,
O'erjoy'd again to find its former feast.
Shall Nature glut her tender young with blood?
No; that cann't be their elemental food;
That, sure, would make them savage, were it so,
And all mankind fierce Cannibals would grow:
Nero's acts could hardly then dispraise,
Nor would Orestes' fury wonder raise,
If mother's blood for wretched infants first
By Heav'n 's design'd, to satisfy their thirst.
Yet still that flux 's cause we do n't reveal,
Which does so cautiously its spring conceal.

No painted bird for want of feathers ſcorns
Her mate, but Heav'n them both alike adorns.
The ſwans (who are ſo downy, ſoft, and white)
Leda can ſcarce diſtinguiſh by the ſight.
In fiſhes you no difference can ſee,
Both in the glittering of their ſcales agree:
Venus in them, arm'd by their naked ſex,
The darts of beauty needed not t' annex:
In them no killing eyes th
Their ſmell alone their tr ain.
But human race in flames ry'd,
By reaſon and refplenden
Nor is fruition their origi
(A paltry, ſhortliv'd joy) y all
Periſh who that alone tru all.
Kind Nature beauty has ... beſtow'd,
And with a thouſand charms all o'er endow'd;
Men ſhe with golden fetters choſe to bind,
And with ſweet force their roving ſouls confin'd;
Nor women made for beſtial delight,
But with chaſte pleaſure, too, to rape the ſight:
Hence all that blood which after preſſing ſqueeze
Out of the groſſer chyle, as dregs or lees,
And that which on the body and the chin
With duſky clouds o'ercaſts the hairy ſkin,
From their fair bodies conſtantly ſhe drains,
And Luna her commiſſion for 't obtains:

But if thoſe ſlimy floods, by chance ſuppreſs'd,
Exceſſive heats to nutriment digeſt,
Manlike in time the women's cheeks become,
And they, poor Iphis! undergo thy doom.
So Phaëthuſa, once ſo ſmooth and fair,
Wonder'd to feel her face o'ergrown with hair;
Her hand ſhe often blam'd, and for a glaſs
She call'd, to look how 't was; but there, alas!
A bearded chin and lips ſhe found, and then,
Blaming the glaſs, felt with her hands agen:
Long looking, ſhe her own ſtrange viſage fear'd,
And ſtarted when an unknown voice ſhe heard.
Thus and much more (but who can all relate)
Apollo's Laurel did expatiate:

ence am I call'd Earth's Apple; ſuch a one
in th' Heſperian gardens there are none.
d this, fair Atalanta! then been thrown
lore you, when you ran, (I know you 'll own)
w you are married, it has ſo ſweet a face,
u for this ſooner would have ſlack'd your pace,
ian that for which you loſt your maiden race.
ence in her own embraces mother-Earth
tains and hugs it where ſhe gave it birth,
or truſts dull trees with things of ſo much worth.
ſing all births, 't is I the wonder prove
th' earth our univerſal parents' love.
hat poet was no fool, nor did he lie,
ho ſaid each Herb could ſhow a Deity.
or ſhould we Egypt's piety deſpiſe,
hich to green gods paid daily ſacrifice.
me! why doſt jeer? "They are in gardens born,
And vegetable gods the fields adorn."
hat 's Ceres elſe but corn, and Bacchus vines?
id every holy plain with godheads ſhines.
id I Lucina am; for I make way,
id life's ſtraight folding-doors wide open lay.
! pardon, Luna! what I raſhly ſpoke,
iat from my lips ſuch impious words have broke.
me, in me, Lucina! you remain,
id in diſguiſe a goddeſs I contain;
r in my root's ſmall circle you encloſe
rt of thoſe virtues which your wiſdom knows.

Triumphant conqueſts over Death I make;
Arms from myſelf, but power from thee, I take:
O'erſeer o' th' ways, the body's roads I clear,
And ſtreets, as I that city's edile were.
Straight paſſages I widen, ſtops remove,
And every obſtacle down headlong ſhove:
The ſoul and her attendants nothing ſtays,
But they may freely come and go their ways.
I alſo dry each ſink and fenny flood,
Leſt the ſwift meſſengers ſhould ſtick i' th' mud.
But to my ſtricter charge committed is
The pleaſant, ſacred, way that leads to bliſs.
When dawning Life Cimmerian night would lea
And its relation, Day's bright rays, perceive,
I keep Death off the womb's ſtraight paſſages,
That them the watchful foe can ne'er poſſeſs.
You 'd wonder (for great Nature, when ſhe ſhow
Her greateſt wonders, nothing greater does)
Which way the narrow womb, ſo void of pain,
Such an unwieldy weight could e'er contain;
How ſuch a bulk, forc'd from its native place,
Thro' ſuch a narrow avenue ſhould paſs.
When ſuch croſs motions teeming wombs attain,
Firſt to dilate, then fold themſelves again;
What knots unties, and ſolid bones divides,
And what again unites the diſtant ſides;
But this I cannot do, nor all the earth,
Wherever pow'rful Plants receive their birth.

ne, both I and you, my Sisters! share
great work, and humble handmaids are;
od, you know, performs the chiefeſt part;
work is fit for the Almighty art:
the growing embryo bids the womb
d, and bids the limbs for that make room:
rts the meeting rocks, and with his hand
gently forth at open order ſtand.
-time th' induſtrious infant, loath to ſtay,
gles, and with his head would make its way;
t the tormented labouring wretch would fain
'd, both of her burden and her pain.
, too, my piercing heat both inſtigates,
he inclining quarters ſeparates.
times within his mothers fatal womb,
e he 's born, the infant finds his tomb.
rom her native ſoil Death's terrours chaſe,
fertile is herſelf in ſuch a place.
cluded carcaſs breathes forth dire perfumes,
ts own grave the buried corpſe conſumes
ge! the prepoſterous child's his mother's death,
dead, deprives his living tomb of breath.
that ſad fate, ye Gods! chaſte women guard,
et it be adultery's reward.
t as in me lies I ſave the tree,
ake the rotten thing away with me.
oods to drown 't is the beſt way I think,
n a ſtorm the ſhip and all ſhould ſink.

ften make eſcapes, unbind
nd leave their luggage all behind:
coats and thinner ſhirts they leave,
t cake where they their food receive.
oor women then implore,
eturn, altho' the birth be o'er.
omb again my aid I lend,
ell as noiſome work attend.
nſe the paſſage undergo
let no man, I pray you, know;
will Cupid's power impair,
ch an awe o'er mortals bear.
: a ſecret virtue lie,
ts from deepeſt wounds, yet I
larts, kind Cupid! never ſtrove

Th' effect is plain and eaſy to be found,
But deep the cauſe lies rooted under ground.

THE MASTICK TREE.

Then Chian Maſtick thus began. Said ſhe,
This ſuits not with this opportunity.
To fiſhes, Siſter, do whate'er you pleaſe,
Depopulate and poiſon all the ſea;
This let that Herb beware, who back again
Made Glaucus' fiſhes bounce into the main,
Which with new forms the wat'ry world ſupplies,
And changes men into ſea-deities.
But theſe are trifles; ſince curs'd Savin here
Dares in a throng of pious Plants appear,
She who the altars of the womb profanes,
And deep in blood that living temple ſtains;
Impatient to be wicked, ſhe deſtroys
The naked hopes of thouſand future boys.
'Tis one of War's extreme and greateſt harms
To ſnatch an infant from his mother's arms;
But here the womb (oh, ſtrange!) cloſe ſhut and barr'd,
The mother's very bowels are no guard.
Whilſt poiſons only in a civil rage,
And ling'ring ills the ſtep-dames' hands engage,
Oh! ſimple Colchis, rude and ignorant,
Who the new arts of wickedneſs doſt want!
Medea, Savin knows a better way
Than thy Medea-children to deſtroy.

Thou, Progne! know'ſt not how revenge to [illegible]
Let Itys live; thy ſtay amends will make;
Lie with thy huſband, tho' againſt thy will,
Let thy ſwell'd womb with hopes fierce Terous
When you are ripe for hate, let Savin come,
And dreſs the fatal banquet in your wombs;
The reeking bits let thy curs'd huſband take,
And meat of thine and his own bowels make.
Abortion caus'd for ſpite 's a generous crime,
Th' effect of pleaſure at the preſent time;
Officious Savin is at the expenſe
Of ſo much wit and ſo much diligence
To make the lewdeſt whore moſt chaſte appear,
That of her crimes no token ſhe may wear.

Let Nature's mortal foe receive her doom,
And with moist Laurel purge the tainted room:
Or let her live in Crete, her native home,
And with her virtue's purge Pasiphae's womb:
There two miscarriages she might have made
At once; oh! prize now never to be had!
But I suppose she never would have torn,
Or kept that hopeful monster from being born;
For seven boys, whose death to her was dear,
That half-man was to swallow ev'ry year.
Haste, Savin! home to Crete; we won't complain
Tho' Ditt'ny, too, with thee return again.
At this they were divided, and the sound
Of various murmurs flew the court around;
Whilst sharpen'd leaves did Savin's anger show,
As when a lion bristles at his foe:
Those three degrees of heat which she before
From Nature had, her anger now made four.

SAVIN.

Thou wretched Shrub! (in passionate tones) said she,
Dost thou pretend to be my enemy?
Dost thou, a Plant which thro' the world is known
Disparage? All mankind my virtues own,
Whilst thou for hollow teeth a med'cine art,
Id scarcely bear'st in barbers' shops a part.
, hang thy tables up, to show thy vows,
d with thy trophies load thy bending boughs:

Among the monuments of thy chivalry,
The greateſt ſome old rotten tooth will be.
What? cauſe thy tears ſtops weeping rheum,
A dam which currents of defluction ſtays,
Doſt think thy force can keep the womb ſo
As to reſtrain conception's liquid flight?
No, ſure; but thou by cheats a name haſt ſou
And wouldſt, tho' vile thou art, too dear be
By falſe pretences you on Fame impoſe,
But I the truth of what I am diſcloſe.
Children, I own, I from the belly wreſt;
Go now, of my confeſſion make your beſt.
I own, I ſay, nor canſt thou for thy heart,
Tho' thou more tender than the mother wert

thing ſtrengthens Nature more than that,
g the womb does more corroborate;
r do all, yet all ſhall prove in vain,
acceſs to her my juices gain.
it, nor will I ungrateful be
nteous Nature, leſt I anger thee,
hou haſt done thy worſt to anger me.
ature's gift, whoſe wiſdom I eſteem
more than thine, tho' thou a Cato ſeem.
e womb by ſtealth I never creep,
rce myſelf on women whilſt they ſleep:
ther far, untouch'd, uncropp'd, be ſeen
dens always growing, freſh and green.
ather'd, pounded, and th' untimely blow
give, which I myſelf firſt undergo.
ſtly blame Medea, but, for ſhame,
uiltleſs knife ſhe cut with do not blame.
ſt'ning trees will think thee drunk with wine,
of drunkenneſs accuſe the vine.
is bare pow'r do I to Heaven owe,
greater virtues did on me beſtow;
he courſes and the afterbirth,
he dead member's deadly weight, bring forth.
nfants from their native gaol I free,
ith aſtoniſh'd eyes the ſun they ſee.
thing can they find worth ſo much pain,
ould return into the dark again:
wiſh my fatal draught had come before,
e great work of life was yet quite o'er.

hat which you call a crime I own to be,
ut you muſt lay it on men, and not on me.
h! what at firſt would tender infants give
When newly form'd they ſcarce began to live)
or this, if poſſibly they could but know,
hro' what a paſſage they muſt after go?
h! why did Heav'n (with rev'rence let me ſay)
nto this world make ſuch a narrow way?
ou'd think the child by his pains to heav'n ſhould go,
Vhilſt he thro' pain is born to a world of wo.
hro' deadly ſtrugglings he receives his breath,
nd pangs i' th' birth reſemble thoſe of death.
Mothers the name of mothers dearly buy,
nd purchaſe pleaſure at a rate too high.
ut thou, childbearing Woman! who no eaſe

No influence have; I charge thee do not take
My leaves, but haſte, tho' loaded, from 'em make.
Down from the trees by my force ſhaken, all
The fruits, tho' ne'er ſo green and ſour, fall:
(This I foretel you, leſt, when you 're aggriev'd,
You then ſhould ſay by me you are deceiv'd)
For innocent girls ſin ſore againſt their will,
None ever wiſh'd her womb a child might fill.
Yet if I were not in the world, they would
Incline to do the fact, but never could.
But many other Plants the ſame can do,
Wherefore if baniſhment you think my due,
Companions in it I ſhall have I know,
And into Crete a troop of us ſhall go.
Thou, Myrrh! for one ſhalt go, who heretofore
For lewdneſs puniſh'd, now deſerv'ſt the more.
But, thou, tho' lewd, didſt not prevent the birth *,
Tho' 't was a crime to bring the infant forth;
And All-heal too, who Death affrights, muſt pack,
With Galbanum and Gum-armoniack;
And Benzoin, to Cyrenians never ſold,
Unleſs they brought the ſweeter ſmell of gold:
Ground-pine and Saffron, too, will exiles prove,
Saffron, once Crocus, yellow-dy'd by Love;
Madder and Coloquintida with me,
And Dragon too, the Cretan ſhore muſt ſee;
And Sowbread too, whoſe ſecret darts are found
Childbearing women diſtantly to wound;

* Plants that procure abortion.

[r the Green nation, Sister! baniſh thee,
'll go along, and bear thee company:
f we for women's faults muſt bear diſgrace,
We, the Ecbolicks *, are a wretched race.
On her head let it (if a woman ſhall
To her own bowels prove inhuman) fall,
Not part of death's ſad penalties, but all.
Why are we ſent for at untimely hours;
That day when lucky Juno † comes is ours.
he 's wicked, and deſerves the worſt of fates,
Who to ill ends that time anticipates:
or the admitted juice knows no delay,
ut torpid as it is will force its way:
or is it hard a fabrick to confound,
l fix'd within itſelf, or to the ground.

* Ecbolicks, *i. e.* ſuch medicines as bring away dea
en, or cauſe abortion.
† The goddeſs of Childbearing.

A ſhip well tackled, which the winds may ſcorn,
Ill rigg'd, away by ev'ry guſt is borne.
The elements of life what cann't o'erthrow?
No wonder, life itſelf 's an empty ſhow.
Sometimes it ſmells a candle's ſnuff and dies *;
The weaker ſume before the ſtronger flies.
Let Cæſar round the globe with his Eagles fly,
And grieve with Jove to ſhare equality;
Yet what a trifle might have been his death,
Preventing all his triumphs with his breath?
One farthing candle, by its dying flame,
Would have depriv'd the world of his great name;
Nor had we had ſuch numerous ſupplies
Of mighty lords and new-found deities.
Thou, Alexander! too, might'ſt ſo have dy'd,
(How well the world that ſmell had gratify'd!)
Thou! who, a petty king of th' univerſe,
Thought'ſt with thyſelf alone thou did converſe;
Yea, the ſame chance might have remov'd from us
Both thee, Jove's ſon, and thy Bucephalus,
And if thy groom † his candle out had ſlept,
Bucephala he from being built had kept.
So ſlight a ſtink you 'd ſcarce think this could do,
Unleſs the niceneſs of the womb you knew:
How ſhy it is of an ungrateful ſmell,
You by its ſecret coyneſs know full well.

* The ſmell of a candle's ſnuff, it is ſaid, will make women miſcarry.

† The ſtink of the ſnuff of a candle is ſaid alſo to cauſe abortion in mares.

The kinds, and forms, and names, of cruel Fate
And monſtrous ſhapes, I hardly could relate.
What meant the gods, Life's native ſeat to fill
With ſuch a numerous hoſt, ſo arm'd to kill?
What is it, Pleaſure! guards man's happineſs?
If thy chief city, Pain, thy foe poſſeſs?
But me my Laurel told, then moſt ſhe rail'd,
When the ſad fits o' th' mother ſhe bewail'd.
Wo to the body's wretched town, ſaid ſhe,
When the womb's fort contains the enemy!
Thence baneful vapours ev'ry way they throw,
Which rout the conquer'd ſoul where'er they go
The troops of flying ſpirits they deſtroy,
As ſtenches from Avernus birds annoy.

Grief, fear, and hatred of the light, invade
Their heart, the foul a ſcene of trouble 's made:
Then ſtraight the jaws themſelves, the tort'ring ill
With deadly ſtrangling vapours ſtrives to fill.
T' ethereal air it never ſhows deſire,
But, ſalamander-like, lives all on fire.
Sometimes theſe reſtleſs plagues the head do ſeize,
And rifle all the ſoul's rich palaces.
In barbarous triumph led, then Reaſon ſtands,
Hoodwink'd and manacled her eyes and hands;
For the poor wretch a merry madneſs takes,
And her ſad ſides with doleful laughter ſhakes.
Her dreams (in vain awake) ſhe tells, and thoſe,
(f nobody admire, amaz'd ſhe ſhows.
he fears or threatens ev'ry thing ſhe ſpies;
piteous ſhe, and dreadful, object lies:
ne ſeems to rave, and from her ſparkling eyes
rce fire darts forth; another throbs and cries:
ne Death's exacteſt image ſeizes, ſo
t ſleep compar'd to that like life would ſhow:
lid dulneſs all the ſenſes keeps
c'd up; no ſoul of trees more ſoundly ſleeps.
breath, if any from her noſtrils go,
lown from Poppy-tops would hardly blow.
one dead with her compar'd, you 'd ſay,
lead ones there, or two hyſterick lay.
en ('t is ſtrange, and yet we muſt believe
ve from long experience receive)

Under her noſe ſtrong-ſmelling odours lay,
The other vapours theſe will chaſe away:
Burn partridge feathers, hair of man or beaſt,
Horns, leather, warts, that horſe's legs moleſt,
All theſe are good, but what ſtrange accident
Firſt found them out, or could ſuch cures invent?
Burn oil, that Nature from hard rocks diſtils,
And ſulphur, which all things with odour fills,
To which the ſtinking aſſa you may add,
And oil which from the beaver's ſtones is had:
Thro' pores, nerves, arteries, and all, they go,
And throng t' invade the lab'ring womb below:
But that each avenue, which upward lies,
With mounds and ſtrong-built rampires fortifies;
Then being contracted to a narrower place

Civet, and Muſk, and Amber, too, apply,
(Scarce yet well known to human induſtry)
With all that my rich native ſoil ſupplies,
Such fumes as from the phœnix' neſt ariſe;
Nor fear from gods to take their Frankincenſe;
In ſuch a pious caſe 't is no offence:
Then ſhalt thou ſee the limbs faint motions make,
A certain ſign that now the ſoul 's awake;
Then will the guts, with an unuſual noiſe,
The enemy o'erthrown, ſeem to rejoice;
Blood will below the ſecret paſſage ſtain,
And arteries recruited beat again.
Oft', glad to ſee the light, themſelves the eyes
Lift up: the face returning purple dies;
One jaw from th' other, with a groan, retires,
And the diſeaſe itſelf, like life, expires.

Tell me, ſweet Odours! tell me what have you
With parts ſo diſtant from the noſe to do?
Or what have you, ill Smells! ſo near the noſe
To do, ſince that and you are mortal foes?
And why doſt thou, abominable Stench!
Upon remote dominions ſo intrench?
Say by what ſecret force you fling your darts,
Whom from your bow, the noſe, ſuch diſtance parts?
For ſome believe that to the brain alone
They fly, thro' ways which in the head are known;
And that the brain to the related womb
Sends (good and bad) all ſmells that to it come.

The womb, too, oft' rejoices for th
And when that 's griev'd, does all
The womb is Oreſtes, Pylades the
And what to one to th' other is a p
I do n't deny the native ſympathy,
And like reſpects, in which theſe p
Each its conception has, and each i
And both their offſprings like the
Still to produce both have a conſtan
And their ſtraight boſoms mighty
Much I omit in both; but know, t
O' th' body, that o' th' ſoul, the m
But th' womb has this one proper
Its actions oft' from head and noſe

What can I add? You, learn'd President! please
To bid me speak; the case says hold your peace:
Yet you I must obey; Heav'n is so kind
To let us seek that truth we cannot find.
This truth must be i' th' well's dark bottom sought,
Pardon me if I make an heavy draught.
You see the wondrous wars and leagues of things
From whence the world's harmonious consort springs;
This he that thinks from th' elements may be had,
Is a grave sot, and studiously mad:
Here many causes branch themselves around,
But to 'em all one only root is found;
For those which mortals the four elements call,
In the world's fabrick are not first of all;
Treasures in them wise Nature laid, as store,
Ready at hand, of things that were before;
Whence she might principles draw for her use,
And mixtures new eternally produce.
Infinite seeds in those small bodies lie
To us, but number'd by the Deity:
Nor is the heat to fire more natural,
Nor coldness more to water's share does fall,
Than either bitter, sweet, or white, or black,
Or any smells that noses e'er attack
Our purging or astringent quality
Have proper points of matter where they lie.
With earth, air, water, fire, Heav'n all things bore;
Why do I faintly speak? they were before;

or what earth, air, fire, water, now we call,
re compounds from the firſt original:
or——but a ſudden fright her ſenſes ſhock'd,
nd ſtopp'd her ſpeech; ſhe heard the gate unlock'd;
nd Rue from far the gard'ner ſaw come in,
rembling, as ſhe an Aſpen leaf had been,
For Rue, a ſov'reign Plant to purge the eyes,
emoteſt objects eaſily deſcries)
ne ſoftly whiſper'd, Hence, make haſte away;
ere's Robert * come; make haſte; why do we ſtay?
ay was not broken, but 't was almoſt light,
nd Luna ſwiftly roll'd the wheeling night;
or was the fellow us'd ſo ſoon to riſe,
ut him a ſudden chance did then ſurpriſe:
is wife in pangs of childbed loudly roar'd,

BOOK III. OF FLOWERS.

Tranſlated by C. Cleve.

FLORA.

Now Muſe! if ever, now look briſk and gay,
The Spring 's at hand; blithe looks like that diſplay:
Uſe all the ſchemes and colours now of ſpeech,
Uſe all the flow'rs that poetry enrich;
Its glories all, its blooming beauties, bring,
As may reſemble the returning Spring:
Let the ſame muſick thro' thy verſe reſound,
As in the woods and ſhady groves is found:
Let every line ſuch fragrant praiſe exhale,
As riſes up from ſome ſweet-ſmelling vale:
Let lights and ſhades, as in the woods, appear,
And ſhow in painted verſe the ſeaſon of the year.
Come then away, for the firſt welcome morn
Of the ſpruce month of May begins to dawn.
This day, ſo tells the poet's ſacred page,
Bright Chloris did in nuptial bands engage;
This very day the knot was ty'd, and thence
The lovely maid a goddeſs did commence:
The ſigns of joy did ev'ry where appear,
On earth, in heav'n, throughout the ſea and air;

No wand'ring cloud was ſeen in all the ſky,
And if there were, 't was of a curious dye.
The air ſerene, not an ungentle blaſt
Ruffled the waters with its rude embrace;
The wind that was breath'd odours all around,
And only fann'd the ſtreams, and only kiſs'd t
ground.
Of unknown Flow'rs now ſuch a num'rous birth
Appear'd, as ever aſtoniſh'd mother-Earth.
The Lily grew 'midſt barren Heath and Sedge,
And the Roſe bluſh'd on each unprickly hedge;
The purple Violet and the Daffodil,
The places now of angry nettles fill.
This great and joyful day, on which ſhe knew
What 't was to be a wife and goddeſ
The grateful Fl

But in a way fitting her humble ſtate
She always did, and ſtill does celebrate:
And now that ſhe the better may attend
The Flow'ry empire under her command,
To all the world, at times, ſhe does reſort,
Now in this part, now that, ſhe keeps her court;
And ſo the ſeaſons of the year require,
For here 't is ſpring, perhaps 't is autumn there.
With eaſe ſhe flies to the remoteſt ſhores,
And viſits in the way a world of Flow'rs:
In Zephyr's painted car ſhe cuts the air,
Pleas'd with the way, her ſpouſe the charioteer.
It was the year, (thrice bleſs'd that beauteous Year!)
Which mighty Charles's ſacred name did bear;
A golden year the heavens brought about
In high proceſſion with a joyful ſhout;
A year that barr'd up Janus' brazen gates,
That brought home Peace, and laid our monſtrous heats:
A greater gift, bleſs'd Albion! thou did'ſt gain,
It brought home godlike Charles, and all his peaceful train,
Compos'd our chaos, cover'd o'er the ſcars,
And clos'd the bleeding wounds of twenty years.
Nor felt the gown alone the fruits of peace,
But gardens, woods, and all the Flow'ry race.
This year to ev'ry thing freſh honours brought,
Nor 'midſt theſe were the learned Arts forgot.
Poor exil'd Flora, with the ſylvan gods,
Came back again to their old lov'd abodes.

ſaw her (thro' a glaſs my Muſe vouchſaf'd)
lac'd on the painted bow ſecurely waft;
riumphantly ſhe rode, and made her courſe
owards fair Albion's long-forſaken ſhores.
hat ſhe our goddeſs was, to me was plain
rom the gay various colours of her train:
he light, renowned Thames! upon thy ſhore,
ong time below'd, and known to her before:
'was here the goddeſs an appointment ſet
or all the Flow'rs: accordingly they met;
hoſe that are parch'd with heat, or pinch'd with cold,
r thoſe which a more temp'rate clime does hold,
hoſe drunk with dew the ſun juſt riſing ſees,
r thoſe, when ſetting, with a face like his;
ll ſorts that Eaſt and Weſt can boaſt were there,

Which is the image of that image, then
No wonder it appears leſs freſh and fine.
Theſe heav'n-born ſpecies of the Flow'ry race
Aſſembled all the wedding-morn to grace.
Phœbus! do thou the pencil take, the ſame
With which thou gild'ſt the world's great checker'd frame;
Light's pencil take; try if thou canſt diſplay
The various ſcenes of this reſplendent day:
And yet I doubt thy ſkill, tho' all muſt bow
To thee, as god of Plants and Poets too:
I 'm ſure 't is much too hard a taſk for me,
Yet ſome I 'll touch in paſſing, like the bee:
Where the whole garden cann't be had, we know
A noſegay may, and that, if ſweet, will do.
Now when a part of this triumphant day
In ſacred pompous rites had paſs'd away,
Rites which no mortal tongue can duly tell,
And which, perhaps, 't is not lawful to reveal;
At length the ſporting goddeſs thought it beſt
(Tho ſure the humour went beyond a jeſt)
A pleaſant ſort of trial to propoſe,
And from among the Plants a queen to chuſe
Which ſhould preſide over the Flow'ry race,
Be a vice-goddeſs, and ſupply her place:
Each Plant was to appear, and make its plea,
To ſee which beſt deſerv'd the dignity.
The ſcene arch'd o'er with wreathing branches ſtood,
Which like a little hollow temple ſhow'd;

The ſhrubs and branches, darting from aloof
Their pretty fragrant ſhades, compos'd the roof;
Red and white Jaſmine, with the Myrtle-tree,
The favourite of the Cyprian deity,
The Golden Apple-tree with ſilver bud,
Both ſorts of Pipe-tree, with the Sea-dew flood;
There was the twining Woodbine to be ſeen,
And Yellow Hather, Roſes mix'd between.
Each Plant its notes and known diſtinctions brought
With various art the gaudy ſcene was wrought.
Juſt in the nave of this new-modell'd fane,
A throne the judging goddeſs did ſuſtain,
Rob'd in a thouſand ſeveral ſorts of leaves,
And all the colours which the garden gives,
Which join'd together trim in wondrous wiſe,

The Days with nimble feet advanc'd apace,
And then the Month, each with a different face;
On Cynthia's orb they tend with conſtant care,
In monthly courſes whirling round her ſphere.
Firſt Spring, a roſy-colour'd youngſter, ſtood,
With looks enough to bribe a judging god;
Summer appear'd, rob'd in a yellow gown,
Full ears of ripen'd corn compos'd her crown;
Then Autumn, proud of rich Pomona's ſtore,
And Bacchus, too, treading the bluſhing floor;
Poor half-ſtarv'd Winter ſhivering in the rear,
The ſtoical and ſullen part o' th' year:
Yet not by ſtep-dame Nature wholly left
Of every grace is winter-time bereft;
Some friends it has in this afflicted ſtate,
Some Plants that faith and duty do n't forget:
Some Plants the winter-ſeaſon does ſupply,
Born purely for delight and luxury,
Which brave the froſt and cold, and merit claim,
Tho' few, indeed, and of a lower frame.
The New-Year did him this peculiar grace,
And Janus favouring with his double face,
That he ſhould firſt be heard, and have the pow'r
To draw forth all his poor and ſlender ſtore.
Winter obeys, and ranks 'em, beſt he can,
More truſting to the worth, than number of his men.
Juſt in the front of Winter's ſcanty band,
Two lofty Plants, or Flow'ry giants, ſtand;

Spurge-olive one, th' other a kind of Bay,
Both high, and largely ſpreading ev'ry way,
But did they in a milder ſeaſon ſprout,
Whether they e'er could paſs for Flow'rs, I doubt;
But now they do, and ſuch their looks and ſmell,
The place they hold they ſeem to merit well.
Next Wolfs'-bane, us'd in ſtep-dames' poiſoning trade
Born of the foam of Pluto's porter ſaid;
A baneful Plant, ſpringing in craggy ground,
Thence its hard name, itſelf much harder found;
Briſkly its gilded creſt it does diſplay,
And boldly ſtares i' th' face the god of Day,
Which Cerberus, its ſire, durſt ne'er aſſay.
The Plant call'd Snowdrop, next in courſe appear'd,
But trembling, by its frightful neighbour ſear'd;

Next the blue Primrose, which in winter blows,
But wears the spring both in its name and clothes;
The Saffron then, and tardy Celandine,
To these our Lady's-seal, and Sowbread join;
But these appearing out of season, were
Bid to their homes and proper tribes repair:
There now remain'd of Winter's genuine store
And offspring Bear's-foot, or the Christmas Flow'r,
The pride of Winter, which in frost can live,
And now alone for empire dar'd to strive:
On its black stalk it rear'd itself, and then
With pale but fearless face to plead began.

HELLEBORUS NIGER;

OR, CHRISTMAS FLOWER.

I MEAN not now my beauty to oppose
To that of Lilies or the blushing Rose:
Old Prætus' daughters me from that do scare,
Who once with Juno durst their face compare.
Mad with conceit, each thought herself a cow;
Just judgment! teaching all themselves to know.
My noble Plant banish'd this wild caprice,
And gave 'em back their human voice and speech.
Melampus by my aid soon brought relief,
And for the cure had one of 'em to wife:
And none will charge me with that madness, sure,
Or the same folly I pretend to cure.

he goddeſſes above a beauty claim,
aſting and firm as their immortal frame,
/hich time cann't ſurrow, or diſeaſes wrong;
'o be immortal is to be forever young.
low'rs' or girls' beauty is a tranſient thing;
xpect as well the whole year will be ſpring.
e Flow'ry race! that open to the ſky,
,nd there have ſeen a cloud of curious dye,
he gaudy phantom now with pride appears,
ook up again, 't is ſtraight diſſolv'd in tears;
uch is the ſhortliv'd glory Flowers have,
ending, they point ſtill tow'rds their womb and grave;
he wind and rain aim at their tender head; [ſhed;
eſides, the ſtars their baneful influence
ike the fam'd Semele, they die away

Kings are Jove's image; and, if that be true,
To virtue only ſovereign ſway is due.
Truſting to this, and not the empty name
Of beauty, I the Flow'ry empire claim:
Nor will this ſoft, luxurious, pamper'd race
Of Flow'rs, were things well weigh'd, deny me place;
For, lo! the winter 's come; what change is there,
What looks, what diſmal aſpect of the year!
The winds, from priſon broke, no mercy yield,
But ſpoil the native glories of the field:
Firſt on the infant-boughs they ſpend their rage,
And ſcarcely ſpare the poor trunk's rev'rend age;
Either with ſwelling rains the ground below
Is drown'd, or cover'd thick in beds of ſnow:
Or ſtiff with froſt, the ſtreams, all iced o'er,
Are pent within a bank unknown before.
Each nymph complains, and ev'ry river-god
Feels on his ſhoulders an unuſual load;
Nature, a captive now to Froſt become,
Lies fairly buried in a marble tomb.
And can you wonder then that Flow'rs ſhould die,
Or, hid within their beds, the danger fly?
D' ye ſee the ſun, how faint his looks, that tell
The god of Plants himſelf is not o'er-well.
Now let me ſee the Violet, Tulip, Roſe,
Or any of 'em their fine face diſcloſe;
Ye Lilies! with your ſnowy treſſes, now
Come forth, this is the proper time for ſnow.

Deaf to the call, none of 'em all appear,
But close in bed they lie, half-dead with fear;
Only in this universal dread
Of Nature dare exalt my fearless head:
Winter, with thousand several arms prepar'd
To be my death, still finds me on my guard.
Great umpire then of all this harmless fray,
If you are fix'd to crown some Plant to-day,
Let all appear and take the field, let all
Agree to give the chiefest Plant the ball;
Yet let it be in winter, I desire;
That season does a hardy chief require.
Many of these tender, dainty, dames,
Deck'd with their rich perfumes and gaudy names,
Dare but at such a time show half an eye

moſt haughty champion I 'd defy
honours, titles, names, to vie.
onders, I may ſafely ſay,
Herculean labours were mere play.
ng cancer my bleſs'd Plant does chaſe,
ins o'er the leper's monſtrous face;
g quartan fever I oblige
forces off, and raiſe the ſiege;
i' th' head that do from vapours come,
aight by my counter fume:
lling part, when dropſies reign,
, the ſtanding waters drain:
ickneſs, too, to wave the reſt,
that diſeaſe by ſome confeſs'd.
e cures thus trifle I my breath?
to me, the apoplectick death;
rt my Plant new vigour ſends,
makes the ſoul and body friends.
eat things, you 'll ſay, and yet the reſt
muſt much greater be confeſs'd.
e the mind's diſtracted frame,
ods and I alone can claim;
d fools are caſt beneath my pow'r;
grandeur can the gods add more?
n do, the world his province is,
t boaſt a larger ſway than this.
; her train with ſhouts the area fill'd,
r (if you will believe it) ſmil'd.

Next the gay Spring draws out his warlike bands,
Which to the ſcene a grateful ſhadow lends.
Homer, tho' well the Grecian camp he paints,
Would fail, I fear in muſtering up theſe Plants.
Bright Spring! what various nations doſt thou boaſt?
The Xerxes of a numerous Flow'ry hoſt,
Which could (ſince Flow'rs without due moiſture die)
Like his, I fancy, drink whole rivers dry.
His Flow'ry troops made the ſame ſtately ſhow,
Thoſe painted arms a dazzling luſtre threw.
Then a gay Flow'r, for ſhape the Trumpet nam'd,
Blew thrice, and with a ſtrenuous voice proclaim'd,
That all but candidates ſhould quit the place,
Left, as they went, bowing with awful grace.
And now, the pleaſure of the goddeſs knew
Herb call'd Ba

The cauſe in Flora's court of chivalry
Was heard, where they fail'd to make out their plea;
They bore no coat of arms, nor could they ſhow
Thoſe mournful notes ſaid from his blood to flow:
The next a-kin, a Flow'r which Greeks of old
From excrements of birds deſcended hold,
Which Britain, nurſe of Plants, a milder clime,
Gentilely calls the Star of Bethlehem;
The Daiſy next march'd off in modeſt wiſe,
Dreading to wait the iſſue of the prize,
Tho' the Spring do n't a truſtier party know,
After, before, and in the ſpring they grow,
Quick in the charge, and in retreating ſlow;
They dare not venture, tho' the ſons of Art
The name of Binders to 'em do impart;
They cure all wounds, yet make none, which you
Is the true office of a warlike Plant. [grant
Next ſpotted Sanicle and Navelwort,
Tho' both have ſigns of blood, forſake the court;
Moonwort goes next, borne on its reddiſh ſtalk,
And after that does gentle Cranebill walk;
They all gave way; 't is nat'ral in a Flow'r
More in its form to truſt than worth and pow'r;
Nay, more than that, the Cornflag quits the field,
Tho' made ſword-wiſe, does to the Tulip yield;
Tho', like ſome tyrant, rounded with the ſame,
Yet to affected empire waves all claim;
How much this Swordflow'r differs as to harm
From thoſe which we on mortal anvils form!

Nature on this an unguent has beſtow'd,
Which when our's make it iſſue, ſtops the blood.
Next you might ſee the gaudy Columbine,
Call'd ſometimes Lion's-mouth, deſert the ſcene,
Tho' of try'd courage and of high renown
In other things, curing diſeaſes known:
The Seagull Flow'r expreſs'd an equal fear,
The tigers more and prettier ſpots do n't bear;
Theſe beauty-ſpots ſhe ought to prize like gold,
Citron held her's at dearer rates of old:
The Perſian Lily, of a ruddy hue,
And next the Lily of the Vale, withdrew;
Lilies o' th' Vale ſuch looks and ſmell retain,
They 're fit to furniſh ſnuff for gods and men;
Nor a Plant kinder to the brain does live:

s Plant! which ev'ry month can bring,
ner would be reckon'd to the ſpring;
ſs'd along with a becoming mien,
her train the Wallflow'r would be ſeen:
ıliant Marigold next theſe went out,
ıdy's-ſlipper, fit for Flora's foot;
Goat's-beard, which each morn abroad does
ts its Flow'r at noon, and goes to ſleep; [peep,
Oxeye did its rolling eyeball ſpread,
Jove's wife and ſiſter had, they ſaid;
ıper-graſs, full of a milky juice,
gainſt poiſon, which curs'd ſtep-dames uſe;
Hollowroot, cautious and full of fear,
neither ſummer's heat nor cold can bear,
after ſpring, before it does retire;
atin-flow'r, and Mothmullen withdraw,
y a nobler title to enjoy:
ıdy's-ſmock, and Lugwort, went their way,
ev'ral more, too tedious here to ſay;
nany an humble Shrub that took their leaves,
ich the garden entertainment gives;
neyſuckle, Roſemary, and Broom,
room which does of Spaniſh parents come;
ırts of Pipe-tree, neat in either dreſs,
or ſky-colour'd, whether pleaſe you beſt;
ıe round-headed Elder-roſe, which wears
ſtellation of your little ſtars;
herry, our's and Perſian Apple add,
of the various Flow'rs adorn'd its head;

ature has iſſue, eunuch-like, deny'd,
it (like them too) by a fine face ſupply'd:
heſe, and a thouſand more, were fain to yield,
nd left the candidates to keep the field;
ach Flow'r appear'd with all its kindred, dreſs'd
ach in its richeſt robes of gaudieſt veſt:
he Violet firſt, Spring's uſher, came in view,
om whoſe ſweet lips theſe pleaſing accents flew.

THE VIOLET.

HE Ram now ope the golden portal throws,
hich holds the various ſeaſons of the year,
nd on his ſhining fleece the Spring does bear;
e Mortals! with a ſhout ſalute him as he goes.
ō, triumph!) now, now the ſpring comes on

allow is not a more certain ſign
ve and warm embraces now begin.
ov'd babe a thouſand kiſſes
ideſs gives, a thouſand balmy bliſſes.
my purple lips
d nectar dips:
t is no ſooner does the Violet burſt,
warm air to a juſt ripeneſs nurs'd,
n my opening, blooming head,
and fragrant odours ſpread.
only pleaſe the ſmell,
moſt critick taſte beguile,
y with my pretty dye
a cheat upon the eye;
e for profit than for pleaſure born,
out a wholeſome juice,
he fam'd Epicurus did not ſcorn,
time, when ſick, to uſe.
ſſing and vexatious pain
ſilent vict'ry gain,
o' the body be the ſcene,
ly knows whether a fight has been.
er's well-known valour I invade,
bluſhes with mere rage to yield
that ne'er knew how to tread a field,
was for fights and nuptial banquets made;
, but in a grumbling way,
he winds obedience pay,

When Neptune from the flood does peep,
And ſilences thoſe troublers of the deep.
What tho' ſome Flow'rs a greater courage know,
Or a much finer face can ſhow?
That does but ſtill the fancy feed,
Whilſt I for buſ'neſs fit, in real worth exceed.
Search over all the globe, you'll find
The glory of a princely Flower
Conſiſts not in tyrannick power,
But in a majeſty with mildneſs join'd.
She ſpoke, and from her balmy lips did come
A ſweet perfume that ſcented all the room;
The ſmell ſo long continued, that you 'd ſwear
The Violet, tho' you heard no ſound, was there.
Quitting the ſtage, the next that took her place

one ſtalk of mine
nofegay is, alone can make thee fine.
, harmleſs monſter, I
's many heads outvie;
as ſingle ſtars may glory beam;
e, for I a conſtellation am:
e who ſubjects want purſue the flow'ry crown,
'ry nation I alone;
kind Nature thus in vain,
y heads to me aſſign;
nan's head, life's chiefeſt ſeat,
apart and wholly conſecrate:
nd's imperial tow'r, the brain,
apartment for ſo great a queen)
hthouſe where man's reaſon ſtands and ſhines,
the malice of contending winds,
the ſacred place, repel the rout,
ep the everlaſting fire from going out.
, and mock me with this monſtrous name
the late barbarous age did coin and frame;
e and proper names of things of old,
religious ſilence ne'er were told:
ardian gods' true names were ſeldom known,
e invading foe might charm 'em from the town.
nt Fool! that firſt ſtyl'd beauteous Flow'rs
teſted name, the Ears of Bears;
himſelf of aſſes' ears a pair
han Midas once was ſaid to wear.

At this rate singing (for your merry Flow'rs
Still sing their words, not bring 'em forth like our
The Daffodil succeeded, once a youth,
(As many poets tell, a sacred truth)
And all his clients and his kindred came,
A num'rous train, to vote and poll for him;
All of 'em, pale or yellow, did appear,
The livery which wounded lovers wear.
Tho' Virgil purple honours has assign'd
And bluish dye, too liberal and kind,
The Chalcedonick, with white Flow'r, thought be
To be the mouth, and sing for all the rest.

THE DAFFODIL; NARCISSUS.

Flow'r, I cannot tell
face ſhould not pleaſe me ſtill;
rd I lean my bending head,
my looks in the ſame glaſs to read;
a ſtream, that liquid glaſs
me in the ſelfſame caſe.
our with the ſame nymphs I 'm dreſs'd,
r me in their ſnowy breaſt,
my Flow'rs their pride maintain,
I were a boy again.
: Anemone her ſtation took,
the goddeſs deign'd a ſmiling look;
the Tulip's leave, I needs muſt ſay
nore num'rous, none more fine or gay.
le, with its large and ſpreading leaf,
en, by conſent, to be their chief;
donis's blood undoubted ſtrain,
is hour it ſhows the dying ſtain:
s Zephyr had unloos'd its tongue,
teous Plant after this manner ſung.

NEMONE; OR, EMONIES.

ntle Zephyr! who didſt Flora wed
orthy of the goddeſs' bed;
winged chariot, hurl'd
zing airs, doſt fan this nether world,
nd refreſhing motion far
zy reſt prefer;

That air with which thou ev'ry thing doſt cheer,
Inſpire into the goddeſs' ear,
That the fair Judge would mindful be
Of her lov'd conſort and of me;
For ſince I take my name from thee,
Nay, of thy kindred ſaid to be;
Since I with thee do ſympathize,
Who in Æolian dungeon captive lies,
And viewing Zephyr's doleful ſtate,
All dreſs and ornament I hate,
And locking up my mournful Flow'r,
Myſelf a pris'ner make, the ſame reſtraint endure
Since I have change of ſuits and gaudy veſts,
Which in my various Flowers are expreſs'd;
In brief, ſince I'm a-kin to gods above,

force and pow'r, perhaps, you queſtion now:
power? why, I a handſome face can ſhow;
des, my heav'nly extract I can prove,
that I 'm ſiſter to the god of Love.
he Crown Imperial (as ſhe ſtepp'd aſide)
anc'd with ſtately but becoming pride:
buſkin'd heroes ſtrut with nobler pride,
gods in walking uſe a finer ſtride;
friends or clients made her train, not one;
ſcious of native worth ſhe came alone:
h an erect and ſober countenance
llowing terms ſhe did her plea commence.

THE IMPERIAL CROWN.

rn furious heats and unbecoming rage,
Flow'ry Nations! ceaſe t' engage;
e on my ſtately ſtem
ure has plac'd th' Imperial diadem,
y all theſe words in vain? why all this noiſe?
udg'd by Nature, and approve her choice.
haps it does your envy move,
to my right may hurtful prove,
t I an upſtart novel Flower am,
o have no rumbling hard Greek name;
haps I may be thought
ome plebeian bed begot,

Becauſe my lineage wears no ſtain,
Nor does romantick ſhameful ſtories feign
That I am ſprung from Jove, or from his beſtard
I freely own I have not been
Long of your world a denizen;
But yet I reign'd for ages paſt,
In Perſia and in Bactria plac'd,
The pride and joy of all the gardens of the Eaſt.
My Flow'r a large-fiz'd golden head does wear,
Much like the ball kings in their hands do bear,
Denoting ſov'reign rule, and ſtriking fear.
My purple ſtalk I, like ſome ſceptre, wield,
Worthy in regal hands to ſhine,
Worthy of thine, great god of Wine!
When India to thy conquering arms did yield.

dne's ſtarry crown
is far outſhone,
hey 'ave reaſon, let 'em envy on.
der'd out her ſpeech, and walk'd to greet
ge, not falling meanly at her feet,
e goddeſs does another meet.
w'r that would too happy be and bleſs'd,
its odour anſwer all the reſt,
ip! next appear'd, all over gay,
ton, full of pride, and full of play;
ld cann't ſhow a dye but here has place,
new mixtures ſhe can change her face.
nd gold are both beneath her care,
eſt needlework ſhe loves to wear;
y ſtudy is to pleaſe the eye,
utſhine the reſt in finery;
mode or colour weary grown,
h their family had long been known,
hange their faſhion ſtraight, I know not how,
h much pain in other colours go;
edea's furnace they had paſs'd,
thout Plants old Æſon ne'er new-caſt)
' they know this change will mortal prove,
venture yet—to change ſo much they love.
e to beauty, ſuch the thirſt of praiſe,
lcome death before inglorious days!
ſe by all was to the White aſſign'd,
r, becauſe the rareſt of the kind,

Or elſe, becauſe ev'ry petitioner,
In ancient times, for office, white did wear,

THE TULIP.

SOMEWHERE in Horace, if I don't forget,
(Flow'rs are no foes to poetry and wit,
For us that tribe the like affection bear,
And of all men the greateſt floriſts are)
We find a wealthy man
Whoſe wardrobe did five thouſand ſuits contain;
He counted that a vaſt prodigious ſtore,
But I that number have twice told, and more.
Whate'er in ſpring the teeming earth commands;
What colours e'er the painted pride of birds,
Or various lights the gliſt'ring gem
Cut by the

hould have plenty and ſuperfluous ſtore,
hriſtineſs becomes the poor.
pring himſelf does chiefly me regard:
y Flow'r refuſe to ſtand to his award?
whole months he does retain,
ps me by him all his reign;
l by Spring, the ſeaſon of the year
before all to Love is dear.
the god of Love himſelf 's my friend,
my face alone, but for another end;
y the god upon a private ſcore,
for what—but ſay no more.
y ſhould I
ſo ſilent or ſo ſhy?
w'rs were by no peeviſh fire begot,
m that frigid ſullen tree did ſprout,
d in Ceres' ſacred rites;
moroſeneſs Flora's ſelf delights.
t, like oil in ancient games, prepares
for battle, or thoſe ſofter wars;
ck'ning heat their ſluggiſh veins inſpires
gorous and ſprightly fires;
t chaſte Lucrece us'd the ſame,
ht before bold Tarquin try'd his flame,
ecord ſhe ne'er a fool had been,
ld have liv'd to reap the pleaſure once again.
goddeſs, conſcious of the truth, awhile
l'd, but then was ſeen to bluſh and ſmile.

The Flower-de-luce next loos'd her heav'nly tongue,
And thus, amidſt her ſweet companions, ſung.

IRIS; OR, THE FLOWER-DE-LUCE.

The empire is to beauty due,
(And that in Flow'rs, if any where, holds true)
When I by Nature was deſign'd for reign,
Elſe Nature made a beauteous face in vain.
Beſides, I boaſt a ſparkling gem,
And brighter goddeſs of my name.
My lofty front towards the heav'ns I bear,
And repreſent the ſky, when 'tis ſerene and clear.
To me a godlike pow'r is given
With a mild face reſembling heav'n;
And in the kingly ſtyle no dignity

The Saffron and Stockgillyflower,
With many more;
But yet none can ſo ſweet a root produce *.
My upper parts are trim and fair,
My lower breath a grateful air.
I am a Flow'r for ſight, a drug for uſe.
Soft as I am, amidſt this luxury,
Before me rough diſeaſes fly.
Thus a bold Amazon with virgin-face,
Troops of daſtard men will chaſe:
Thus Mars and Venus often greet,
And in ſingle Pallas meet:
Equal to her in beauty's charms,
And not to him inferiour in arms.
By ſecret virtue and reſiſtleſs power
Thoſe whom the Jaundice ſeizes I reſtore;
Tho' moiſt with unguent, and inclin'd to love,
I rather was for luxury deſign'd;
And yet, like ſome enraged lioneſs,
Before my painted arms the yellow foe does haſte.
The Dropſy headlong makes away
As ſoon as I my arms diſplay;
The Dropſy, which man's microcoſm drowns,
Pulling up all the ſluices in its rounds;
I follow it thro' ev'ry winding vein,
And make it quit in haſte the delug'd man.

* Of the root is made that called Powder of Cyprus, or Orris Powder.

The nation of the Jews, a pious folk,
Tho' our gods they do n't invoke,
And not to you, ye Plants! unknown
In th' days of that great florift Solimon,
Tell us that Jove, to cheer the drooping ball,
After the flood a promife paft,
That fo long as earth fhould laft
No future deluge on the world fhould fall,
And as a feal to this obliging grant,
The rainbow in the fky did plant.
Iam that bow, in poor hydropick man
The fame refreſhing hopes contain;
I look as gay, and fhow as fine,
Iam the thing of which that only is the fign:
My Plant performs the fame,

to call it the Illuſtrious Plant,
ay well, I think, that title grant;
in their publick writing ſhow
iſe is to the firſt inventor due.
as doctor to the gods, they ſay,
ole college honour'd to this day:
own merits, and this mighty name,
and buoy'd, ſhe thus maintain'd her claim.

PÆONIA; THE PEONY.

d Tulip, ſwell'd with pride,
l's coat of motley colours dy'd;
donis' Flower, the Celandine,
oudly be preferr'd to mine,
Jove's bird, the eagle, quit the field,
der to the painted peacock yield;
the tyrant of the woods be gone,
yield to the chameleon.
y, perhaps, the nymphs make much of you;
her me for garlands too:
do ye think I value that?
Flora! not a jot.
d courage are the valuable things
lt occaſions ſhown:
ted arms ennoble kings;
one gives luſtre to a crown.

· ſays, Pæon cured Pluto with this Plant when he led by Hercules.

Hence I the known Herculean diſeaſe,
The falling ſickneſs, cure with eaſe,
Which, like the club that hero once did wear,
Down with one ſingle blow mankind does bear.
I fancy hence the ſtory riſe,
That Pluto, wounded once by Hercules,
My juice, infus'd by Pæon, gave him eaſe,
And did the groaning god appeaſe.
Pæon was fam'd, I 'm ſure, for curing this diſeaſe
Pluto is god of Hell; it ſhould ſeem
Prince of inexorable Death;
Now this diſeaſe is death; but not like him,
Without a ſting, plac'd in the ſhades beneath.
I ſhould be vain, extremely vain, indeed,
A quarrel on punctilios to breed,

When ſtraight a fragrant air of ſtrong perfume,
And a new luſtre, darted thro' the room.
No wonder, for the Roſe did next appear;
Spring wiſely plac'd his beſt and choiceſt troops i' the rear.
Some wild in woods, yet worth and beauty ſhow,
Such as might in Heſperian gardens grow.
Nought by experience than the Wood Roſe found,
Better to cure a mad dog's pois'nous wound:
This brings away the gravel and the ſtone,
And gives you eaſe tho' to a quarry grown.
The beauteous Garden Roſe ſhe did not ſhame,
Tho' better bred, and of a ſofter name;
Which in four ſquadrons drawn, the Damaſk Roſe,
In name of all the reſt maintain'd the cauſe;
Which ſprung, they ſay, from Syrian Venus' blood *,
Long time the pride of rich Damaſcus ſtood.

THE ROSE.

And who can doubt my race, ſays ſhe,
Who on my face Love's token ſee?
The god of Love is always ſoft, and always young;
I am the ſame: then to his blood what wrong?
My brother winged does appear:
I leaves inſtead of wings do wear:
He 's drawn with lighted torches in his hand;
Upon my top bright flaming glories ſtand.

* The Roſe is ſaid at firſt to have grown white only, till Venus, running after Adonis, ſcratched her legs upon its thorns, and ſtained the Flowers red with her blood.

he Roſe has prickles, ſo has Love,
ho' theſe a little ſharper prove:
here 's nothing in the world above, or this below,
at would for Roſy-colour'd go;
his is the dye that ſtill does pleaſe
oth mortal maids and heav'nly goddeſſes:
un the ſtandard by which beauty 's try'd,
he wiſh of Chloe, and immortal Juno's pride.
he bright Aurora, queen of all the Eaſt,
roud of her Roſy fingers is confeſs'd;
hen from the gates of Light the riſing Day
reaks forth, his conſtant rounds to go,
he winged Hours prepare the way,
nd Roſy clouds before him ſtrow.
he windows of the ſky with Roſes ſhine;

I only charming ſweets diſpenſe,
r arms in my own and man's defence:
ut the patient's pain,
body, that Augean ſtable, clean;
h a rough and preſſing hand,
der-ſtorms from clouds command,
he dew and gentle ſhowers
ng light on Herbs and Flowers:
ſhort and fading date,
he leſs deſign'd for rule and ſtate;
nd ambitious Floramour,
g on the gods' immortal name,
e ſtyl'd the Everlaſting Flower,
hew yet that Plant that near to Neſtor came.
, too bleſs'd, too pow'rful ſhould be grown,
would but envy raiſe,
uld ſay our beauty were our own,
long life and many days.
y ſhould I complain of Fate
ing me ſo ſhort a date?
lowers, the emblems of mortality,
ſame way and manner die:
kind gods above forbid
irtue ere a grave ſhould find;
' the Fatal Siſters cut my thread,
ur, like the ſoul, remains behind.
ad lion a live worm 's preferr'd,
ce the king of all the ſavage herd.

fter my death I ſtill excel
he beſt of Flowers that are alive and well:
that the name of dead will bear,
rom whoſe mere corpſe does come,
Like the dead body's ſtill-ſurviving heir)
o ſweet a ſmell and ſtrong perfume.
et them invent a thouſand ways
ly mangled corpſe to vex and ſqueeze,
ho' in a ſweating limbeck pent,
ly aſhes ſhall preſerve their ſcent.
ike a dead monarch to the grave I come,
ature embalms me in my own perfume.
he ſpoke; a virgin bluſh came o'er her face,
nd an ambroſian ſcent flew round the place;
ut that which gave her words a finer grace,

She brings a preſent and a ſure relief
To head and heart, the fountains both of life:
The fever's fires by her are mildneſs taught,
And the hagg'd man to ſweet compoſure brought.
By help of this, Jaſon of old, we read,
Yok'd and ſubdu'd the Bulls of fiery breed;
One doſe to ſleep the watchful Dragon ſent,
By which no more but an high fever 's meant.
Between this ſquadron and the White, we 're told,
A long and grievous ſtrife commenc'd of old;
Strife is too ſoft a word for many years'
Cruel, unnatural, and bloody, wars:
The fam'd Pharſalian fields, twice dy'd in blood,
Ne'er of a nobler quarrel witneſs ſtood;
The thirſt of empire, ground of moſt our wars,
Was that which ſolely did occaſion theirs;
For the Red Roſe could not an equal bear,
And the White would of no ſuperiour hear:
The chiefs by York and Lancaſter * upheld,
With Civil rage harraſs'd the Britiſh field.
What madneſs drew ye, Roſes! to engage,
Kin againſt kin, to ſpend your thorns and rage?
Go, turn your arms where you may triumph gain,
And fame unſully'd with a bluſhing ſtain;
See the French Lily ſpoils and waſtes your ſhore;
Go, conquer there, where you 've twice beat before:

* The Civil wars between the houſes of York and Lancaſter, which the firſt bore the White Roſe, and the other the Red; & more Engliſh blood than did twice conquering France.

Whilſt the Scotch Thiſtle, with audacious pride,
Taking advantage, gores your bleeding ſide.
So Roſes no more ſenſe and prudence own,
Than to be fighting for domeſtick crown?
From Venus you much of the mother bear,
You both take pleaſure in the god of War;
Now begin to think the fable true,
That Mars ſprung from a Flow'r, fulfill'd by you.
War ravages the field, and like the furious boar,
That turns up all the garden's beauteous ſtore,
O'erthrows the trees and hedges, and does wound
With his ungentle tuſk the bleeding ground;
Roots up the Saffron and the Violet bed,
And feaſts upon the gaudy Tulip's head:
You 'd grieve to ſee a beauteous plat ſo ſoon

BOOK IV. OF FLOWERS.

Translated by N. Tate.

HAPPY the man whom, from ambition freed,
A little field and little garden feed;
The field does frugal Nature's wants supply,
The garden furnishes for luxury:
What farther specious clogs of life remain,
He leaves for fools to seek, and knaves to gain.
This happy life did th' old Corycian chuse,
A life deserving Maro's noble Muse;
This happy life did wise Abdol'm'nus charm,
The mighty monarch of a little farm.
While hoeing weeds that on his walks encroach'd,
Great Alexander's messenger approach'd;
"Receive," said he "the ensigns of a crown,
"A sceptre, mitre, and Sidonian gown."
To empire call'd, unwillingly he goes,
And longing looks back on his cottage throws.
Thus Aglaus' farm did frequent visits find
From gods, himself a stranger to mankind.
Gyges, the richest king of former times,
(Wicked, and swelling with successful crimes)
"Is there," said he, "a man more bless'd than I?"
Thus challeng'd he the Delphick deity.

Yes, Aglaus," the plaindealing god reply'd:
Aglaus! who 's he?" the angry monarch cry'd.
Say, is there any king so call'd?" "There 's none;
No king was ever by that title known,
Or any great commander of that name,
Or hero, who with gods does kindred claim;
Or any who does such vast wealth enjoy,
As all his luxury can ne'er destroy.
Renown'd for arms, for wealth, or birth, no man
Was found call'd Aglaus: who 's this Aglaus, then?"
t last, in the retir'd Arcadian plains,
ilence and shades surround Arcadian swains)
lear Ptophis town (where he but once had been)
t plough this man of happiness was seen;
this retirement was that Aglaus found.

Who with joint forces fill the ſhining field,
Grudging that Spring ſhould equal numbers yield
To both their liſts, or, 'cauſe ſome Plants had been
Under the ſervice of both ſeaſons ſeen.
Of theſe, my Muſe! rehearſe the chief, (for all,
Tho' Mem'ry's daughter thou can'ſt ne'er recall)
The ſpikes of Summer's corn thou may'ſt as well,
Or ev'ry grape of fruitful Autumn tell.
The flamy Panſy uſhers Summer in,
His friendly march with Summer does begin;
Autumn's companion too, (ſo Proſerpine
Hides half the year, and half the year is ſeen)
The Violet is leſs beautiful than thee,
That of one colour boaſts, and thou of three:
Gold, ſilver, purple, are thy ornament,
Thy rivals thou might'ſt ſcorn, hadſt thou but ſcent.
The Heſperis aſſumes a Violet's name,
To that which juſtly from the Heſper came;
Heſper does all thy precious ſweets unfold,
Which coyly thou didſt from the day withhold:
In him more than the ſun thou tak'ſt delight;
To him, like a kind bride, thou yield'ſt thy ſweet at night.
The Anthemis, a ſmall but glorious Flow'r,
Scarce rears his head, yet has a giant's tow'r;
Forces the lurking fever to retreat,
(Enſconc'd, like Cacus, in his ſmoky ſeat)
Recruits the feeble joints, and gives them eaſe;
He makes the burning inundation ceaſe;

nd when his force againſt the ſtone is ſent,
e breaks the rock, and gives the waters vent.
ot thunder finds thro' rocks ſo ſwift a courſe,
or gold the rampir'd town ſo ſoon can forte.
Bluebottle, thee my numbers fain would raiſe,
nd thy complexion challenges my praiſe;
hy countenance, like Summer-ſkies, is fair,
ut, ah! how diff'rent thy vile manners are!
eres for this excludes thee from my ſong,
nd ſwains, to gods and me a ſacred throng:
treach'rous gueſt, deſtruction thou doſt bring
o th' hoſpitable field where thou doſt ſpring:
hou blunt'ſt the very reaper's ſickle, and ſo
life and death becom'ſt the farmer's foe.
The Fenel flow'r does next our ſong invite,

Thy ſtudded purple vies, I muſt confeſs,
With the moſt noble and Patrician dreſs;
Yet wherefore Venus' Looking-glaſs? that name
Her offspring Roſe did ne'er preſume to claim.
Antirrhinon, more modeſt, takes the ſtyle
Of Lion's-mouth, ſometimes of Calf-ſnout vile,
By us Snapdragon call'd, to make amends,
But ſay what this chimera name intends?
Thou well deſerv'ſt it if, as old wives ſay,
Thou driv'ſt nocturnal ghoſts and ſprights away.
Why does thy head, Napellus! armour wear?
Thy guilt, perfidious Plant! creates thy fear:
Thy helmet we could willingly allow,
But thou, alas! haſt mortal weapons too!
But wherefore arm'd, as if for open fight,
Who work'ſt by ſecret poiſon all thy ſpite?
Helmet 'gainſt helmet juſtly thou doſt wear,
Blue Anthora, upon thy lovely hair;
This cov'ring from fell wounds thy front does ſhield;
With ſuch a headpiece Pallas goes to field.
What god to thee ſuch baneful force allow'd,
With ſuch heroick piety endow'd?
Thou poiſon'ſt more than e'er Medea flew,
Yet no ſuch antidote Medea knew.
Nor pow'rful only 'gainſt thy own dire harms,
Thy virtue ev'ry noxious Plant diſarms:
Serpents are harmleſs creatures made by thee,
And Africa itſelf is from poiſon free.

ir, earth, and ſeas, with ſecret taint oppreſs'd,
iſcharge themſelves of the unwelcome gueſt;
n wretched us they ſhed the deadly bane,
Vho die by them that ſhould our life maintain:
hen Nature ſeems to 'ave learnt the pois'ning trade,
ur common parent our ſtepmother made:
'is then the fickly world perceives thy aid;
y thy prevailing force the plague is ſtaid.
noble ſtrife 'twixt Fate and thee we find,
hat to deſtroy, thou to preſerve mankind.
Into thy liſts, thou martial Plant! admit
oat's-rue, Goat's-rue is for thy ſquadrons fit.
Thy beauty, Campion! very much may claim,
ut of Greek Roſe how didſt thou gain the name?
he Greeks were ever privileg'd to tell

Should Maro aſk me in what region ſprings
The race of Flow'rs inſcrib'd with names of kings?
I anſwer, that of Flow'rs deſerv'dly crown'd
With royal titles many may be found;
The Royal Looſe-ſtrife, Royal Gentian, grace
Our gardens, proud of ſuch a princely race.
Soapwort! tho' coarſe thy name, thou doſt excel
In form, and art enrich'd with fragrant ſmell:
As great in virtue, too, for thou giv'ſt eaſe
In dropſies and fair Venus' foul diſeaſe;
Yet doſt not ſervile offices decline,
But condeſcend'ſt to make our kitchen's ſhine.
Rome's great Dictator thus, his triumph paſs'd,
Return'd to plough, nor thought his pomp debas'd;
The ſame right-hand guides now the humble ſtive,
And oxen yokes that did fierce nations drive.
Next comes the Flow'r in figure of a bell;
Thy ſportive-meaning, Nature! who can tell?
In theſe what muſick, Flora! doſt thou find?
Say for what jocund rites they are deſign'd.
By us theſe bells are never heard to ſound,
Our ears are dull, and ſtupid is our mind;
Nature is all a riddle to mankind.
Some Flow'rs give men as well as gods delight,
Theſe qualify, nor ſmell, nor taſte, nor ſight;
Why, therefore, ſhould not our fifth ſenſe be ſerv'd?
Or is that pleaſure for the gods reſerv'd?

But of all Bell-flow'rs Bindweed does surpass,
Of brighter metal than Corinthian brass.
My Muse grows hoarse, and can no longer sing,
But Throatwort hastes her kind relief to bring;
The Colleges with dignity instal
This Flow'r; at Rome he is a Cardinal.
The Foxglove on fair Flora's hand is worn,
Lest while she gathers Flow'rs she meet a thorn.
Loveapple, tho' its Flow'r less fair appears,
Its golden fruit deserves the name it bears:
But this is new in love, where the true crop
Proves nothing: all the pleasure was i' th' hope.
The Indian Flow'ry Reed in figure vies,
And lustre, with the Cancer of the Skies.
The Indian Cress our climate now does bear,

With the ſame weapon, Larkſpur! thou doſt mount
Amongſt the Flow'rs, a knight of high account;
To want thoſe warlike enſigns were a ſhame
For thee, who kindred doſt with Ajax claim:
Of unarm'd Flow'rs he could not be the fire,
Who for the loſs of armour did expire.
Of th' ancient Hyacinth thou keep'ſt the form,
Thoſe lovely creatures, that ev'n Phœbus charm;
In thee thoſe ſkilful letters ſtill appear,
That prove thee Ajax his undoubted heir.
That upſtart Flow'r that has uſurp'd thy fame,
O'ercome by thee, is forc'd to quit his claim.
The Lily, too, would fain thy rival be,
And brings, 't is true, ſome ſigns that well agree,
But in complexion differs much from thee.
At ſpring thou may'ſt adorn the Aſian bow'rs;
We reap thee here among our Summer-flow'rs:
But Martagon a bolder challenge draws,
And offers reaſon to ſupport his cauſe;
Nor did Achilles' armour ere create
'Twixt Ajax and Ulyſſes ſuch debate,
So fierce, ſo great, as at this day we ſee,
For Ajax' ſpoils, 'twixt Martagon and thee.
That baſtard Dittany, of ſanguine hue,
From Hector's reeking blood conception drew;
I cannot ſay but ſtill a crimſon ſtain
Tinctures its ſkin, and colours every vein.

In man the three chief ſeats it does maintain,
Defends the heart, the ſtomach, and the brain:
But all in vain thy virtue is employ'd
To ſave a town muſt be at laſt deſtroy'd;
In vain thou fight'ſt with Heav'n and Deſtiny,
Our Troy muſt fall, and thou our Hector die.

Next comes the Candy-tufts, a Cretan Flower,
That rivals Jove in country and in power.

The Pellitory healing fire contains,
That from a raging tooth the humour drains;
At bottom red, above 't is white and pure,
Reſembling teeth and gums, for both a certain cur

The Sowbrend does afford rich food for ſwine,
Phyſick for man, and garlands for the ſhrine.

The Catchfly with Sweetwilliam we confound,
Whofe nets the ſtragglers of the ſwarm ſurround;
Theſe viſcous threads that hold th' entangled prey
From its own treach'rous entrails force their way.
Three branches in the Barrenwort are found,
Each branch again with three leſs branches crown'd;
The leaves and Flowers adorning each are three;
This frame muſt needs contain ſome ſacred myſtery.
Small are thy bloſſoms, Double Pellitory,
Which yet united are the garden's glory:
Sneezing thou doſt provoke, and Love for thee,
When thou wert born, ſneez'd moſt auſpiciouſly.
But thou that from fair Mella tak'ſt thy name,
Thy front ſurrounded with a ſtarlike flame,
Scorn not the meads, for from the meads are borne
Wreaths which the temples of the gods adorn;
Kind ſuſtenance thou yields the labouring bee,
When ſcarce thy mother-Earth affords it thee:
Thy winter ſtore in hardeſt months is found,
And more than once with Flow'rs in ſummer crown'd;
Thy root ſupplies the place of Flow'rs decay'd,
And fodder for the fainting hive is made.
Behold a monſter loathſome to the eye,
Of ſlender bulk, but dang'rous policy;
Eight legs it bears, three joints in every limb,
That nimbly move, and dex'trouſly can climb:
Its trunk (all belly) round deform'd, and ſwell'd,
With fatal nets and deadly poiſon fill'd;

For gnats and wand'ring flies ſhe ſpreads her
And, robber-like, lives high on raviſh'd ſpoils
The city-ſpider, as more civiliz'd,
With this leſs hurtful practice is ſuffic'd.
With greater fury the tarantula,
Tho' ſmall itſelf, makes men and beaſts its prey
Takes firſt our reaſon, then our life, away.
Thou, Spiderwort! doſt with the monſter ſtrive
And from the conquer'd foe thy name derive.
Thus Scipio, when the world's third part he wo
While to the ſpoils the meaner captains run,
The only plunder he deſir'd was fame,
And from the vanquiſh'd foe to take his name.

The Marvail of the World comes next in viev
At home, but ſtyl'd the Marvail
(Boaſt

Each hollow leaf, envelop'd, does impart
The form of a gilt pipe, and ſeems a work of art:
Would kind Apollo once theſe pipes inſpire,
They 'd give ſuch ſounds as ſhould ſurpaſs his lyre.
A more than common date this Flow'r enjoys,
And ſees a month completed ere ſhe dies.
Theſe only Fate permits ſo long to ſtand,
And crops 'em then with an unwilling hand.
The calyx where her fertile ſeeds are laid
In likeneſs of a painted quiver made,
With ſtore of arrows, too, this quiver 's grac'd,
And decently on Flora's ſhoulder plac'd.
When ſhe in gardens hunts the butterfly,
In vain the wretch his ſunburnt wings does try,
Secure enough, did fear not make him fly:
Himſelf would ſeem a Flow'r if motionleſs,
And cheat the goddeſs with his gaudy dreſs;
Retreating, the keen ſpike his ſides does goad,
To earth he falls, a light and unfelt load.

Such was the punick Caltha, which of yore,
Of Juno's Roſe the lofty title bore:
Of famous Carthage, now by Fate bereft,
This laſt (and ſurely) greateſt pride is left.
How vain, O Flow'rs! your hopes and wiſhes be,
Borne like yourſelves by rapid winds away:
Once you had hopes, at Hannibal's return
From vanquiſh'd Rome, his triumphs to adorn,
And ev'n imperious Carthage' head ſurround,
When ſhe the Miſtreſs of the World was crown'd;

Preſum'd that Flora would for you de
Tho' ſhe that time a Latian goddeſs w
But now, alas! reduc'd to private ſtate,
Thou ſhar'ſt, poor Flow'r! thy captive c

Why, Hollyroſe! doſt thou, of ſlender
And without ſcent, aſſume a Roſe's nam
Fate on thy pride a ſwift revenge does br
The day beholds thee dead that ſees the ſ
Yet to the ſhades thy foul triumphing goe
Boaſting that thou didſt imitate the Roſe.

A better claim Sweet Ciſtus may preten
Whoſe ſweating leaves a fragrant balſam ſe
To crop this Plant the wicked goat preſum
Whoſe fetid beard the precious balm perfum
But in revenge of the unhallowed theft,
The caitiff is of his larded beard bereft.
Baldneſs thou doſt redreſs, nor are we ſure
Whether the beard or balſam gives the cure.

Thy ointment, Jeſſamine! without abuſe
Is gain'd, yet grave old ſots condemn the uſe;
Tho' Jove himſelf, when he is moſt enrag'd,
With thy ambroſial odour is aſſuag'd.
Capricious men! why ſhould that ſcent diſpleaſe,
That is ſo grateful to the deities?

Flora herſelf to th' Orange-tree lays claim,
Calls it her own, Pomona does the ſame;
Hard words enſue (for under ſenſe of wrong:
Ev'n goddeſſes themſelves can find a tongue)

If apples pleaſe you ſo, Pomona cries,
Take your Loveapple, and let that ſuffice;
To claim another's right is harlots' trade,
So may a goddeſs of an harlot made.
And on what ſcore, Flora, incens'd, reply'd,
Were you by kind Vertumnus deify'd?
You kept (no thanks) your maiden-virtue when
He was a matron, when a youth—what then?
Such fragrant fruits as theſe may Flow'rs be call'd,
And henceforth with that name ſhall be inſtall'd.
On ſundry ſorts of pulſe we do beſtow
That title, tho' in open field they grow,
As others oft' are in the garden ſeen,
Witneſs the Everlaſting Peaſe and Scarlet Bean.
The vulgar Bean's ſweet ſcent who does not prize?
With iv'ry forehead, and with jet-black eyes,
Amongſt our garden-beauties may appear,
If gardens only their cheap crop did bear.
Pythagoras, not rightly underſtood,
Has left a ſcandal on the noble food.
Take care, henceforth, ye Sages! to ſpeak true;
Speak truth, and ſpeak intelligibly too.
Lupine unſteep'd to harſhneſs does incline,
And, like old Cato, is of temper rough,
But drench the pulſe in water, him in wine,
They 'll loſe their ſourneſs, and grow mild enough.
Theſe Flowers, and thouſands more, whoſe num'rous tribe
And pompous march 't were endleſs to deſcribe.

The Mandrake only imitates our walk,
And on two legs erect is ſeen to ſtalk.
This monſter ſtruck Bellona's ſelf with awe,
When firſt the man-reſembling Plant ſhe ſaw.
The Waterlily ſtill is wanting here;
What cauſe can Waterlily have to fear,
Where beauties of inferiour rank appear?
Her form excels, and, for nobility,
The whole Aſſembly might her vaſſals be:
A water-nymph ſhe was, Alcides' bride,
(Who ſprung from gods, himſelf now deify'd)
This coſt her dear—by love of him betray'd,
The water-goddeſs a poor Plant was made:
From this misfortune ſhe does triſtful prove,
All freedom th[illegible]

With ſignals of a real god adorn'd,
Poets' and painters' gods by thee are ſcorn'd.
T' unfold the emblems of this myſtick Flower,
Tranſcends, alas! my feeble Muſe's power;
But Nature, ſure, by chance did ne'er beſtow
A form ſo diff'rent from all Plants that grow.
Enrob'd with ten white leaves, the proper dreſs
Of Virgins chaſte, and ſacred prieſteſſes,
Twice round her twofold ſelvage you may view
A purple ring, the ſacred martyr's hue:
Thick-ſprouting ſtems of ruddy Saffron-grain
Strive to conceal the Flow'r, but ſtrive in vain.
This coronet, of ruby ſpikes compos'd,
The thorny blood-ſtain'd crown may be ſuppos'd;
The blood-ſtain'd pillar, too, a curious eye
May there behold, and if you cloſely pry,
The ſponge, the nails, the ſcourge, thereon you 'll ſpy,
And knobs reſembling a crown'd head deſcry.
So deep in earth the root deſcends, you 'd ſwear
It meant to viſit Hell, and triumph there:
In ev'ry ſoil it grows, as if it meant
To ſtretch its conqueſt to the world's extent.
Beſide the foreſaid candidates, but few
Remain'd, and moſt of them were modeſt too;
But where ſuch fragrant rivals did appear,
Who would have thought to find rank Moly there?
Amongſt competitors of ſuch fair note,
Sure Garlick only will for Moly vote:

Yet ſomething 't was (and Plants themſelves confe
The honour great) that Homer did expreſs 47
Her famous name in his immortal ſong;
Swell'd with this pride, ſhe preſſes thro' the throng.
Deep ſilence o'er the whole Aſſembly ſpreads,
Whilſt with unfav'ry breath her title thus ſhe plead

MOLY.

To find a name for me the gods took care, 47
A myſtick name, that might my worth declare:
They call me Moly: dull grammarians' ſenſe
Is puzzled with the term——
But Homer held divine intelligence.
In Greek and Latin both my name is Great 48

orthwith with one conſent the gibing throng
et up their notes, and ſung the wellknown ſong.

He that to cut his father's throat
Did heretofore preſume,
To 'ave Garlick cramm'd into his gut
Receiv'd the dreadful doom."

lora, to ſilence the tumultuous jeſt,
Tho' ſecretly, ſhe ſmil'd amongſt the reſt)
hat ſhe herſelf would ſpeak a ſign expreſs'd;
hen with ſweet grace into theſe accents broke,
h' unhallow'd place perfuming while ſhe ſpoke.

FLORA.

Homer I will not vain or careleſs call,
ho' he no mention makes of me at all;
hat he blameworthy was in this 't is true,
t the Blind Bard gives other gods their due.
doubt his truth were piety to ſlight;
'n what of Moly he affirms is right.
ce had ſuch a Flower, but now bereft
he happineſs, the name is only left.
ooner men its wondrous virtue knew,
ealous gods the pow'rful Plant withdrew.
aid that Jove did Mecury chaſtiſe
owing to Ulyſſes ſuch a prize.

o ſay I ſaw him do it I 'll not preſume,
ıt witneſs am of Moly's unjuſt doom.
en to the ſhades below her root ſtrikes down,
s ſhe would make th' infernal world her own;
s from their native ſeats the fiends ſhe 'd drive,
nd, ſpite of flames and blaſting ſulphur, thrive.
ve ſaw it, and ſaid, "Since fire cann't ſtop thy courſe,
We 'll try ſome magick-water's ſtranger force."
hen calling Lympha to him, thus at large
nfolds his mind, and gives the goddeſs charge:
Thou know'ſt," ſaid he, "where Cicones reſide,
There runs a marv'llous petrifying tide;
Take of that ſtream (but largely take) and throw
Where'er thou ſeeſt the wicked Moly grow;
Our empire is not ſafe, her pow'r ſo large;

That to embrace chaſte Juno did aſpire,
Gallant to a Goddeſs, of a god the ſire?
The vigorous Herb begat a deity,
A god like Jove himſelf for majeſty,
And one that thunders, too, as loud as he:
With one ſhort moment's touch begot him too,
That 's more than ever threſhing Jove could do.
The Flow'r itſelf appears with warriour's mien,
(As much as can in growing Plants be ſeen)
With ſtabbing point and cutting edge 't is made,
Like warlike weapon, and upon its blade
Are ruddy ſtains, like drops of blood, diſplay'd.
Its ſpikes of falchion-ſhape, are ſanguine too,
Its ſtem and front is all of bloody hue:
The root in form of any ſhield is ſpread,
A creſted helmet 's plac'd upon its head:
Upon his ſtalk ſtrings, bow, and arrows, grow,
A horſeman's ſpur upon his heel below.
Minerva I would have this warriour wed,
warriour fit for chaſte Minerva's bed;
might ſhe teem, yet keep her maidenhead
y garden had but one of theſe, I own,
d therefore by the name of Phœnix known.
e Herb that could increaſe Jove's mighty breed,
tſelf an eunuch was, and wanted ſeed.
ving that earth ſo rich a prize ſhould want,
'd all means to propagate the Plant.

'hat cannot wit, what cannot art fulfil?
t leaſt where pow'rs divine would ſhow their ſkill.
ne tender bulb another did ſucceed,
nd my fair Phœnix now began to breed;
it mark th' event; Shall I expecting ſit,
ies Jove, till this young ſprout more gods beget?
o have a rival in my heav'n, and ſee
n Herb-race mingle with Jove's progeny?
dreadful and blind monſter then does make,
hat on his rival dire revenge might take;
ho' leſs of ſize, ſhap'd like a foreſt boar,
nd turns him looſe into my garden's ſtore.
'hat havock did the ſavage make that day?
weep to think what Flow'ry ruins lay)
'ith fulphur's fume I ſtrove to drive him thence.

herefore I contrive to trap the foe,
tch devours my precious Phœnix too:
levour the fire is fatisfy'd,
s the tender offspring from his ſide.
us fact—Here Flora paus'd awhile,
m her eyes the cryſtal tears diſtil;
became a goddeſs, check'd her grief,
s proceeds, in language ſweet and brief.
Moly! Homer did perhaps devour,
Heav'n's ſhame be 't ſpoke, the Bard was poor,
hy praiſe would ne'er vouchſafe to ſpeak;
ieſe examples, Moly! warning take:
l honours ſeek not then to riſe,
ngerous claiming kindred with the ſkies;
oneſt Garlick art, let that ſuffice:
itry-growth own then thy earthly race,
ng by pride on Plants or man diſgrace.
aid—and to the Lily, waiting by,
gn that ſhe her title next ſhould try.

WHITE LILY.

s the lovely ſwan appears,
riſing from the Trent or Thame,
aloft his plumes he rears,
s the leſs beauteous ſtream;
n my joyful Flow'r is born,
es its native glories ſhow,
uded rival ſhe does ſcorn;
re all but foils where Lilies grow.

Soon as the infant comes to light,
With harmleſs milk alone 't is fed,
That from the innocence of white
A gentle temper may be bred.
The milky teat is firſt apply'd
To fierceſt creatures of the earth,
But I can boaſt a greater pride,
A goddeſs' milk produc'd my birth *.
When Juno, in the days of yore,
Did with this great Alcides teem,
Of milk the goddeſs had ſuch ſtore,
The nectar from her breaſt did ſtream:
Whit'ning beyond the pow'r of art
The pavement where it lay,
Yet thro' the creviſes ſome part

Happy thoſe ſouls that can, like me,
Their native white retain,
Preſerve their heav'nly purity,
And wear no guilty ſtain.
Peace in my habit comes array'd,
My dreſs her daughters wear;
Hope and Joy in white are clad,
In ſable weeds Deſpair.
Thus Beauty, Truth
Attir'd we always find
Theſe in no female me
From me are ne'er disj
Nature on many Flo le
Beſtows a muddy whit
On me ſhe plac'd her g ir pride,
All over clad in light.
Thus Lily ſpoke, and needleſs did ſuppoſe,
Secure of form, her virtues to diſcloſe.
Then follow'd Lilies of a diff'rent hue,
Who ('cauſe their beautyleſs than her's they knew)
From birth and high deſcent their title drew.
Of theſe the Martagon chief claim did bring,
(The noble Flow'r that did from Ajax ſpring)
But from the nobleſt hero's veins to flow,
Seem'd leſs than from a goddeſs' milk to grow.
At laſt the drowſy Poppy rais'd her head,
And ſleepily began her cauſe to plead:
Ambition ev'n the drowſy Poppy wakes,
Who thus to urge her merit undertakes.

POPPY.

O SLEEP! the gentle eaſe of grief,
Of care and toil the ſweet relief;
Like ſov'reign balm thou canſt reſtore,
When doctors give the patient o'er.
Thou to the wretched art a friend,
A gueſt that ne'er does harm intend;
In cottages mak'ſt thy abode;
To th' innocent thou art a god.
On earth with Jove bear'ſt equal ſway,
Thou rul'ſt the night, as Jove the day;
A middle ſtation thou doſt keep,
'Twixt Jove and Pluto, Pow'rful Sleep!
As thou art juſt, and ſcorn'ſt to lie,
Confeſs before this company

ſiliſk, whoſe looks deſtroy,
ph more fatal, if ſhe 's coy;
ances ſurer death impart
rmented lover's heart:
Sleep commands, their charms give way,
prevailing force obey;
ing eyes they gently cloſe,
by innocent repoſe.
reful Jove does always wake
ſay; a foul miſtake!
to pow'r the wicked riſe,
look on with open eyes.
Blood to Heav'n for vengeance calls,
ſhakes his palace-walls,
nhear'd, unanſwer'd ſue,
not ſleep, and ſoundly too?
ares with my Flow'r is griev'd,
k, but they are much deceiv'd,
her richeſt corn ſhe ſows,
e Poppy ſhe allows.
r both our ſeeds does fling,
is both together ſpring;
e, for my ſleep-giving juice
than corn to life conduce.
ie mortals freely feed;
lants there 's little need;
ppy, full of corn,
rian garden you may ſcorn.

Bread 's more refreſhing, mix'd with me",
oney and I with bread agree;
ur taſte ſo ſweet, it can excite
he weak or fated appetite.
In Ceres' garland I am plac'd;
e ſhe did firſt vouchſafe to taſte,
hen for her daughter loſt ſhe griev'd,
or in long time had food receiv'd.
'Bove all, ſhe does extol my Plant;
or if ſuſtaining corn you want,
om me ſuch kind ſupplies are ſent,
s give both ſleep and nouriſhment.
The reaſon therefore is moſt plain
hy I was made the fruitfull'ſt grain;
he Perſian brings not to the field

I tell ſtrange things, (but nothing ſhould deter,
Since 't is moſt certain truth what I aver)
Nor would I ſacred hiſtory profane,
As poets uſe with what is falſe and vain.
While Poppy ſpoke—
Th' Aſſembly could no longer open keep
Their eyes, ev'n Flora's ſelf fell faſt aſleep.
So Daffodils, with too much rain oppreſs'd,
Recline their drooping heads upon their breaſt.
Zephyr not long could bear this foul diſgrace;
With a briſk breeze of air he ſhook the place:
Flora, who well her huſband's kiſſes knew,
Wak'd firſt, but rear'd her head with much ado:
With heavy motion to her drowſy eyes
Her fingers lifts, and, "What 's a clock?" ſhe cries.
At which the reſt (all by degrees) unfold
Their eyelids, and the open day behold.
The Sunflow'r, thinking 't was for him foul ſhame
To nap by daylight, ſtrove t' excuſe the blame;
It was not ſleep that made him nod, he ſaid,
But too great weight and largeneſs of his head:
Majeſtick then before the Court he ſtands,
And ſilence with Phœbean voice commands.

SUNFLOWER.

If by the rules of Nature we proceed,
And likeneſs to the ſire muſt prove the breed,

elieve me, Sirs, when Phœbus looks on you,
le ſcarce can think his ſpouſe, the Earth, was true.
o ſooner can his eye on me be thrown,
ut he by Styx will ſwear I am his own.
Iy orblike golden aſpect bound with rays,
he very picture of his face diſplays.
mong the ſtars, long ſince, I ſhould have place,
lad not my mother been of mortal race.
reſume not then, ye Earthborn Muſhroom brood!
o call me Brother——I derive my blood
rom Phœbus' ſelf, which by my form I prove,
nd, more than by my form, my filial love.
ſtill adore my ſire with proſtrate face,
urn where he turns, and all his motions trace:
Who ſeeing this, (all things he ſees) decreed

the wiſe judgment of the Court;
ter proofs my title I ſupport.
my fire, to me he did impart
ſt deſerv'd) the empire of the heart:
with golden aſpect pleaſe the eye,
ign cordial to the heart am I.
us, nor the treaſures of Peru,
ſted ſoil, can grief, like me, ſubdue.
ove once more deſcend in golden ſhow'r,
could prove ſo cordial as my Flow'r.
len coat thou haſt, I do confeſs,
ll poor Plant! thou haſt no change of dreſs:
l hues I ſev'ral garments wear,
the Roſe herſelf with me compare:
dy Tulip and the Emony
hly conted when compar'd with thee:
th their ſtocks, my wardrobe has the ſame,
y Cræſus I of colours am.
in dreſs they are, in virtue poor,
like miſers, to themſelves their ſtore;
'rally my bounty I impart;
to mine to eaſe another's heart.
ow'rs for phyſick ſerve, and ſome for ſmell,
ty ſome—but I in all excel.
thus ſhe ſpake, her voice, ſcent, dreſs, and
k all, drew rev'rence from the Court. [port,
ghteth' inferiour Plants concern'd appear,
y Roſe herſelf began to fear.

Her next of kin, a fair and num'rous hoſt,
Of their alliance to Carnation boaſt:
Then divers more, who, tho' to fields remov'd,
From Garden-July-Flow'r their lineage prov'd.
They of the Saffron houſe next took their courſe,
Of dwarfiſh ſtature, but gigantick force:
Led by their Purple chief, who dares appear,
And ſtand the ſhock of the declining year:
In Autumn's ſtormy months he ſhows his head,
When tainted ſkies their baneful venom ſhed.
He ſcarce began to ſpeak, when, looking round,
The Colchick tribe amongſt his train he found:
Hence, ye Profane! he cry'd, nor bring diſgrace
On my fair title, I diſown your race;
Repair to Circe's or Medea's tent,

a conſtant lover took my name,
are aſpire no greater fame:
after all the toils of anxious life,
hopes and fears a tedious ſtrife,
Jove, to quit me of my hopeleſs fire,
atron he, tho' not my ſire)
form'd me to a ſmiling Flow'r at laſt,
ompenſe my ſorrows paſt.
cheerful now," he ſaid, "nor only live
ry thyſelf, but gladneſs give."
o my ſacred Flow'r with ſkill he join'd
three or four, of ſtarlike kind,
them the magazines of mirth and joy,
e'er can ſullen Grief deſtroy.
umours there, conceit, and laughter, lie,
' and Cupid's armory.
us may, like a quack, give preſent eaſe,
only ſtrengthens the diſeaſe:
ruſh, alas! the ſerpent's head in vain,
e tail ſurvives to ſtrike again.
xious humours from the heart I drive,
pite of poiſon keep alive.
eart ſecur'd, thro' all the parts beſide
life and dancing ſpirits glide.
ill 't is vain to guard th' imperial ſeat,
he lungs the foe retreat;
hoſe avenues he 's once poſſeſs'd,
e will ſoon deſtroy the reſt.

watch and keep theſe paſſes open too,
For vital air to come and go.
Ingrateful to his friend that breath muſt be,
That can abſtain from praiſing me.
But having been an inſtance of Love's pow'r,
To females ſtill a ſacred Flow'r,
'Tis juſt that I ſhould now the womb defend,
And be to Venus' ſeat a friend.
Againſt all that would the teeming part annoy,
My ready ſuccour I employ:
Eaſe the lab'ring pangs, and bring away
The birth that paſt its time would ſtay.
From this Aſſembly then my claim ſuſpend,
Who am to Nature ſuch a friend,
Who all that 's good protect, and ill confound,

ligh name and ſtature he depends,
us his title to the crown defends.

MARANTH; FLOWER-GENTLE*.

can the puling Roſe or Violet ſay,
beauty flies ſo faſt away?
ſuch weak infants to adorn,
ie as ſoon as they are born.
ortal gods wear garlands of my Flow'rs,
ds eternal as their pow'rs;
me, that does all earthly things invade,
ike a hair fall from my head.
p, the gardens of the ſky ſurvey,
rs that there appear ſo gay,
t may to certain truth be giv'n,
re but th' Amaranths of heav'n.
anſient glance ſometimes my Cynthia throws
he Lily or the Roſe,
ws my Plant, aſtoniſh'd, from the ſky,
ie ſhould change and never I.
uſe with hair inſtead of leaves adorn'd,
e, as if no Flow'r, I 'm ſcorn'd;
ıy chiefeſt pride and glory place
t they reckon my diſgrace:
v'lege 't is to differ from the reſt;
ıas its like can ne'er be beſt;
it fit immortal Plants ſhould grow
ı of fading Plants below.

* Amaranthus, that never withers.

That gods have flesh and blood we cannot say:
That they have something like to both, we may:
So I resembling an immortal power,
Am only as it were a Flower.
Their pleas thus done, the sev'ral tribes repair,
And stand in ranks about the goddess' chair,
Silent and trembling betwixt hope and fear.
Flora, who was of temper light and free,
Puts on a personated gravity,
As with the grave occasion best might suit,
And in this manner finish'd the dispute.

FLORA.

Amongst the miracles of ancient Rome,

Ev'n your own tribes, if I remember right,
Rejoic'd when they beheld the tyrant's flight.
With Gabine ſlaughter big, think how he ſlew
The faireſt Flow'rs that in his platforms grew;
Mankind and you, how he alike annoy'd,
And both with ſportive cruelty deſtroy'd.
You who are lords of earth as well as they,
Should freeborn Romans' government diſplay.
Reſt ever, then, a Commonwealth of Flow'rs,
Compos'd of people and of ſenators.
This, I preſume the beſt for you and me,
With ſenſe of men and gods does beſt agree.
Lily and Roſe this year your Conſuls be,
The year ſhall ſo begin auſpiciouſly.
Four Prætors to the ſeaſons four I make,
The vernal Prætorſhip, thou, Tulip! take:
Jove's Flow'r the Summer; Crocus Autumn ſway;
Let Winter warlike Hellebore obey.
Honour 's the ſole reward that can accrue;
Tho' ſhort your office, to your charge be true.
Your life is ſhort—the goddeſs ended here:
The choſen with her verdict pleas'd appear,
The reſt with hope to ſpeed another year.

End of the Fourth book.

OF PLANTS.

BOOK V. OF TREES.

Tranſlated by N. Tate.

POMONA.

Let now my Muſe more lofty numbers bring,
Proportion'd to the lofty theme we ſing,
The race of Trees, whoſe tow'ring branches riſe
In open air, and almoſt kiſs the ſkies.
Too light thoſe ſtrains that tender Flow'rs deſir'd,
Too low the verſe that humbler Herbs requir'd;
Thoſe weaklings near the ſurface of the earth
Reſide, nor from the ſoil, that gave them birth,
Dare launch too far into the airy main,

No clouds pour down the tender Plants to chill,
But fatt'ning dews inſtead from heav'n diſtil,
And friendly ſtars with vital influence fill:
No cold invades the temp'rate ſummer there,
More rich than autumn, and than ſpring more fair:
The mouths without diſtinction, paſs away,
The Trees at once with leaves, fruit, bloſſoms, gay;
The changing moon all theſe, and always, does ſurvey.
Nature ſome fruits does to our ſoil deny,
Nor what we have can ev'ry month ſupply;
But ev'ry ſort that happy earth does bear,
All ſorts it bears, and bears 'em all the year.
This ſeat Pomona now is ſaid to prize,
And fam'd Alcinous' Gardens to deſpiſe:
Betwixt th' Old world and New makes this retreat,
Of her Green empire the imperial ſeat;
And wiſely too, that Plants of ev'ry ſort
May from both worlds repair to fill her court.
Hedges inſtead of walls this place ſurround,
Brambles and Thorns of various kinds abound,
With Hawthorn, that does magick ſpells confound.
The well-rang'd Trees within broad walks diſplay,
Thro' which her verdant city we ſurvey:
I' th' midſt her palace ſtands, of bow'rs compos'd,
With twining branches and green walls enclos'd;
By Nature deck'd with fruits of various kind,
You 'd ſwear ſome artiſt had the work deſign'd.

When Autumn's reign begins, the goddeſs here,
(Autumn with us, eternal ſummer 's there)
When Scorpio with his venom blaſts the year,
The goddeſs her Vertumnal rites prepares,
(So call'd from various forms Vertumnus wears)
No coſt ſhe ſpares thoſe honours to perform,
(For no expenſe can that rich goddeſs harm)
She then brings forth her garden's choice delights,
To treat the rural gods whom ſhe invites.
The twelve, of heav'nly race, her gueſts appear,
Wanton Priapus, too, is preſent there,
The fair hoſt more attracts him than the fare.
Then Pales came, and Pan, Arcadia's god;
On his dull aſs the fat Silenus rode,
Lagging behind; the Fauni next advance,

With change of fruits the table ſtill was ſtor'd,
For ready ſervants waited at the board:
In various dreſs the Months attending too,
In number twelve, twelve times the feaſt renew:
Of apples, pears, and dates, they fill'd the juice;
The Indian Nut ſupply'd the double uſe
Of drink and cup: the more luxuriant Vine
Afforded various kinds of ſprightly wine,
Canaria's neighb'ring iſle the moſt divine.
Of this glad Bacchus fills a bowl, and cries,
O ſacred Juice! O wretched Deities!
Who abſent hence of ſober nectar take
Dull draughts, nor know the joys of potent ſack.
The reſt, who Bacchus' judgment could not doubt,
Pledg'd him in courſe, and ſent the bowl about.
Venus and Flora Chocolate alone
Would drink—the reaſon to themſelves beſt known.
The gods (who ſurely were too wiſe to ſpare,
When they both knew their welcome and their fare)
Fell freely on; till now diſcourſe began,
And one, exclaiming, cry'd, "O fooliſh man!
"That groſsly feeds on fleſh, when ev'ry field
"Does eaſy and more wholeſome banquets yield;
"Who in the blood of beaſts their hands imbrue,
"And eat the victims to our altars due."
From hence the reſt occaſion take at laſt
The goddeſs to extol, and her repaſt:

The Orange one, and one the Fig commends,
Another the rich fruit that Perſia ſends:
Some cry the Olive up above the reſt,
But by the moſt the Grape was judg'd the beſt.
The Indian god, who heard them nothing ſay
Of fruits that grow in his America,
(Of which her ſoil affords ſo rich a ſtore,
Her golden mines can ſcarce be valu'd more)
Thus taxes their unjuſt partiality,
As well he might, the Indian Bacchus he.
"Can prejudice," ſaid he, "corrupt the pow'rs
"Of this Old world? far be that crime from our'
"If when, to furniſh out a noble treat,
"You ſeek our fruits, the banquet to complete,
"(Which I with greedineſs have ſeen you eat)

" And left alive no tiller to recruit
" The breed of Plants, and to improve the fruit,
" Our products ſoon had ſilenc'd this diſpute:
" But as it is, my climate I 'll defend,
" No ſoil can to ſuch num'rous fruits pretend;
" We ſtill have many, to our conqu'rors' ſhame,
" Of which you are as yet to learn the name,
" So little can you boaſt to ſhow the ſame.
" This I aſſert if any be ſo vain
" To contradict the truth that I maintain,
" (Since from both worlds this feaſt has hither brought
" All fruits with which our diff'rent climes are fraught)
" The deities that are aſſembled here
" Shall judge which world the richeſt will appear;
" In fruits I mean; for that our lands excel
" In gold, you to our ſorrow know too well."
His comrade gods in this bold challenge join,
Nor did our pow'rs the noble ſtrife decline;
Minerva in her Olive ſafe appear'd;
Bacchus, who with a ſmile the boaſter heard,
As in the Eaſt his conqueſt had been ſhown,
Now reckons the Weſt-Indies, too, his own.
His courage with ten bumpers firſt he cheer'd;
Then all agree to have the table clear'd,
And each reſpective Tree to plead her worth;
The goddeſs one by one commands them forth.
She ſummon'd firſt the Nut, of double race,
And Apple, which in our Old world have place,

f each the nobleſt breeds, for to the name
thouſand petty families lay claim.
The Nut Tree's name at firſt the Oak did grace,
ho in Pomona's garden then had place,
ill her nice palate Acorns did decline,
orning in diet to partake with ſwine:
t laſt the Philbert, and the Cheſnut ſweet,
ere ſcarce admitted to her verdant ſeat;
he airy Pine, of form and ſtature proud,
ith much entreaty was at length allow'd.
The Hazel with light forces marches up,
he firſt in field, upon whoſe Nutty top
ſquirrel ſits, and wants no other ſhade
han what by his own ſpreading tail is made;
e culls the ſoundeſt, dex'trouſly picks out

The ſudden gibe made ſober Pallas ſmile,
Who thus proceeds in a more ſerious ſtyle.
" A ſtrong and wondrous enmity we find
" In Hazel Tree 'gainſt poiſons of all kind!
" More wondrous their magnetick ſympathy,
" That ſecret beds of metals can deſcry *,
" And point directly where hid treaſures lie.
" In ſearch of golden mines a Hazel wand
" The wiſe diviner takes in his right-hand;
" In vain, alas! he caſts his eyes about,
" To find the rich and ſecret manſions out,
" Which yet, when near, ſhall with a force divine
" The top of the ſuſpended wand incline:
" So ſtrong the ſenſe of gain, that it affects
" The very lifeleſs twig, who ſtraight reflects
" His trembling head, and, eager for th' embrace,
" Directly tends to the magnetick place.
" What wonder, then, ſo ſtrange effects confound
" The minds of men, in miſts of errour drown'd?
It puzzled me, who was at Athens bred,
Ev'n me, the offspring of great Jove's own head;
Let Phœbus then unfold this myſtery:
Much more than man we know, but Phœbus more
ſaid—Apollo, with th' enigma vex'd, [than we."
d ſcorning to be poſ'd in words perplex'd,
ve to diſguiſe his ignorance, and ſpent
h breath on atoms, and their wild ferment:

* This is made the divining-rod with which they pretend to diſcover mines.

)f ſympathy he made a long diſcourſe,
And long inſiſted on ſelf-acting force;
But all confus'd, and diſtant from the mark,
His Delphick oracle was ne'er ſo dark:
'Twas mirth for Jove to ſee him tug in vain,
At what his wiſdom only could explain;
For thoſe profounder myſteries to hide
From gods and men, is ſure Jove's greateſt pride.
The ſhady Chefnut next her claim puts in,
Tho' ſeldom ſhe is in our gardens ſeen:
So coarſe her fare, that 't is no ſmall diſpute
If Nuts or Acorns we ſhould call her fruit;
So vile, the gods from mirth could not forbear
To ſee ſuch kernels ſuch ſtrong armour wear;
Firſt, with a linty wad wrapp'd cloſe about,

The victor crowns, whose loud applauses he
With equal transport hears in either sea.
Neptune of other Plants no lover seems,
But with good reason he the Pine esteems;
The Pine alone has courage to remove
From 's native hills (where long with winds he strove
In youth) on wat'ry mountains to engage
With 's naked timber fiercer tempests' rage.
In vain were floods to Plants and men deny'd,
In vain design'd for fishes to reside,
Since Nature's laws by Art are overcome,
And men with ships make seas their native home.
But of all Pines Mount Ida bears the best,
By Cybele preferr'd above the rest.
This Plant a lovely boy was heretofore,
Belov'd by Cybele, upon whose score
He sacrific'd to Chastity, but now
His fruit delaying, Venus now excites,
His wood affords the torch which Hymen lights.
Ia, for whom her father of White Thorn
A torch prepar'd ere Pine by brides was borne,
When she should meet her long-expected joy,
Embrac'd the Pine Tree for her lovely boy;
Dire Change! yet cannot from his trunk retire,
But languishes away with vain desire;
Till Cybele afforded her relief,
(Her rival once, now partner in her grief)
Transform'd her to the bitter Almond Tree,
Whose fruit seems still with sorrow to agree.

er ſiſter, who the dreadful change did mark,
rove with her hands to ſtop the ſpreading bark,
ut while the pious office ſhe perform'd,
the ſame manner found herſelf transform'd;
ut as her grief was leſs ſevere, we find
er Almond ſweet, and of a milder kind.
hus did this Plant into her arms receive
h' unfortunate, and more than once relieve.
oor Phyllis thus Demophoon's abſence mourn'd,
ill ſhe into an Almond Tree was turn'd;
hus Phyllis vaniſh'd; Ceres ſaw her bloom,
nd propheſy'd a fruitful year to come.
The firm Piſtacho next appear'd in view,
roud of her fruit, that ſerpents can ſubdue.
The Walnut then approach'd, more large and tall,

, that no objection may remain
wart her near alliance to the brain,
ourishes the hair, rememb'ring how
lf deform'd without her leaves does ſhow;
rren ſcalps ſhe makes freſh honours grow.
mber is for various uſes good;
arver ſhe ſupplies with laſting wood;
akes the painter's fading colours laſt;
le ſhe affords us, and repaſt;
while we feaſt her oil our lamp ſupplies;
ankeſt poiſon by her virtue dies,
ad dog's foam, and taint of raging ſkies.
'ontick king, who liv'd where poiſons grew,
l in antidotes, her virtues knew;
vious Fates, that ſtill with merit ſtrive,
an ingrateful from the orchard drive,
ov'reign Plant excluded from the field,
ſome uſeleſs nook a ſtation yield;
celeſs in the common road ſhe ſtands,
'd to reſtleſs war of vulgar hands;
ghb'ring clowns and paſſing rabble torn,
'd with ſtones by boys, and left forlorn.
her did all the Nutty tribe ſucceed,
dy race, that makes weak gums to bleed,
the banquets of the gods preferr'd,
id to open of their own accord.
t theſe and juicy fruits of painted coat,
s on ſunny apples we may note,

dvanc'd the tribe of thoſe with rugged ſkin,
Iore mild than Nuts, but to the Nut a-kin
Promegranate, chief of theſe, whoſe blooming flow'r
Pomona's pride) may challenge Flora's bow'r; 335
The Spring Roſe ſeems leſs fair when ſhe is by,
Cor Carbuncle can with her colour vie;
Cor ſcarlet robes by proudeſt monarchs worn,
Cor purple ſtreaks that paint the riſing morn, 339
Cor bluſhes that conſenting maids adorn.
n the Eubean iſle did ſtand of old
reat Juno's image, form'd of maſſy gold;
n one right-hand ſhe held a ſceptre bright,
For with the pow'rs divine both hands are right)
ier Carthage lovely fruit the other grac'd, 341
nd fitly in Lucina's hand was plac'd,

were the fam'd Heſperian fruits of old: 355
plants alike ripe fruit and bloſſoms hold;
unes with pale, and that with deeper gold.
d by Atlas, who ſupports the ſkies,
at his feet to ſee theſe brighter ſtars to riſe,
p them ſafe the utmoſt care he took, 360
c'd 'em round with walls of ſolid rock;
ith Priapus' cuſtody content,
chful Dragon for their guard he ſent.
lgar Apples boys and beggars fear,
worth Alcides' ſtealing did appear; 365
lands remote he came, and thought his toils
more than recompens'd in thoſe rich ſpoils:
ly priz'd 'em for their taſte and hue,
lf their real worth he never knew;
uld his tutor Mars to him impart 370
oble ſecrets of Apollo's art.
e but known their juice 'gainſt poiſon good,
lydra's venom, mix'd with Centaur blood,
ever made Mount Oeta hear his cries,
'oft'-ſlain monſter more had pow'r to riſe. 375
Plums came next, by Cherry led, whoſe fruit
pecting gard'ner early does ſalute;
y his thanks impatient does appear,
vith red berries firſt adorns the year.
rich in dreſs, but in proviſion poor, 380
res and thinks his early fruit a Flow'r;

'o wait for Summer's rip'ning heat diſdains,
ſor puts the planter to immod'rate pains.
ſe loves the cooler climes, Egyptian Nile
'ould ne'er perſuade him on her banks to ſmile.
ſe ſcorns the bounty of a two months' tide,
'hat leaves him thirſting all the year beſide.
roud Rome herſelf this Plant can ſcarcely rear;
v'n to this day he ſeems a captive there:
ris'ner of war, from Ceraſus he came;
From 's native Ceraſus* he took his name)
rom thence tranſplanted to the Italian ſoil,
ucullus' triumph brought no richer ſpoil:
oud pæans to your noble gen'ral ſing,
alian Plants! that ſuch a prize did bring.
'he conqu'rors laurels, as in triumph, wear

But now in Northern climates he is known,
A hardy Plant makes ev'ry ſoil his own.
Next him th' Armenian Apricot took place,
Not much unlike, but of a nobler race;
Of richer flavour, and of taſte divine,
Whoſe golden veſtments ſtreak'd with purple ſhine.
Then came the glory of the Perſian field,
And to Armenia's pride diſdain'd to yield;
The Peach, with ſilken veſt and pulpy juice,
Of meat and drink at once ſupplies the uſe:
But take him while he is ripe, he 'll ſoon decay;
For next day's banquet he diſdains to ſtay:
Of fruits the faireſt, as the roſe of Flow'rs,
But, ah! their beauties have but certain hours.
A fruit there is on whom the Roſe confers
Her name, of ſmell and colour, too, like her's:
A Plum that can itſelf ſupply the board,
To hungry ſtomachs ſolid food afford:
To pleaſe our guſt, and ſtomach to recruit,
He thinks ſufficient tribute for his fruit.
For Phyſick's uſe his other parts are good;
His leaves, his bloſſoms, ev'n his gum and wood,
Does to us health and joy alike reſtore;
Friend to our pleaſure, to our health much more.
Not ſo the Corneil Tree deſign'd for harms.
Her wood ſupplies dire Mars with impious arms:
For ſuch a Plant our gardens are too mild,
Harſh is her fruit, and fit for deſerts wild.

With her the Jujube Tree, a milder Plant,
Which (tho' offenſive thorns ſhe does not want)
In peace and mirth alone does pleaſure take,
Her Flow'rs at feaſts the genial garlands make,
Her wood the harp that keeps the gueſts awake.
Next comes the Lote Tree, in whoſe duſky hue
Her black and ſunburnt country you might view,
To whom th' Aſſembly all roſe up (from whence
Came this reſpect?) and paid her reverence.
Priapus only, with a downcaſt look,
And conſcious bluſhes, at her preſence ſhook.
Th' all-ſeeing gods, thro' that obſcure diſguiſe,
Nymph Lotis ſaw, conceal'd from human eyes;
They knew how, on the Helleſpontick ſhore,
To eſcape the dreadful dart Priapus wore,

us poets, may be said
greateſt noiſe when ſhe is dead.
ars are ſince elaps'd, yet ſtill
in praiſe, and ever will.
h fruit, with which ſhe charm'd man-
a nymph, the ſweetneſs of her mind:
expreſs the muſick of her tongue,
an Circe's or the Syren throng.
h retire triumphant Palm appears,
e more the greater weight ſhe bears;
r her courage is too hard,
th' example and reward.
once in Solymæan ground,
sand Jeſſides' ſacred triumphs crown'd;
land was curs'd, the gen'rous Plant
ntinue her inhabitant.
ves, Delphos Laurel yields,
ge, Pines the Iſthmian fields;
Palms, the prize of victory,
onour of the Palm agree;
he juſt tribute of her worth,
er image has on earth.
he inviolate does hold,
mer's heat and winter's cold:
k weight, ſhe from the earth does riſe,
load in triumph to the ſkies.
benefits does ſhe impart
d? her wine revives the heart,

ler dates rich banquets to our tables ſend,
t once to pleaſure and to health a friend *.
lover true, and well to love and ſerve
Virtue's noble taſk, and does the Palm deſerve.
vadne, who a willing victim prov'd,
or chaſte Aceſtis, ſo her huſband lov'd,
s does the female Palm her male; her arms
o him are ſtretch'd with moſt endearing charms.
or ſtops their paſſion here; like lovers they
q more retir'd endearments find the way;
earth's cold bed their am'rous roots are found,
cloſe embraces, twining under ground.
Let arms to learning yield; the Palm reſign,
he conqu'ring Palm, to Olive, more divine.
eace all prefer to war.—Thus Pallas ſpoke,

Neighs loud, and of th' unwonted noiſe is proud.
With his inſulting feet his native field is plough'd,
Intrepid he beholds of gods the circling crowd.
Pallas, on th' other ſide, with gentle ſtroke
Of her ſtrong ſpear, earth's tender ſurface broke,
Thro' which ſmall breach a ſudden Tree ſhoots up,
Ev'n at his birth with rev'rend hoary top
And vig'rous fruit: the gods applaud the Plant,
And to Minerva the precedence grant:
The vanquiſh'd ſteed and god in rage aſſail'd
The victors, but ev'n ſo their malice fail'd;
Wit's goddeſs and the peaceful Tree prevail'd.
Hail, ſacred Plant! who well deſerv'ſt to be
By laws ſecur'd from wrong, as well as we;
From war's wild rage reſpect thou doſt command;
When temples fall thou art allow'd to ſtand.
Neptune's bold ſon revenging the diſgrace
His ſire ſuſtain'd, fell dead upon the place;
The whirling axe upon his head rebounds,
The ſtroke deſign'd on thee himſelf confounds:
The gods concern'd ſpectators ſtood, and ſmil'd
To ſee his impious ſacrilege beguil'd.
Such be his fate whoe'er preſumes to be
A foe to Peace, and to her ſacred Tree.
Yet ev'n this peaceful Plant upon our guard
Warns us to ſtand, and be for war prepar'd;
In peace delights, but when the cauſe is juſt,
Permits not the avenging ſword to ruſt:

Vith ſuppling oil and conqu'ring wreaths
The martial ſchools of youthful exerciſe.
Nor is the ſtrong propenſion ſhe does bear
To peace th' effect of luxury or fear:
Earth's teeming womb affords no ſtronger
No ſoil manuring needs to bring her forth
Allow her but warm ſuns and temp'rate ſ
The vig'rous Plant in any ſoil will riſe:
Lop but a branch, and fix it in earth, you'
She 'll there take root, and make herſelf a
Her youth, 't is true, by ſlow degrees aſce
But makes you with long flouriſhing year
Nature her care in this did wiſely ſhow,
That uſeful Olive long and eaſily ſhould g
Moſt ſov'reign, taken inward, is her oil,

T' incorporate with any other juice,
Sufficient in himself for ev'ry use:
Most justly, therefore, did Judea's land,
(Who best religious rites did understand)
Oil, potent, chaste, and sacred, oil appoint
Her kings, her priests, and prophets, to anoint.
Such was th' appearance which the Olive made,
With noble fruit and verdant leaves array'd,
From whom Minerva took, as she withdrew,
A joyful branch, and with it wreath'd her brow.
Fresh armies then advanc'd into the plain;
First those whose fruit did many stones contain;
In their first lists the Medlar Tree was found,
Proud of his putrid fruit, because 't was crown'd *.
Of Beauty's goddess than the Plant more fair
Whose fragrant motion so perfum'd the air,
The smoke of gums when from their altars sent,
Ne'er gave th' immortal guests† such sweet content.
et Phœbus' Laurel bloody triumphs lead,
he Myrtle those where little blood is shed,
' ovation of a bleeding maidenhead.
virgin-fort impregnable can be
him that crowns his brow with Venus' Tree.
The tribe of Pears and Apples next succeed,
noble families, and num'rous breed:
nonarch's table e'er despises them,
they the poor man's board or earthen dish con-
temn:

* The top thereof resembling a crown or coronet.

† the Myrtle.

upports of life as well as luxury,
Nor, like their rivals, a few months fupply
But fee themſelves ſucceeded ere they die.
Where Phœbus ſhines too faint to raiſe a V
They ſerve for grapes, and make the northe
Their liquor for th' effects deſerves that na
Love, valour, wit, and mirth, it can inflam
Care it can drown, loſt health, loſt wealth
And Bacchus' potent juice can do no more.
With Cyder ſtor'd, the Norman province ſ
Without regret, the neighb'ring vintages.
Of Pear and Apple kinds an army ſtood
Before the Court, and ſeem'd a moving wo
On them Pomona ſmil'd as they went off,
But flouting Bacchus was obſerv'd to ſcoff.

The Barberry and Currant muſt eſcape,
Tho' her ſmall cluſters imitate the grape.
The Raſpberry, and prickled Gooſberry,
Tree Strawberry, muſt all unmention'd be,
With many more, whoſe names we may decline;
Not ſo the Mulberry, the Fig, and Vine,
The ſtouteſt warriours in our combat paſt,
And of the preſent field the greateſt hope and laſt.
But cautiouſly the Mulberry did move,
And firſt the temper of the ſkies would prove,
What ſign the ſun was in, and if ſhe might
Give credit yet to Winter's ſeeming flight.
She dares not venture on his firſt retreat,
Nor truſt her leaves and fruit to doubtful heat;
Her ready ſap within her bark confines,
Till ſhe of ſettled warmth has certain ſigns;
But for her long delay amends does make,
At once her forces the known ſignal take,
And with tumultuous noiſe their ſally make.
In two ſhort months her purple fruit appears,
And of two lovers* ſlain the tincture wears:
Her fruit is rich, but leaves ſhe does produce
That far ſurpaſs in worth and noble uſe:
The frame and colour of her leaves ſurvey,
And that they are moſt vulgar you muſt ſay,
But truſt not their appearance, they ſupply
The ornaments of royal luxury;

* Pyramus and Thiſbe.

he beautiful they make more beauteous f
he charming ſex owes half their charms t
ffeminate men to them their veſtments ov
low vain that pride which inſect-worms l
Such was the Mulberry, of wondrous bl
he Fig ſucceeds; but to recite her worth
nd various powers what numbers can ſuf
ail, Ceres! author of ſo great a prize.
y thee with food and laws we were ſuppl
nd with wild fare wild manners laid afid
/ith peace and bread our lives were bleſs'
nd modeſt Nature could deſire no more;
ut thou ev'n for our luxury took'ſt care,
nd kindly didſt this milky fruit prepare;
he poor man's feaſt, but ſuch delicious ch

" They ſtudy dreſs, but mine fertility,
" Forcing her offspring from her ſolid Tree."
Thro' haſte ſometimes abortive births ſhe bears,
But ever makes amends in thoſe ſhe rears;
For whom her full-charg'd veins ſupplies afford;
Like a ſtrong nurſe, with milk ſhe 's ever ſtor'd.
Our voice by thee refreſh'd, ungrateful 't were
If, Fig Tree! thy juſt praiſe it ſhould forbear;
The paſſes of our vital breath by thee
Are ſmooth'd and clear'd, obſtructed lungs ſet free;
Nor only doſt to ſpeech a friend appear;
Ev'n for that ſpeech thou doſt unlock the ear,
Sett'ſt ope the gate, and giv'ſt it entrance there.
The fouleſt ulcers' putrid ſinks are drain'd
By thee; by thee the tumour's rage reſtrain'd;
The gangrene, ringworm, ſcurf, and leproſy,
King's-evil, cancers, warts, are cur'd by thee:
Of flaming gout thou doſt ſuppreſs the rage;
Of dropſy thou the deluge doſt aſſuage.
'T were endleſs all thy virtues to recite;
With all the hoſts of poiſons thou doſt fight;
Aided by Rue and Nut putt'ſt Africa to flight:
Encounter'ſt the diſeaſes of the air,
When baneful miſchiefs ſecret ſtars prepare.
Whence does this vegetative courage riſe?
Even angry Jove himſelf thou doſt deſpiſe;
His lightning's furious ſallies thou doſt ſee,
That ſpares not his own conſecrated Tree;

Hail, Bacchus! hail, thou pow'rfu
Hail, Bacchus! hail, here comes thy
Drunk with her own rich juice, ſhe
But comes ſupported by her huſband
The luſty Elm ſupports her ſtagg'rin
My beſt-lov'd Plant! how am I char
Bow down thy juicy cluſters to my li
Thy nectar-ſweets I would not light
But drink thee deep, drink till my vei
Drink till my ſoul with joys and thee
What god ſo far a poet's friend will
Who from great Orpheus draws his
(And tho' his Muſe comes ſhort of
Yet ſeems inſpir'd, and may the Ivy
To place him on Mount Iſmarus, or
Campanian hills the ſweeteſt cluſters
Where grapes, twice ripen'd, twice c
With Phœbus' beams above, Veſuviu
Or in the fortunate Canarian Iſles,
Or where Burgundia's purple vintag
'Tis fit the poet ſhould beneath their

Who worthily would celebrate the Vine,
And with his grateful voice discharge agen
The deity which with his mouth he drank so large-
ly in.
O vital Tree! what blessings dost thou send?
Love, Wit, and Eloquence, on thee attend;
Mirth, sports, green hopes, ripe joys, and martial fire,
These are thy fruits, thy clusters these inspire.
The various poisons which ill fortune breeds,
Not Pontus so abounds with baneful weeds,
(For Africa so many serpents feeds)
By thy rich antidote defeated are;
'Tis true, they 'll rally and renew the war,
But 't is when thou, our cordial! art not by;
They watch their time, and take us when we 're dry.
Thou mak'st the captive to forget his chain;
By thee the bankrupt is enrich'd again;
The exile thou restor'st; the candidate
Without the people's vote thou dost create,
And mak'st him a Caninian magistrate *.
Like kind Vespasian, thou mankind mak'st glad;
One from thy presence e'er departed sad.
What more can be to Wisdom's school assign'd,
Than from prevailing mists to purge the mind?
In thee, the best philosophy does spring;
Thou canst exalt the beggar to a king:

* Caninius was Consul but seven hours, dying the same day he was chosen.

Th' unletter'd peaſant who can compaſ
As much as Cato knows, and is as great
Thy tranſports are but ſhort, I do confe
But ſo are the delights mankind poſſeſs
Our life itſelf is ſhort, and will not ſtay,
Then let us uſe thy bleſſing while we m
And make it in full ſtreams of wine mor
ly paſs away.

The Vine retires, with loud and juſt
Of European gods.—As ſhe withdraws
Each in his hand a ſwelling cluſter preſs
But Bacchus, much more ſportive than
Fills up a bowl with juice from Grape-ſt
And puts it in Omelichilus' hand:
"Take off this draught," ſaid he, "if t

dian Plants," ſaid ſhe, "are like to ſpeed
diſpute of the moſt fertile breed,
huſe a dwarf and eunuch for their head."
laugh'd out aloud at what ſhe ſaid.
mana defends her darling Tree,
the wanton goddeſs was too free:
aly know the fruitfulneſs of Luſt,
nerefore here your judgment is unjuſt;
kill in other offſprings we may truſt.
hoſe chaſte tribes that no diſtinction know
, your province nothing has to do.
the Plants that any ſoil does bear,
Tree in fruits the richeſt does appear,
s the beſt, and bears 'em all the year.
ow with fruit 't is ſtor'd—Why, laugh you
l how thick with leaves it is beſet;
eaf is fruit, and ſuch ſubſtantial fare,
it beſide to rival it will dare.
l with his country's coming fate (whoſe ſoil
for her treaſures be expos'd to ſpoil)
aricocha firſt his Coca ſent,
v'd with leaves of wondrous nouriſhment,
juice ſuck'd in, and to the ſtomach ta'en,
hunger and long labour can ſuſtain;
which our faint and weary bodies find
ſuccour, more they cheer the drooping mind,
can your Bacchus and your Ceres join'd.

Three leaves supply for six days' march afford;
The Quitoita with this provision stor'd,
Can pass the vast and cloudy Andes o'er,
The dreadful Andes! plac'd 'twixt Winter's store
Of winds, rains, snow, and that more humble
" earth
That gives the small but valiant Coca birth,
This champion, that makes warlike Venus mirth.
Nor Coca only useful art at home,
A famous merchandise thou art become;
A thousand Paci and Nicugni groan
Yearly beneath thy loads, and for thy sake alone
The spacious world 'stous by commerce known."
Thus spake the goddess, (on her painted skin
(ere figures wrought) and next calls Hovia in.

nder whoſe verdant leaves fair apples grow,
ometimes two hundred on a ſingle bough;
hey 're gathered all the year, and all the year
hey ſpring, for like the hydra they appear;
o ev'ry one you take ſucceeds a golden heir.
'were loſs of time to gather one by one,
s boughs are torn, and yet no harm is done:
ew-ſprouting branches ſtill the loſs repair;
'hat would ſo ſoon return it were vain to ſpare.
The Indian Fig Tree next did much ſurpriſe,
'ith her ſtrange figure, all our deities;
mongſt whom one too raſhly did exclaim,
'or gods to be deceiv'd 't is woful ſhame)
This is a cheat, a work of art," ſaid he,
nd therefore ſtretch'd his hand to touch the Tree:
t which the Indian gods laugh'd out aloud,
nd our's, no leſs ſurpris'd, with wonder ſtood:
r, lo! the Plant, her trunk and boughs unclos'd,
'holly of fruit and leaves appear'd compos'd;
ew leaves, and ſtill from them new leaves unfold,
ſight 'mongſt prodigies to be enroll'd.
The Tuna, to the Indian Fig a-kin,
'he glory of Tlaſcalla) next came in;
at much more wonderful her fruit appears
han th' others' leaves, for living fruit ſhe bears.
o her alone great Varicocha gave
he privilege that ſhe for fruit ſhould have;

ve creatures, that with purple dye adorn
h' imperial robe; the precious tincture 's worn
'ith pride ev'n by the conqu'rors of the soil:
ıt, ah! we had not grudg'd that purple spoil;
ur cochineal they freely might have gain'd,
with no other blood they had been stain'd.
Guatimala produc'd a fruit unknown
o Europe, which with pride she call'd her own;
er Cocoa Nut with double use endow'd,
'or Chocolate at once is drink and food)
oes strength and vigour to the limbs impart,
'akes fresh the countenance and cheers the heart;
Venus' combat strangely does excite
he fainting warriour to renew the fight:
ot all Potosi's silver grove can be

This was true wealth: thoſe treaſures we adore,
By cuſtom valu'd, in themſelves are poor,
And men may ſtarve amidſt their golden ſtore.
Too happy India! had this wealth alone,
And not thy gold, been to the Spaniard known.
The Aguacata no leſs is Venus' friend;
(To th' Indies Venus' conqueſt does extend)
A fragrant leaf the Aguacata bears,
Her fruit in faſhion of an egg appears;
With ſuch a white and ſpermy juice it ſwells,
As repreſents moiſt Life's firſt principles.
The Cocoa's owner any thing may buy,
But he that has the Metla may ſupply
Himſelf with almoſt all things he can want,
From Metla's almoſt all-ſufficient Plant:
Metla to paſs as money does deſpiſe,
r traffick ſerve, itſelf is merchandiſe.
e bears no nuts for boys, nor luſcious fruit,
at may with nice effeminate palates ſuit;
r very Tree is fruit; her leaves, when young,
wholeſome food; for garments ſerve when ſtrong;
only ſo, but, to make up the cloth *,
furniſh you with thread and needle both.
t tho' her native ſoil with drought is curs'd?
ut her bark, and you may ſlake your thirſt;

e thorn growing at the end of each leaf, which, toge-
th the ſtringy part joining to it, is uſed in manner of a
nd thread to ſew withal.

A ſudden ſpring will in the wound appear, [d
Which thro' ſtrait paſſes ſtrain'd comes forth
And tho' thro' long meanders of the veins
'Tis carry'd, yet no vicious hue retains,
Limpid and ſweet the virgin-ſtream remains. 9
Theſe gifts for Nature might ſufficient be,
But, bounteous Metla! ſeem'd too ſmall for the
Thou gratify'ſt our very luxury.
For liqu'riſh palates honey thou doſt bear,
For thoſe whoſe guſt wants quick'ning vinegar.
But theſe are trifles; thou doſt wine impart,
That drives dull care and trouble from the hear
If any wretch of poverty complains,
Thou pour'ſt a golden ſtream into his veins.
The pooreſt Indian ſtill is rich in thee, 9
In ſpite of Spaniſh conqueſts ſtill is free;
The Spaniard's king is not ſo bleſs'd as he.
If any doubts the liquor to be wine,
Becauſe no cryſtal water looks more fine,
Let him but drink, he 'll find the weak nymph
And potent Bacchus enter'd in her ſtead.
To all theſe gifts of luxury and wealth,
Thou giv'ſt us ſov'reign med'cines, too, for hea
Choice balm from thy concocted bark breaks fo
Thou ſhedd'ſt no tear, but 't is of greater worth
Than faireſt gems; no lover more can prize
The tears in his conſenting miſtreſs' eyes,
When in his arms the panting virgin lies:

affords more present aid, [made.
bly mortal wounds by pois'nous arrows
ll needs thou, Metla! doſt ſupply,
t therefore bear thyſelf too high,
ll-ſufficient Coccus Tree is by;
hou muſt yield the victory.
reſerves this Indian Palm alone,
n never be undone;
l, and of all her gold bereft,
and Coccus only left,
r than the Spaniard with his theft.
leſs miſer, by the gods abhorr'd,
t more than Coccus doth afford?
nents, beds, and boards, ev'n while we dine
th meat and diſh, both cup and wine;
milk, the ſtomach to delight,
nt ſauce to whet the appetite.
ervice to the land confin'd,
tire compos'd of her we find;
, timber, cables, ribs, and maſt,
the veſſel fitted up, at laſt
wn ware is freighted; all ſhe bears
rowth, except her mariners:
e ev'n her mariners exclude,
he Cocoa Nut have all their food.
an gods, with wild and barb'rous voice,
s rude, tumultuous rejoice;

ur's as aſtoniſh'd, and with envious eyes,
ach other view'd, if, as weak men ſurmiſe,
nvy can touch immortal deities.
ſy modeſt Muſe that cenſure does decline,
or dares interpret ill of pow'rs divine.
he Indian pow'rs (tho' yet they had not ſhown
he hundredth part of Plants to India known)
lready did conclude the day their own;
aſh and impatient round the goddeſs throng,
nd think her verdict is deferr'd too long.
Pomona, ſeated high above the reſt,
Vas cautiouſly revolving in her breaſt,
The cauſe depending was no trifling toy,
That did the patrons of both worlds employ)
" expreſs herſelf at large ſhe did deſign,

eads at laſt the riſing vapour gains,
ves too hard for their immortal brains:
atnal repartees they jok'd at firſt,
wing more incens'd, they ſwore and curs'd;
ilus does no longer dread
reſent Metla warm'd) the Grecian god,
ws a Cocoa bowl at Bacchus' head,
oil'd his draught, but left his forehead ſound,
s betwixt his horns without a wound.
us, enrag'd with wine and paſſion too,
his might his maſſy goblet threw,
levell'd at the ruſtick's face,
d him bruis'd and ſprawling on the place:
s native gibb'riſh cries aloud,
h his noiſe alarms, the ſavage crowd;
g their foamy teeth, like beaſts of prey,
uonſly they bellow, roar, and bray;
hted waves back to the deep rebound;
y iſland trembles with the ſound.
aim Vitziliputli ſat, in ſmoke
'obacco almoſt hid, that broke
s from his gormandizing maw,
uman fleſh as yet lay crude and raw:
g in rage his kindled pipe aſide,
ching bow and darts, Arm! arm! he cry'd.
sca (of the ſalvage band
: in fierceneſs) took his ſpear in hand,
n arms the barb'rous legion ſtand.

The goddeſſes diſperſe, and ſculk behind
The thickets: frighted Venus bore in mind
Her former wound, th' effect of mortal rage,
What muſt ſhe then expect where gods engage?
Pallas, who only courage had to ſtay,
In vain her peaceful Olive did diſplay:
The gods, with manly weapons in their hand,
Devoted to the dire encounter ſtand:
Moſt woful ſome had that day's battle found,
And long been maim'd with many a ſmarting wound
(For to ſuppoſe th' immortals can be ſlain,
Tho' with immortals they engage, is vain)
Had not Apollo, in the nick of time,
Found out a ſtrat'gem to divert that crime,

ing guests at once appear bereft
se, their hearing only left.
fiercest of the crew,
: head his venom'd shaft he drew,
h dart and bow; with lifted hands
and with mouth wide-gaping, stands;
aise his greedy ears he 's said,
s feather'd di'dem from his head.
tar, hew'd from solid rock,
ands hold Varicnca took,
a thunderbolt, he would have hurl'd,
'hund'rer in the Indian world)
rst sweet strain forgot his heat,
he stone and us'd it for a feat:
ears the peaceful sounds devour,
l victims never pleas'd him more:
:k force, in spite of his disgrace,
t streaming from his batter'd face,
' self did reconcile:
true, he did but faintly smile,
anon as loud as any there;
sacred charms of measures are,
t air, struck with the healing sounds
lyre, clos'd up the bleeding wounds:
r own accord the breaches close,
l musick all things can compose.
his art's success, Apollo smil'd
wkward mirth and gestures wild

The goddeſſes diſperſe, and ſculk behind
The thickets: frighted Venus bore in mind
Her former wound, th' effect of mortal rage,
What muſt ſhe then expect where gods engage?
Pallas, who only courage had to ſtay,
In vain her peaceful Olive did diſplay:
The gods, with manly weapons in their hand,
Devoted to the dire encounter ſtand:
Moſt woful ſome had that day's battle found,
And long been maim'd with many a ſmarting wound,
For to ſuppoſe th' immortals can be ſlain,
Tho' with immortals they engage, is vain)
Had not Apollo, in the nick of time,
Found out a ſtrat'gem to divert that crime,
Which with his double title did agree.

ingling gueſts at once appear bereft
ſenſe, their hearing only left.
atli, fierceſt of the crew,
the head his venom'd ſhaft he drew,
both dart and bow; with lifted hands
'd, and with mouth wide-gaping, ſtands;
to raiſe his greedy ears he 's ſaid,
d his feather'd di'dem from his head.
's altar, hew'd from ſolid rock,
his hands bold Varicaca took,
like a thunderbolt, he would have hurl'd,
he Thund'rer in the Indian world)
he firſt ſweet ſtrain forgot his heat,
wn the ſtone and us'd it for a ſeat:
ſh'd ears the peaceful ſounds devour,
dred victims never pleas'd him more:
agick force, in ſpite of his diſgrace,
e yet ſtreaming from his hatter'd face,
ilus' ſelf did reconcile:
't is true, he did but faintly ſmile,
h'd anon as loud as any there;
the ſacred charms of meaſures are,
bient air, ſtruck with the healing ſounds
bus' lyre, clos'd up the bleeding wounds:
their own accord the breaches cloſe,
'rful muſick all things can compoſe.
with his art's ſucceſs, Apollo ſmil'd
he awkward mirth and geſtures wild

f his charm'd audience. Having thus ſubdu'd
heir raviſh'd ſenſe, his conqueſt he purſu'd,
nd ſtill to make the pleaſing ſpell more ſtrong,
oins to his lyre his tuneful voice and ſong:
e ſung how th' inſpir'd hero's * mind beheld
world, that for long ages lay conceal'd.
Moſt happy thou! whoſe fancy could deſcry
world, ſeen only by my circling eye:
hou who alone in toils haſt equall'd me;
reat Alexander is outdone by thee;
y thee! whoſe ſkill could find, and courage gain
hat other world for which he wiſh'd in vain.
ot my own Poet's Tales could thee deceive,
o credit to their Fables thou didſt give;
le, weary'd with my day's hard courſe, they feign

nly thou! undaunted didſt appear,
hy faint comrades half expir'd with fear:
ge thee to return, and threaten high,
Guanahan! thy watch-light they deſcry,
ming beacon from afar they ſpy;
appy light to their tranſported eyes
s a New world; with joyful cries
il the ſign that to a golden ſoil
d the gate. Forgetting now their toil,
g their guide, at whom they late repin'd.
is ſmall fire, and for ſmall uſe deſign'd,
eat a light was open'd to mankind!
ſily did Courage find the way,
approach, to ſeize the golden prey,
a ſecret world's dark entrail lay!
rage what attempt can be too bold?
r, what for thirſt of pow'r and gold?
o the ſhore the Spaniſh navy drew,
ian natives with amazement view
oating palaces, which fondly they
for living monſters of the ſea;
whales—nor at the Spaniards leſs admire,
f men with beards, and ſtrange attire,
ron dreſs their native ſkin they deem'd;
ſeman mounted on his courſer, ſeem'd
a Centaur of prodigious kind;
ound monſter, of two bodies join'd;

hat could at once in ſev'ral accents break,
eigh with one mouth, and with the other ſpeak.
ut moſt the roaring cannon they admire,
iſcharging fulph'rous clouds of ſmoke and fire:
lock-thunder now they hear, mock-lightning view,
ith greater dread than e'er they did the true.
v'n thou, the Thunderer of the Indian ſky,
Nor wilt thou, Varicocha! this deny)
v'n thou thyſelf aſtoniſh'd didſt appear,
hen mortals' louder thunder thou didſt hear.
Strange figures, and th' unwonted face of things,
o leſs amazement to the Spaniards brings;
ew forms of animals their ſight ſurpriſe,
ew Plants, new Fruits, new men, and deities;
ntirely a new nature meets their eyes:

Thy ſlaughters paſt do thou at length forget,
For with no ſmall revenge thy wrongs have met,
And Heav'n will give thee greater comforts yet.
Enjoy thy fate, whoſe bitter part is o'er,
And all the ſweet for thee reſerv'd in ſtore.
Here Phœbus his moſt cheerful airs employs,
And melts their ſavage hearts in promis'd joys:
They felt his muſick glide thro' ev'ry vein,
Their brawny limbs from dancing ſcarce refrain,
But fear'd to interrupt his charming ſtrain.
That gold which Europe raviſh'd from your coaſt,
O'er Europe now a tyrant's power does boaſt;
Already has more miſchiefs brought on Spain,
Than from inſulting Spaniards you ſuſtain:
Where'er it comes all laws are ſtraight diſſolv'd,
In gen'ral ruin all things are involv'd:
No land can breed a more deſtructive peſt,
Grieve not that of your bane you 're diſpoſſeſs'd;
Call in more Spaniards to remove the reſt:
The fatal Helen drive from your abodes,
Th' Erinnys that 'as ſet both worlds at odds:
Fire, ſword, and ſlaughter, on her footſteps wait;
Whole empires ſhe betrays to utmoſt Fate.
Mean-while theſe benefits of life you reap,
Conſider, and you 'll find th' exchange was cheap.
Your former ſalvage cuſtoms are remov'd,
The manners of your men and gods improv'd.

With human fleſh no more they ſhall be fed,
Whether dire famine firſt that practice bred,
Or more deteſted luxury—
Not long ſhalt thou, Vitziliputli! feed
On bloody feaſts, or ſmoke thy Indian weed;
Ere long (like us) with pure ambrofial fare
Thou ſhalt be pleas'd, and taſte celeſtial air.
To live by wholeſome laws, you now begin
Buildings to raiſe, and fence your cities in;
To plough the earth, to plough the very main,
And traffick with the univerſe maintain:
Defenſive arms, and ornaments of dreſs,
All impliments of life, you now poſſeſs:
To you the arts of war and peace are known,
And whole Minerva is become your own.

, and to be pity'd even by you——
vhile your riſing glory you ſhall view;
arning, Virtue, Diſcipline of War,
r protection to your world repair,
a long illuſtrious empire there.
itive gold (I would not have it ſo,
th' event) in time will follow too:
ld that fatal prize return once more,
iurt your country as it did before.
Deſtiny ſhall high exalt your reign,
pomp no crowds of ſlaves, a needleſs train,
d, (the rabble's idol) ſhall ſupport,
otezum's, or Guanapaci's court;
a true grandeur as old Rome maintain'd,
Fortune was a ſlave, and Virtue reign'd.

End of the Fifth Book.

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Aug. 14. 1784.

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BELL'S EDITION
The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN
COMPLETE FROM
CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.
COWLEY VOLUME IV.
Assist me Phœbus wit of Heav'n, whose rare
So heavenly beautifully both Plants & Poets share.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

FROM THE TEXT OF DR. SPRAT, &c.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Begin the ſong, and ſtrike the living lyre!
Lo! how the Years to come, a num'rous and well-fitted quire!
All hand in hand do decently advance,
And to my ſong with ſmooth and equal meaſures dance.
Whilſt the dance laſts, how long ſoe'er it be,
My Muſick's voice ſhall bear it company,
Till all gentle notes be drown'd
In the laſt trumpet's dreadful ſound. THE RESURRECTION.

COWLEY does to Jove belong,
Jove and COWLEY claim my ſong.——
The Muſes did young COWLEY raiſe,
They ſtole thee from thy nurſe's arms,
Fed thee with ſacred love of praiſe,
And taught thee all their charms:
As if Apollo's ſelf had been thy ſire,
They daily rock'd thee on his lyre. VERSES TO COWLEY.

VOL. IV.

Bell's *ſecond edition*.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1784.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

VOL. IV.

CONTAINING HIS

SIXTH BOOK OF PLANTS,
DAVIDEIS. BOOK FIRST,
DITTO. BOOK SECOND,
DAVIDEIS. BOOK THIRD,
DITTO. BOOK FOURTH,
IMITATIONS, FRAGMENTS,

&c. &c. &c.

Alone exempted from the common fate,
The forward COWLEY held a lasting date:
For Envy's blaft, and pow'rful Time, too ftrong,
He bloffom'd early, and he flourifh'd long:
In whom the double miracle was feen,
Ripe in his fpring, and in his autumn green.
With us he left his gen'rous fruit behind,
The feaft of wit, and banquet of the mind:
While the fair tree, tranfplanted to the fkies,
In verdure with th' Elyfian garden vies,
The pride of earth before, and now of Paradife.——

VER. TO MEM. OF COWLEY.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1784.

OF PLANTS.

BOOK VI. OF TREES.

Tranſlated by Mrs. A. Behn.

SYLVA.

CEASE, O my Muſe! the ſoft delights to ſing
Of Flow'ry Gardens in their fragrant ſpring,
And trace the rougher paths of obſcure woods,
All gloom aloft, beneath o'ergrown with ſhrubs,
Where Phœbus, once thy guide, can dart no ray
T' inſpire thy flight and make the ſcene look gay.
Courage, my Huntreſs! let us range the glades,
And ſearch the inmoſt grottos of the ſhades;
Ev'n to the lone receſſes let us paſs,
Where the green goddeſs reſts on beds of moſs:
Let looſe my Fancy, ſwift of foot to trace,
With a ſagacious ſcent, the noble chaſe,
And with a joyful cry purſue the prey;
'Tis hidden Nature we muſt rouze to-day:
Set all your gins, let ev'ry toil be plac'd,
Thro' all her tracks let flying Truth be chas'd,
And ſeize her panting with her eager haſte.
Nor yet diſdain, my Muſe! in groves to range,
Or humbler woods for nobler orchards change:

ere deities of old have made abode,
nd once ſecur'd great Charles, our earthly god.
he royal youth, born to outbrave his fate,
ithin a neighb'ring Oak maintain'd his ſtate:
he faithful boughs in kind allegiance ſpread
heir ſhelt'ring branches round his awful head,
win'd their rough arms, and thicken'd all the ſhade.
To thee, belov'd of Heav'n! to thee we ſing
f ſacred groves, blooming perpetual ſpring:
lay'ſt thou be to my rural verſe and me
preſent and aſſiſting deity:
iſdain not in this leafy court to dwell,
ho its lov'd Monarch did ſecure ſo well.
h' eternal Oak, now conſecrate to thee,

The harangues of the wood-gods to rehearſe,
And ſing of flow'ry ſenates in my verſe:
Voices unknown to man he now ſhall hear,
Who, always ignorant of what they were,
Have paſs'd 'em by with a regardleſs ear;
Thought 'em the murm'rings of the ruffled Trees,
That mov'd and wanton'd with the ſporting breeze.
But Daphne knew the myſteries of the wood,
And made diſcov'ries to her am'rous god;
Apollo me inform'd, and did inſpire
My ſoul with his divine prophetick fire;
And I, the prieſt of Plants, their ſenſe expound;
Hear, O ye Worlds! and liſten all around.

'Twas now when royal Charles, that prince of Peace,
(That pious offspring of the olive-race)
Sway'd England's ſceptre with a godlike hand,
Scattering ſoft eaſe and plenty o'er the land;
Happy 'bove all the neighb'ring kings, while yet
Unruffled by the rudeſt ſtorms of Fate;
More fortunate the people, till their pride
Diſdain'd obedience to the ſov'reign guide,
And to a baſe plebeian Senate gave
The arbitrary priv'lege to enſlave;
Who thro' a ſea of nobleſt blood did wade,
To tear the diadem from the ſacred head.
Now above envy, far above the clouds,
The Martyr ſits, triumphing with the gods.
While Peace before did o'er the ocean fly,
On our bleſs'd ſhore to find ſecurity,

In Britiſh groves ſhe built her downy neſt,
No other climate could afford her reſt;
For warring winds o'er wretched Europe range,
Threat'ning deſtruction, univerſal change:
The raging tempeſt tore the aged woods,
Shook the vaſt earth, and troubled all the floods.
Nor did the fruitful goddeſs brood in vain,
But here in ſafety hatch'd her golden train:
Juſtice and Faith one cornucopiæ fill.
Of uſeful med'cines known to many an ill.

Such was the Golden Age in Saturn's ſway;
Eaſy and innocent it paſs'd away;
But too much lux'ry and good fortune cloys,
And virtues ſhe ſhould cheriſh ſhe deſtroys.
What we moſt wiſh, what we moſt toil to gain,

the ſtate of England, ſick with eaſe, 105
if ſhe knew her happineſs.
no ign'rance for excuſe can plead,
ed refuge for ingratitude.
hat from the pitying gods there came
niſhing anger to reclaim, 110
rodigies *; but, alas! in vain.
nderbolts, before the flame,
ming vengeance to proclaim,
, arriv'd to my tenth year,
ſe horrid images I bear; 115
ul ſigns are preſent to my eyes:
the region of the ſkies
of our approaching wars,
eav'ns in wondrous characters:
firmament with lightning burns, 120
clouds were kindled into ſtorms,
an image of th' infernal hell;
the portentous things I tell)
ur waves the horrid flames did roll,
tides were hurl'd from pole to pole; 125
ly the burſting clouds divide,
ming mounts on either ſide,
(to th' aſtoniſh'd world) within
adful and a beauteous ſcene:
armies clad in battle-array, 130
hat to diſpute the day;

* *n of prodigies* Mr. Cowley aſſures to be true.
recipio, in the margin of the original.

heir waving plumes and glitt'ring armour ſhone,
ov'd by the winds, and gilded by the ſun:
well in order ſeem'd each fearleſs rank,
s they 'd been marſhall'd by our hero Monk;
Monk! horn for mighty things and great command,
he glorious pillar of our falling land:
erhaps his Genius on the royal ſide
ne of thoſe heav'nly figures did deſcribe,
ere pointed out to us his noble force,
nd form'd him conqu'ror on a flaming horſe.
'e heard, or fancy'd that we heard, around,
he ſignal giv'n by drum and trumpet ſound;
'e ſaw the fire-wing'd horſes fiercely meet,
nd with their fatal ſpears each other greet:
ere ſhining brandiſh'd pikes like lightning ſhook,

s and men, alas! was put to flight:
ſt was veil'd in the deep ſhades of night,
tes to come ſecur'd from human ſight.
ſtupid England, touch'd with no remorſe,
s theſe prodigies as things of courſe:
many more, which to the juſt appear'd
inous preſages) then who fear'd
ionſters of the Caledonian woods,
hid ferments of ſchiſmatick crowds?
d the impious Cromwell then a name,
ngland's ruin, and for England's ſhame:
ere the gods pleas'd only to exhort
ns the reſtive City and the Court:
ipending fates o'er all the thickets reign'd,
uin to the Engliſh wood proclaim'd.
w the ſturdy Oaks of monſtrous growth,
e ſpreading roots, fix'd in their native earth,
e for a thouſand years in peace they grew,
from the ſoil, tho' none but Zeph'rus blew.
ho ſuch violent outrages could find
th' effects of the ſoft Weſtern wind?
)ryads ſaw the right-hand of the gods
irn the nobleſt ſhelters of the woods;
s their arms with baneful leaves were clad,
new unuſual forms and colours had,
ice now no aromatick moiſture flows,
ble Miſſeltoe enrich the boughs;
ow'd with galls, within thoſe boding hulls
! *flies, diviners* of enſuing ills,

atal buzz did future ſlaughters threat,
nfus'd murmurs full of dread repeat.
o rude winds diſturb'd the ambient air,
rees, as weary of repoſe, made war;
horrid noiſe grappling their knotty arms,
neeting tides they ruffle into ſtorms:
hen the winds to rattling tempeſts riſe,
d of warring Trees, we heard the cries
arring men, whoſe dying groans around
woods and mournful echoes did reſound.
he diſmal ſhade with birds obſcene were fill'd,
ich, ſpite of Phœbus, he himſelf beheld.
the wild Aſhes' tops the bats and owls,
th all night ominous and baneful fowls,
while the ſcreeches of theſe droves

And laid her eggs, when once to come beneath
The very ſhadow of an Aſh was death;
Rather, if chance ſhould force, ſhe thro' the fire
From its fall'n leaves, ſo baneful, would retire.
But none of all the ſylvan prodigies
Did more ſurpriſe the rural deities,
Than when the lightning did the Laurel blaſt;
The lightning their lov'd Laurels all defac'd:
The Laurel! which, by Jove's divine decree,
Since ancient time from injuring tempeſts free,
No angry threats from the celeſtial powers
Could make her fear the ruin of her bowers;
But always ſhe enjoy'd a certain fate,
Which ſhe could ne'er ſecure the victor yet.
In vain theſe ſigns and monſters were not ſent
From angry Heav'n; the wiſe knew what they meant:
Their coming by conjectures underſtood,
As did the Dryads of the Britiſh wood.

There is an ancient foreſt * known to Fame,
On this ſide ſep'rate from the Cambrian plain
By wand'ring Wye, whoſe winding current glides,
And murm'ring leaves behind its flow'ry ſides;
On that 't is waſh'd by nobler Severn's ſtreams,
Whoſe beauties ſcarce will yield to famous Thames:
Of yore 't was Arden call'd, but that great name,
As like herſelf, diminiſh'd into Dean:

* The Foreſt of Dean.

The cruel weapons of deſtructive war
In all their cruelties have made her ſhare;
The iron has its noblest ſhades deſtroy'd,
Then in mean uſes wood employ'd;
And ſo unhappy 'tis, as it preſents
Of its own death the fatal inſtruments;
With induſtry its ruin to improve,
Bears mineral below and Trees above.
Oh, Poverty! thou happineſs extreme,
(When no afflicting want can intervene)
And, oh! thou little treaſure of the earth,
From whence all ropes and miſchiefs take their birth.
And you, triumphing Woods! ſecur'd from ſpoil,
By the late bleſſing of your barren ſoil,
Here, unconſum'd, how ſmall a part remains

And on a ſoft aſcent of riſing ground
Their queen, their charming Dryas! they ſurround,
Who, all adorn'd, was in the middle plac'd,
And by a thouſand awful beauties grac'd.
Theſe goddeſſes alike were dreſs'd in green,
The ornaments and liv'ries of their queen.
Had travellers at any diſtance view'd
The beauteous order of this ſtately crowd,
They would not gueſs they 'ad been divinities,
But groves all ſacred to the deities.
Such was the image of this leafy ſcene,
On one ſide water'd by a cooling ſtream,
Upon whoſe brink the Poplar took her place,
The Poplar! whom Alcides once did grace,
Whoſe double colour'd ſhadow'd leaves expreſs
The labours of our Hero Hercules,
Whoſe upper ſides are black, the under white,
To repreſent his toil and his delight.
The Phaetonian Alder next took place,
Still ſenſible of the burnt youth's diſgrace;
She loves the purling ſtreams, and often laves
Beneath the floods, and wantons with the waves.
Cloſe by her ſide the penſive Willows join'd,
Chaſte ſiſters all, to lovers moſt unkind,
Oleſicarpians * call'd, in youth ſevere,
Before the winter-age had ſnow'd their hair;

* That is, a tribe which early drops its ſeed; or which is an enemy to venery.

rivers take delight, whoſe chilling ſtreams
fix'd with the native coldneſs of their veins,
ike ſalamanders, can all heat remove,
nd quite extinguiſh the quick fire of love:
irm laſting bonds they yield to all beſide,
ut take delight the lovers to divide.
The Elders next, who, tho' they waters love,
he ſame from human bodies yet remove,
nd quite diſperſe the humid moiſture thence,
nd parley with the dropſy in this ſenſe:
Why do you linger here, O lazy Flood!
This ſoil belongs to rivulets of blood.
Why do you men torment, when many a ſhade,
And honeſt Trees and Plants, do want your aid?
Begone, from human bodies quick begone,

he chaſtiſe 't is for the patient's good,
o' oft' ſhe bluſhes with her tender blood.
Not ſo the gen'rous Maples; they preſent
nate'er the city lux'ry can invent,
no with induſtrious management and pains
vide the labyrinth of their curious grains,
d many neceſſary things produce,
at ſerve at once for ornament and uſe.
But thou, O Pteleas *! to the ſwain allows
ades to his cattle, timber for his ploughs;
nobled thou above the leafy race,
hat an amorous god † does thee embrace.
Next thee the Oxias‡, of herſelf a grove,
noſe wide-ſpread ſhade the flocks and ſhepherds
nether thy murmurs do to ſleep invite, [love;
thy ſoft noiſe inſpire the rural pipe,
ke thou 'rt grateful, and canſt always charm,
ummer cooling, and in winter warm:
yrus, of yore, the nymph with garlands hung,
d all his love-lays in her ſhadow ſung.
nen firſt the infant-world her reign began,
pride and lux'ry had corrupted man,
ore for gold the earth they did invade,
e uſeful houſehold-ſtuff of Beech was made;
other plate the humble ſideboard dreſs'd,
other bowls adorn'd the wholeſome feaſt,

* The Elm. † Bacchus; or, the Vine.
‡ The Beech.

Which no voluptuous cookery could boaſt,
The homebred kid or lamb was all the coſt;
The mirth, the innocence, and little care,
Surpaſs'd the loaded boards of high-priz'd fare;
There came no gueſt for int'reſt or deſign,
Or guilty love, fine eating, or rich wine:
The Beechen bowl without debauch went round,
And was with harmleſs mirth and roſes crown'd:
O theſe—the Ancients in their happy ſtate
Their feaſts and banquets us'd to celebrate:
Fill'd to the brim with uncorrupted wine,
They made libations to the powers divine,
To keep 'em ſtill benign; no ſacrifice
They need perform the angry gods t' appeaſe;
They knew no crimes the deities t' offend,

No more the falling ſhowers delight her now,
She only thirſts to drink of bloody dew.
Philyra *, not inferiour to her race,
For her bel-taille, good mien, and handſome grace,
For pious uſe and nobleſt ſtudies fit,
Minerva here might exerciſe her wit,
And on the laſting vellum which ſhe brings,
May in ſmall volumes write ſeraphick things;
'Mongſt all the nymphs and hamadryades,
None are ſo fair and ſo adorn'd as this:
All ſoft her body, innocent and white,
In her green flowing hair ſhe takes delight;
Proud of her perfum'd bloſſoms, far ſhe ſpreads
Her lovely, charming, odoriferous, ſhades:
Her native beauties even excelling art,
Her virtues many med'cines ſtill impart;
The dowry of each Plant in her does reſt,
And ſhe deſerv'dly triumphs o'er the beſt.
Next her Orcimelis and Achras † ſtood,
Whoſe offspring is a ſharp and rigid brood;
A fruit no ſeaſon e'er could work upon,
Not to be mellow'd by th' all-ripening ſun.
Hither the fair amphibious nymphs reſort,
Who both in woods and gardens keep their court;
The Ouas ‡, but of no ignoble fame,
Altho' ſhe bears a baſe and ſervile name;

* The Lime Tree. † Wood Pear and Crab Apple.
‡ *Service Tree.*

harp Oxyacantha * next the Mulberry ſtood,
he Mulberry, dy'd in hapleſs lovers' † blood.
Cranеia ‡, a nymph too lean to be admir'd,
ut hard-gain'd Carya ‖ is by all deſir'd;
he pretty Corylus **, ſo neat and trim,
nd Caſtanis, with rough ungrateful ſkin.
heſe nymphs, of all their race, live rich and high,
hey taſte the city golden luxury,
nd woods their country villas do ſupply.
or was the Hawthorn abſent from this place,
ll ſoils are native to her harden'd race;
ho' her the fields and gardens do reject,
he with a thorny hedge does both protect:
elvetia ††, rough with cold and ſtones, firſt bred
he nymph, who thence to other climates fled;

Since they such safe guard were 'gainst thieves and beasts,
Which with an equal force their charge molests;
And 't was commanded they should always bear
Their watchful twigs before the married pair.
With the Helvetian nymph a pretty train,
All her companions, to the circle came;
The fruitful Bullace first, whose offspring are,
Tho' harsh and sharp, yet moderately fair.
The prickly Bramble, neat and lovely Rose,
So nice and coy, they never will dispose
Their valu'd favours, but some wounds they give
To those who will their guarded joys receive.
No less a troop of those gay nymphs were seen,
Who nobly flourish in eternal green;
Unsubject to the laws o' th' changing year,
They want no aids of kindly beams or air;
But happy in their own peculiar spring,
While the pole weeps in showers, they laugh and sing.
The generous Pyxias*, who a conquest gains
O'er armed Winter, with her hosts of rains,
All ages she subdues, devouring Time
In vain endeavours to destroy her prime;
Still in her youth and beauty she survives;
When all the spring is dead she smiles and lives;
Yet tho' she 's obstinate to time and storms,
She 's kindly pliable to all curious forms:
To artful masters she obedience lends,
And to th' *ingenious* hand, with ease, she bends.

* The Box Tree.

nto a thouſand truelove's knots ſhe twines,
nd with a verdant wall the flowers confines,
till looking up with gay and youthful love
'o th' triumphing flow'rs that reign above:
Or, if you pleaſe, ſhe will advance on high,
nd with the lofty Trees her ſtature vie;
nd cheerfully will any figure take,
Whether man, lion, or a bird you make;
Or on her trunk like a green parrot ſhow,
Or ſometimes like a Hercules ſhe 'll grow:
nd hence Praxiteles fair ſtatues forms,
When with green gods the gardens he adorns;
Nor yet, being dead, does of leſs uſe appear
To the induſtrious artificer:
From her the nobleſt figures do ariſe,

The wanton bird she stops upon the wing,
And can forbid the insolence of men:
With a defence the garden she supplies,
And does perpetually delight the eyes;
Her shining leaves a lovely green produce,
And serve at once for ornament and use.
Deform'd December, by her posy-boughs
All deck'd and dress'd, like joyful April shows:
Cold winter-days she both adorns and cheers,
While she her constant springing livery wears.
Camaris*, who in winter give their birth,
Not humbly creeping on the servile earth,
But rear aloft their nobler fruitful heads,
Whose sylvan food unhappy Janus feeds;
His hungry appetite he here destroys,
And both his rav'nous mouths at once destroys.
Phillyrea† here, and Pyracantha, rise,
Whose beauty only gratifies the eyes
Of gods and men; no banquets they afford
But to the welcome, tho' unbidden, bird;
Here, gratefully, in winter they repay
For all the summer-songs that made their groves so gay.
Next came the melancholy Yew, who mourns
With silent languor at the warriour's urns.
See, where she comes! all in black shadow veil'd;
Ah! too unhappy nymph, on every side assail'd!

* Strawberry Tree. † Ever-green Privet, and Prickly Coral Tree.

No baneful poiſon, no malignant dew, [illegible]
Lurks in, or hangs about, the [illegible]
No ſecret miſchief dares the nymph invade, [illegible]
And thoſe are ſafe that ſleep beneath her ſhade.

Nor thou, Arceuthis *! art an enemy
To the ſoft notes of charming harmony:
Falſely the chief of poets would perſuade
That evil's lodg'd in thy eternal ſhade;
Thy aromatick ſhade, whoſe verdant arms
Ev'n thy own uſeful fruits ſecures from harms
Many falſe crimes to thee they attribute;
Would no falſe virtues, too, they would to thee im

But thou, Sabina†! my impartial Muſe
Cannot with any honeſty excuſe;
By thee the firſt new ſparks of life, not yet

leſtructive thou, without remorſe,
the death of even the ag'd deplores.
pariſſus was, that baſhful boy,
elov'd by the bright god of Day;
ender mind, ſo ſoft a breaſt,
mpaſſionate a grief oppreſs'd,
ing his lov'd dear, that down he lay
and pin'd his ſighing ſoul away;
ying it renew'd his fate,
Cypreſs did the boy tranſlate,
his hapleſs life a longer date:
decreed the god—" And thou, oh, Tree!
urner at all funerals ſhalt be;
e ſo ſmall a cauſe ſuch grief could give,
thy talent (pitying Youth!) to grieve:
thou in Pluto's dark abodes,
ſacred to th' infernal gods!"
well ſkill'd in truth, he did bequeath
to the dire Tree of death,
e that no worm can ere ſubdue,
er-dying leaves each day renew,
ires, like aſpiring flames, ſtill riſe,
a noble pride ſalute the ſkies.
e fair nymph that Phœbus does adore,
nice and cold as herctofore;
ill fires, and with averſion ſtill
and crackles, if the flame ſhe feel:

Yet tho' she 's chaste the burning god beholds,
Adores, and makes his love his prophetess;
And ev'n the murmurs of her scorn do move
For joyful sounds and happy omens go:
Nor does the humble tho' the sacred Tree
Fear wounds from any earthly enemy;
For she beholds, when loudest storms abound,
The flying thunder of the gods around:
Let all the flaming heav'ns threat as they will,
Unmov'd th' undaunted nymph outbraves it still
Oh, thou!—
Of all the woody nations happiest made,
Thou greatest princess of the fragrant shade;
But should the goddess Dryas not allow
That royal title to thy virtue due,

Let me with Sappho and Orinda be,
Oh! ever ſacred Nymph! adorn'd by thee,
And give my verſes immortality.
The tall Elate next, and Peuce ſtood,
The ſtatelieſt ſiſter-nymphs of all the wood;
The flying winds ſport with their flowing hair,
While to the dewy clouds their lofty heads they rear.
As mighty hills above the vallies ſhow,
And look with ſcorn on the deſcent below,
So do theſe view the mountains where they grow,
So much above their humbler tops they riſe:
So ſtood the giants that beſieg'd the ſkies,
The terrour of the gods! they having thrown
Huge Oſſa on the leafy Pelion,
The Fir, with the proud Pine, thus threat'ning ſtands,
Lifting to Heav'n two hundred warring hands;
In this vaſt proſpect they with eaſe ſurvey
The various figur'd land and boundleſs ſea;
With joy behold the ſhips their timber builds,
How they 'ave with cities ſtor'd once ſpacious fields.
This grove of Engliſh nymphs, this noble train,
In a large circle compaſs in their queen,
The ſceptre-bearing Dryas——
Her throne a riſing hillock, where ſhe ſat
With all the charms of majeſty and ſtate,
With awful grace the numbers ſhe ſurvey'd,
Dealing around the favours of her ſhade.

If I the voice of the loud winds could take,
Which the reechoing Oaks do agitate,
'Twould not ſuffice to celebrate thy name,
Oh! ſacred Dryas! of immortal fame.
If we a faith can give Antiquity,
That ſings of many miracles, from thee,
In the world's infant age, mankind broke forth,
From thee the noble race receiv'd their birth;
Thou then in a green tender bark waſt clad,
Not in Deucalion's age a rougher covert had,
More hard and warm, with cruſted white all o'er,
As noble authors ſung in times of yore;
Approv'd by ſome, condemn'd and argu'd down
By the vain troop of ſophiſts and the gown,
The ſcoffing academy, and the ſchool

Thy bounties, Ceres! were of little uſe,
And thy ſweet food ill manners did produce;
Unluckily they did thy virtues find
With that of the wild boar and hunted hind;
With all wild beaſts on which their luxury prey'd,
While new deſires their appetites invade;
The natures they partake of what they eat,
And ſalvage they become, as was their meat.
Hence the republick of the world did ceaſe;
Hence they might date the forfeit of their peace:
The common good was now peculiar made
A generous int'reſt now became a trade,
And men began their neighbours' rights t' invade:
For now they meaſur'd out their common ground,
And outrages commit t' enlarge their bound:
Their own ſeem'd deſpicable, poor, and ſmall;
Each wants more room, and would be lord of all:
The ploughman with diſdain his fields ſurveys,
Forſakes the land, and ploughs the faithleſs ſeas:
The fool in theſe deep furrows ſeeks his gain,
Deſpiſing dangers, and enduring pain:
The ſacred Oak her peaceful manſion leaves,
Tranſplanted to the mountains of the waves.
Oh! Dryas! patron to the induſtrious kind,
If man were wiſe, and would his ſafety find,
What perfect bliſs thy happy ſhade would give,
And houſes that their maſters would outlive?

All neceſſaries thou afford'ſt alone
For harmleſs Innocence to live upon;
Strong yokes for oxen, handles for the plough;
What huſbandry requires thou doſt allow;
But if the madneſs of deſiring gain,
Or wild ambition agitate the brain,
Straight to a wand'ring ſhip they thee transfer,
And none more fitly ſerves the mariner:
Thou cutt'ſt the air, doſt on the waves rebound,
Wild death and fury raging all around;
Diſdaining to behold the manag'd wood,
Outbrave the ſtorms, and baffle the rude flood.
To ſwine, O richeſt Oak! thy acorns leave,
And ſearch for man whate'er the earth can give,
All that the ſpacious univerſe brings forth,
What land and ſea conceals of any worth;
Bring aromaticks from the diſtant Eaſt,
And gold, ſo dangerous, from the rifled Weſt;
Whate'er the boundleſs appetite can feaſt.

If of the dangers they ſo much have ſpoke
(More worthy ſmiles) of the Cyanean rock,
What oceans then of fame ſhall thee ſuffice?
What waves of eloquence can ſing thy praiſe?
O ſacred Oak! that great Columbus bore,
Iö! thou bearer of a happier ore
Than celebrated Argo did before.
And Drake's brave Oak that paſs'd to world's unknown,
Whoſe toils, O Phœbus! were ſo like thy own,
Who round the earth's vaſt globe triumphant rode,
Deſerves the celebration of a god.
O let the Pegaſean ſhip no more
Be worſhipp'd on the too unworthy ſhore;
After her wat'ry life, let her become
A fix'd ſtar ſhining equal with the Ram:
Long ſince the duty of a ſtar ſhe 'as done,
And round the earth with guiding light has ſhone.
Oh! how has Nature bleſs'd the Britiſh land,
Who both the valu'd Indies can command!
What tho' thy banks the Cedars do not grace,
Thoſe lofty beauties of fam'd Libanus,
The Pine, or Palm of Idumean plains,
Arab's rich wood, or its ſweet-ſmelling greens,
Or lovely Plantain, whoſe large leafy boughs
A pleaſant and a noble ſhade allows?
She has thy warlike groves and mountains bleſs'd
With ſturdy Oaks, o'er all the world the beſt;

And for the happy iſland's ſure defence,
Has wall'd it with a moat of ſeas immenſe;
While to declare her ſafety and thy pride,
With Oaken ſhips that ſea is fortify'd.
Nor was that adoration vainly made,
Which to the Oak the ancient Druids paid,
Who reaſonably believ'd a god within,
Where ſuch vaſt wonders were produc'd and ſeen
Nor was it the dull piety alone,
And ſuperſtition of our Albion,
Nor ignorance of the future age, that paid
Honours divine to thy ſurpriſing ſhade;
But they foreſaw the empire of the ſea
Great Charles ſhould hold from the triumphant Thee
No wonder, then, that age ſhould thee ador
Who gav'ſt our ſacred

[illegible] away,
[illegible]'d on all sides lay;
[illegible] knew not that there came
[illegible] in the hurricane,
[illegible] wind, with an amazing cry,
[illegible] the prattling deity,
[illegible] strange secrets did unfold,
[illegible] things of worlds to come he told:
[illegible] in obscure eloquence,
[illegible] adoring crowd with double sense.
[illegible] decree the Oak no more
[illegible], as heretofore,
[illegible] voice; yet to the list'ning wood
[illegible] murmurs still are understood;
[illegible] divinations, while they sound,
[illegible] humanity around:
[illegible] Dryas murmur awful truth
[illegible] plain from the prophetick mouth,
[illegible] spoke to the Chaonian wood,
[illegible] groves with eager silence stood,
[illegible] rected leaves themselves dispose
[illegible] language of her boughs.
[illegible], O my Companions! that the gods
[illegible] destruction to the woods,
[illegible] mankind—The black portents
[illegible] many sinister events;
[illegible] quick approach too much should press
[illegible]'d Nymphs!) your tenderness,

The gods command me to foretel your doom,
And prepoſſeſs ye with the fate to come:
With heedful rev'rence, then, their will obſerve,
And in your bark's deep chinks my words preſerve.
Believe me, Nymphs! nor is your faith in vain,
This Oaken trunk, in which conceal'd I am,
From a long honour'd ancient lineage came,
Who in the fam'd Dodonean grove firſt ſpoke,
When with aſtoniſh'd awe the ſacred valley ſhook.
Know then that Brutus, by unlucky fate
Murd'ring his ſire, bore an immortal hate
To his own kingdom who's ungrateful ſhore
He leaves with vows ne'er to reviſit more;
Then to Epirus a ſad exile came,
Unhappy ſon, who haſt a father ſlain,

Whose voice the nymphs surpris'd with awfu
Who in Chaonian groves inhabited:"
Oh! noble Trojan! of great Sylvia's blood,
Haste from the covert of this threat'ning wo
A mansion here the Fates will not permit,
Vast toils and dangers thou 'rt to conquer yet,
Ere for a murder'd father thou canst be
Absolv'd, tho' innocently slain by thee,
But much must bear by land, and much by sea.
Then arm thy solid mind, thy virtues raise,
And thro' thy rough adventures cut new ways,
Whose end shall crown thee with immortal bays.
Tho' Hercules so great a fame achiev'd,
His conquests but to th' western Cales arriv'd;
There finish'd all his glories and his toils,
He wish'd no more, nor sought more distant spoils
But the great labours which thou hast begun,
Must, fearless of the ocean's threats, go on:
nd this remember, at thy launching forth,
o set thy full-spread sails against the North:
Charles's Wain thy fates are born above,
ght stars, descended from thy grandsire Jove,
motion certain, tho' they slowly move.
Bear, too, shall assist thee in thy course
h all her constellations' glittering force;
as thou goest thy right-hand shall destroy
e six Gom'ritish tyrants in thy way.

'Tho' exil'd from the world, diſdain all fear,
'The gods another world for thee prepare,
'Which in the boſom of the deep conceal'd
'From ages paſt, ſhall be to thee reveal'd;
'Reſerv'd, O Brutus! to renown thy fame,
'And ſhall be bleſs'd ſtill with thy race and nam
'All that the air ſurrounds the Fates decree 84
'To Brutus' and Æneas' progeny,
'Æneas all the land, and Brutus all the ſea.'
"This ſaid, the god from the prophetick Oak,
Who, ſtretching out her branches, farther ſpok
'Here, fill thy hands with acorns from my Tre
'Which in thy tedious toils of uſe ſhall be,
'And witneſſes of all I promiſe thee;
'And when thy painful wand'ring ſhall be o'er

:age from Chaonian acorns came,
nts from that firſt parent am,
raculous truths to you proclaim.
ime Oak her blooming beauties wore,
the Daniſh fleet ſurpris'd our ſhore;
r and Tuiſco, and the Saxon gods,
y with their once-belov'd abodes,
o hundred years a ſmall account
ur longliv'd numbers do amount:
gies then ſhe ſaw as we behold,
our ruins as their ſigns foretold.
the Caledonian mountains came
clouds that cover'd all the plain;
Tweed regards her bounds no more,
by popular winds, uſurps the ſhore;
courſe a horrid murmur yields,
tens with her ſound the Engliſh fields.
ey hear in vain, or vainly fear
ing prologues to approaching war;
ſhow'rs did ſoon the foe ſubdue,
the noble Engliſh never knew:
e, who for peace ſo laviſh were,
buy the merchandiſe more dear.
vil war ev'n Peace betray'd to guilt,
her bluſh with the firſt blood was ſpilt.
nens of thoſe future woes,
w ſat brooding in the Senatehouſe!

That den of mischief, where obscure'd she lies,
And hides her purple face from human eyes.
The working furies there lay unreveal'd,
Beneath the privilege of the House conceal'd;
There, by the malice of the great and proud,
And untrue clamours of the frantick crowd,
The great, the learned, Strafford met his fate;
O sacred innocence! what can expiate
For guiltless blood but blood? and much must fl
Both from the guilty and the faultless too.
O Wentworth! condemn'd by Fate to be
The mournful witness of our misery,
And to bewail our first intestine wars
By thy lost Severn's murmurs and her tears;
Wars that more formidable did appear
Ev'n at their end than their beginnings were.
Me to Kintonian hills * some god convey,
That I the horrid valley may survey,
Which like a river seem'd of human blood,
Swell'd with the num'rous bodies of the dead.
What slaughters makes fierce Rupert round the f
Whose conquests pious Charles with sighs beheld
And had not Fate the course of things forbade,
This day an end of all our woes had made.
But our success the angry gods control,
And stopp'd our race of glory near the goal.

* Kenton fields, Edge hill,

Where'er the Britiſh empire did extend;
The tyrant War with barb'rous rigour reign'd;
From the remoteſt parts it rifled Peace,
From the Belerian Horn * ev'n to the Orcades.
The fields oppreſs'd, no joyful harveſts bear,
War ruin'd all the product of the year:
Unhappy Albion! by what fury ſtung?
What ſerpent of Eumenides has flung
His poiſon thro' thy veins? thou bleed'ſt all o'er,
Art all one wound, one univerſal gore.
Unhappy Newberry! (I thy fatal field,
Cover'd with mighty ſlaughters, thrice beheld,)
In horrours you Philippi's fields outvy'd,
Which twice the Civil gore of Romans dy'd.
Long mutual loſs, and the alternate weight
Of equal ſlaughters, pois'd each others' fate:
Uncertain Ruin waver'd to and fro,
And knew not where to fix the deadly blow;
At laſt in Northern fields like lightning broke,
And Naſeby doubled ev'ry fatal ſtroke.
But, O ye Gods! permit me not to tell
The woes that after this the land befel;
O keep 'em to yourſelves, leſt they ſhould make
Humanity your rites and ſhrines forſake:
To future ages let 'em not be known,
For wretched England's credit and your own.

* S. Burien, the uttermoſt point of Cornwall.

And take from me, ye Gods! futurity,
And let my oracles all silent lie,
Rather than by my voice they should declare
The dire events of England's Civil war.
And yet my sight a confus'd prospect fills,
A chaos all deform'd, a heap of ills,
Such as no mortal eyes could e'er behold,
Such as no human language can unfold.
But now——
The conqu'ring evil Genius of the wars,
The impious victor, all before him bears;
And O,—behold the Sacred vanquish'd flies,
And tho' in a plebeian's mean disguise,
I know his godlike face; the monarch, sure,
Did ne'er dissemble till this fatal hour.
But, O! he flies! distr[illegible]

sand threat'nings back they strive to bring,
rise Scot will yield to no such thing,
land, to retrieve him, buys her King.
to future worlds! who did command,
ful lord of all the sea and land,
captive slave expos'd to sale,
any o'er Virtue must prevail.
ht his bought master bears away,
ful purchase of so glorious prey!
O Scotland! far be it from me
e thee wholly with this infamy;
on's virtues shall reverse that fate,
he criminal few shall expiate;
hese few the inn'cent rest must feel
effects of the avenging steel.
w, by laws to God and man unknown,
vereign, God's anointed, they dethrone,
he Isle of Wight is pris'ner sent:
gue, what cruel hearts, do not lament?
, O Scotland! with just anger moves,
t, who valued liberty so loves;
, O Wales! of still as noble fame,
the ancient Britons whence ye came.
should I distinctly here relate
old, the many battles fought
e conduct still of angry stars,
v-made wounds, and old ones turn'd to scars;

The blood that did the trembling F
Stopping its frighted ſtream, that f
Or thou, O Medway! ſwell'd with
Above the flow'ry banks that did t
Or why, O Colcheſter! ſhould I reh
Thy brave united courage and thy
Or deaths of thoſe illuſtrious men re
Who did, with thee, deſerve a kinde
Or why the miſerable murders tell
Of captives who, by cooler malice, fe
Or to your griefs will the addition b
The ſad ideas of a martyr'd King;
King who all the wounds of Fortun
Or will his mournful funerals deplore
Of that celeſtial piety (of fame
Or all the world) ſhould my

By common hangman's hands."—Here ſtopp'd the
When from the bottom of its root there broke [Oak,
A thouſand ſighs, which to the ſky ſhe lifts,
Burſting her ſolid bark into a thouſand clefts;
Each branch her tributary ſorrow gives,
And tears run trickling from her mournful leaves;
Such numbers after rainy nights they ſhed,
When ſhow'ring clouds, that did ſurround her head,
Are by the riſing goddeſs of the Morn
Blown off, and fly before th' approaching ſun;
At which the troop of the green nymphs around,
Echoing her ſighs, in wailing accents groan'd,
Whoſe piercing ſounds from far were underſtood,
And the loud tempeſt ſhook the wond'ring wood;
And then a diſmal ſilence did ſucceed,
As in the gloomy manſions of the dead:
But after a long awful interval
Dryas aſſum'd her ſad prophetick tale.
"Now Britanny, o'erwhelm'd with many a wound,
Her head lopt off, in her own blood lies drown'd;
A horrid carcaſs, without mind or ſoul,
A trunk not to be known, deform'd and foul!
And now who would not hope there ſhould have been,
After ſo much of death, a quiet ſcene?
Or rather, with their Monarch's funeral,
Eternal ſleep ſhould not have ſeiz'd 'em all?
But nothing leſs; for in the room of one,
Who govern'd juſtly on his peaceful throne,

A thouſand heads ſprang up, deform'd and baſe,
With a tumultuous and ignoble race,
The vile, the vulgar offspring of the earth:
Inſects of pois'nous kinds, of monſtrous birth,
And rav'nous ſerpents, now the land infeſt,
And Cromwell! viler yet than all the reſt:
That ſerpent ev'n upon the marrow preys,
Devouring kingdoms with inſatiate jaws.
Now right and wrong (mere words) confounded lie;
Rage ſets no bounds to her impiety;
And having once tranſgreſs'd the rules of ſhame,
Honour or juſtice counts an empty name.
In ev'ry ſtreet, as paſtime for the crowd,
Erected ſcaffolds reek'd with noble blood;
Priſons were now th' apartments of the brave,
Whom Tyranny commits, and [illegible]
Thoſe [illegible]

fathers to the church had giv'n,
rated to the Pow'rs of heav'n,
/hatſoe'er could guilty be
g wealth, or fatal loyalty,
ough to ſatisfy the rage
rth-begotten tyrants of the age:
is rout thought it a trivial thing
houſes of their God and King;
ege, admitting of no bound,
ſee 'em levell'd with the ground;
tion (wicked and unjuſt)
ruin found a certain luſt.
de the lab'ring hammers ſound,
s from mighty hatchets do rebound;
de the groaning earth ſuſtains
ous weight of ſtones and wondrous beams;
ey ply their work, with ſuch a noiſe,
mighty ſtructure they would raiſe
ud tyrant: no, this clam'rous din
uilding, but demoliſhing.
ny Companions!) theſe ſad things you ſee,
ſeholds the dead beams of her parent Tree,
repos'd in palaces of kings,
by furious hands, as uſeleſs things,
your fate is come; thoſe hands that could
es tear dead beams, and long-hewn wood,
l hands, by unreſiſted force,
our *living* trunks find no remorſe.

Religion, which was great of old, commands
No wood ſhould be profan'd by impious hands;
Thoſe noble ſeminaries for the fleet,
Plantations that make towns and cities great;
Thoſe hopes of war, and ornaments of peace,
Should live ſecure from any outrages,
Which now the barb'rous conqu'ror will invade,
Tear up your roots, and rifle all your ſhade;
Or gain they 'll ſell you to the cov'tous buy'r,
A ſacrifice to ev'ry common fire;
They 'll ſpare no race of Trees of any age,
But murder infant branches in their rage;
Pines, Beeches, tender Aſhes, ſhall be fell'd,
And ev'n the gray and rev'rend bark muſt yield:
Soft, the murm'ring, troop ſhall be no more,
No more with muſick charm

But yet theſe wild Saturnals ſhall not laſt,
Oppreſſing Vengeance follows on too faſt;
She ſhakes her brandiſh'd ſteel, and ſtill denies
Length to immoderate rage and cruelties.
Do not deſpond, my Nymphs! that wicked birth
Th' avenging powers will chaſe from off the earth;
Let 'em hew down the wood, deſtroy and burn,
And all the lofty groves to aſhes turn,
Yet ſtill there will not want a Tree to yield
Timber enough old Tyburn to rebuild,
Where they may hang at laſt; and this kind one
Shall then revenge the woods of all their wrong.
In the mean-time (for Fate not always ſhows
A ſwift compliance to our wiſh and vows)
The offspring of great Charles, forlorn and poor,
And exil'd from their cruel native ſhore,
Wander in foreign kingdoms, where in vain
They ſeek thoſe aids, alas! they cannot gain;
For ſtill their preſſing Fate purſues 'em hard,
And ſcarce a place of refuge will afford.
O pious ſon of ſuch a holy ſire!
Who can enough thy fortitude admire?
How often, toſs'd by ſtorms of land and ſea,
Yet unconcern'd, thy fate thou didſt ſurvey,
And her fatigues ſtill underwent with joy?
O royal Youth! purſue thy juſt diſdain,
Let Fortune and her Furies frown in vain,

ill, tir'd with her injuſtice, ſhe give out,
nd leaves her giddy wheel for thee to turn about.
Then that great ſceptre, which no human hand
rom the tenacious tyrant can command,
orning the bold Uſurper to adorn,
all, ripe and falling, to thy hand be borne.
But, O! he rouſes now before his time!
luſtrious Youth! whoſe brav'ry is a crime,
las! what wilt thou do? Ah! why ſo faſt?
he dice of Fate, alas! not yet are caſt.
Vhile thou, all fire, fearleſs of future harms,
nd prodigal of life, aſſum'dſt thy arms,
nd even provoking Fame, he cuts his way
hro' hoſtile fleets and a rude winter's ſea:
ut neither ſhall his daring courſe oppoſe;

But yet the time ſhall come when ſome ſmall ſhare
Of glory that great honour ſhall confer;
When you a conqu'ring hero forth ſhall guide,
While Heav'n and all the ſtars are on his ſide,
Who ſhall the exil'd King in peace recall,
And England's Genius be eſteem'd by all:
But this, not yet, my Nymphs!—But now 's the time
When the illuſtrious heir of Fergus' line,
From full a hundred kings ſhall mount the throne,
Who now the temple enters, and at Scone,
After the ancient manner, he receives the crown;
But, oh! with no auſpicious omens done;
The left-hand of the kingdom put it on.

But now th' inſulting conqueror draws nigh,
Diſturbing the auguſt ſolemnity;
When with revenge and indignation fir'd,
And by a father's murder well inſpir'd,
The brave, the royal youth for war prepares;
O heir moſt worthy of thy hundred-ſceptred ance-
With thoughts all glorious now he ſallies forth, [ſtors.
Nor will he truſt his fortune in the North,
That corner of his realms, nor will his haſte
Lazily wait till coming winter 's paſt;
He ſcorns that aid, nor will he hope t' oppoſe
High mountains 'gainſt the fury of his foes,
Nor their ſurrounding force will here engage,
Or ſtay the preſſures of a ſhameful ſiege;

But boldly farther on resolves t' advance,
And give a gen'rous loose to Fortune's chance,
And shut from distant Tay, he does essay
To Thames ev'n with his death to force his way;
Behind he leaves his trembling enemies
Amaz'd at his stupendous enterprise.

And now the wish'd-for happy day appears,
Sought for so long by Britain's pray'rs and tears;
The King returns, and, with a mighty hand,
A vow'd revenger of his native land,
And thro' a thousand dangers and extremes,
Marches a conqu'ror to Sabrina's streams;
Ah! would to Heav'n Sabrina had been Thames.)
So wish'd the King, but the persuasive force
Of kind mistaken councils stopp'd his course.

But now your bleeding land expects you
Be wise at the expence of so much blood—
Rouse then! and with awaken'd sense pr re
To reap the glory of this holy war,
In which your King and Heav'n have eq share:
His right divine let ev'ry voice proclaim,
And a just ardour every soul inflame.
But England's evil Genius, watchful still
To ruin Virtue, and age ill;
Industrious, ev'n as ell, to subvert
Honour and loyalty heart;
A baneful drug of so poison makes,
And an infernal flee asp he takes
Of cold and fearful n ure, adds to this
Opium, that binds th nerves with laziness,
Mix'd with the venom of vile avarice;
Which all the spirits benumb, as when ye' approach
The chilling wonderful torpedo's touch:
Next drops from Lethe's stream he does infuse,
And ev'ry breast besprinkles with the juice,
Till a deep lethargy o'er all Britain came,
Who now forget their safety and their fame.
Yet still great Charles's valour stood the test,
By Fortune tho' forsaken and oppress'd,
Witness the purple-dy'd Sabrina's stream,
And the Red Hill, not call'd so now in vain;
And, Worcester! thou, who didst the misery bear,
And saw'st the end of a long fatal war.

The King, tho' vanquiſh'd, ſtill his fate outbraves,
And was the laſt the captiv'd city leaves;
Which from the neighb'ring hills he does ſurvey,
Where round about his bleeding numbers lay:
He ſaw 'em rifled by th' inſulting foe,
And ſighs for thoſe he cannot reſcue now;
But yet his troops will rally once again,
Thoſe few eſcap'd, all ſcatter'd o'er the plain;
Diſdain and Anger now reſolves to try
How to repair this day's fatality.
The King has ſworn to conquer or to die.
Darby and Wilmot, chiefs of mighty fame,
With that bold lovely youth, great Buckingham!
Fiercer than lightning, to his monarch dear,
That brave Achates, worth Æneas' care,

Deaf to his voice, will no obedience yield,
But in their hafty flight fcour o'er the dreadful field.
O vainly gallant Youth! what pitying god
Shall free thee from this foul-oppreſſing load
Of grief and ſhame? abandon'd and betray'd
By perjur'd ſlaves, whom thou haſt fed and paid;
Preſs'd with more woes than mortal force could bear,
And Fortune ſtill reſolv'd to be ſevere:
But yet that God——
To whom no wonders are impoſſible,
Will, to preſerve thee, work a miracle,
And for the ſacred father's martyrdom
Will, with a crown, reward the injur'd ſon;
While thou, great Charles! with a prevailing pray'r
Doſt to the gods commend the ſafety of thy heir,
And the celeſtial court of pow'rs divine,
With one conſent, do in the chorus join.
But why, O why, muſt I reveal the doom
O my Companions!) of the years to come?
nd why divulge the myſteries that lie
nroll'd long ſince in heav'n's vaſt treaſury,
characters which no dreamer can unfold,
r ever yet prophetick rapture told;
r the ſmall fibres of the victim'd beaſt,
birds which ſacred aug'ries have expreſs'd;
ſtars, or any divination ſhows,
e myſtick by the murmurs of the boughs?

Yet I muſt on, with a divine preſag
And tell the wonders of the comin
In that far part where the rich Salo
An ample view o'er all the weſtern
A grove appears, which Boſcobel t
Not known to maps, a grove of ſca
Scarce any human thing does there
But it enjoys itſelf in its own ſolitu
And yet henceforth no celebrated f
Of all the Britiſh groves, ſhall be mo

Near this obſcure and deſtin'd h
A ſacred houſe of lucky omen ſtoo
White-Lady call'd; and old record
'Twas once—
To men of holy orders conſecrate;
But to a king a refuge now is made
The firſt that gives a wearied mon
O, preſent of a wondrous excellenc

Ev'n his Blue Garter now he will discharge,
Nor keep the warlike figure of St. George;
That holy champion now is vanquish'd quite;
Alas! the Dragon has subdu'd the Knight;
His crown, that toilsome weight of glory, now
Divests awhile from his more easy brow;
And all those charming curls that did adorn
His royal head——those jetty curls, are shorn:
Himself he clothes in a coarse russet weed;
Nor was the poor man feign'd, but so indeed.
And now the greatest king the world e'er saw
Is subject to the house's ancient law;
(A convent once, which poverty did profess,
Here he puts off all worldly pomp and dress)
And, like a Monk, a sad adieu he takes
Of all his friends, and the false world forsakes:
But yet, ere long, even this humble state,
Alas! shall be deny'd him by his Fate;
he drives him forth even from this mean abode,
'ho wanders now a hermit in the wood,
ungry and tir'd, to rest and seek his food.
e dark and lonely shade conceals the King,
10 feeds on flow'rs, and drinks the murm'ring
spring;
e happy here than on a restless throne,
d he but call those shades and springs his own:
onger Fate will that repose allow,
even of earth itself deprives him now;

A Tree will hardly here a feat afford,
Amidſt her boughs, to her abandon'd lord.
Then (O my Nymphs!) you who your monarch love,
To ſave your darling haſten to that grove;
Nor think I vain propheticks do expreſs)
In ſilence let each nymph her trunk poſſeſs;
O'er all the woods and plains let not a Tree
Be uninhabited by a deity,
While I the largeſt foreſt Oak inſpire,
And with you to this leafy court retire;
There keep a faithful watch each night and day,
And with erected heads the fields ſurvey,
Leſt any impious ſoldier paſs that way,
And ſhould profanely touch that pledge of Heav'n,
Which to our guarding ſhade in charge was giv'n.

Worn out with num'rous toils; and even in sleep
Sighs seem to heave his breast, his eyes to weep.
For is that colour of his face his own,
That sooty veil, for some disguise put on,
To keep the nobler part from being known;
Or, 'midst of all—something of sacred light
Beams forth, and does inform my wond'ring sight,
And now—arises to my view more bright.
Ha!—can my eyes deceive me, or am I
Yet last no true presaging deity?
Yet if I am, that wretched rustick thing,
Heav'ns, and all your Powers! must be the King.
—Yes, 't is the King! his image all divine
Breaks thro' that cloud of darkness, and a shine
Wields all the sooty visor!—but, alas!
Who is it approaches him with such a pace?
—'t is no traitor; the just gods, I find,
Have still a pitying care of humankind.
This is the gallant, loyal Careless! thrown
By the same wreck by which the King 's undone)
Beneath our shades; he comes in pious care,
O happy Man! than Cromwell happier far
On whom ill Fate this honour does confer)
He tells the King the woods are overspread
With villains arm'd, to search that prize, his head,
How poorly set to sale.—The foe is nigh,
What shall they do? ah! whither shall they fly?

They from the danger haſty counſel took,
And, by ſome god inſpir'd, aſcend my Oak;
My Oak, the largeſt in the faithful wood,
Whom to receive I my glad branches bow'd,
And for the King a throne prepar'd, and ſpread
My thickeſt leaves a canopy o'er his head;
The Miſſeltoe commanded to aſcend,
Around his ſacred perſon to attend,
(Oh, happy omen!) ſtraight it did obey,
The ſacred Miſſeltoe attends with joy:
Here without fear their proſtrate heads they bow,
The King is ſafe beneath my ſhelter now;
And you, my Nymphs! with awful ſilence may
Your adorations to your ſovereign pay,
And cry, All hail! thou moſt belov'd of Heav'n,

O brave reprisal! which the gods prefer,
That makes you triumph o'er the conqueror:
The gods, who one day will this juſtice do,
Both make you victor and triumpher too!
That day 's at hand, O let that day come on,
Wherein that wondrous miracle ſhall be ſhown;
May its gay morn be more than uſual bright,
And riſe upon the world with new-created light:
Or let that ſtar, whoſe dazzling beams were hurl'd
Upon his birthday, now inform the world;
That brave bold conſtellation, which in ſight
Of mid-day's ſun durſt lift its lamp of light:
Now, happy Star! again at mid-day riſe,
And with new prodigies adorn the ſkies;
Great Charles again is born; Monk's valiant hand
At laſt delivers the long lab'ring land.
This is the month, great Prince! muſt bring you forth;
May pays her fragrant tributes at your birth;
This is the month that 's due to you by Fate;
O month moſt glorious! month moſt fortunate!
When you between your royal brothers rode,
Amidſt your ſhining train, attended like ſome god,
One would believe that all the world were met
To pay their homage at your ſacred feet;
The wand'ring gazers numberleſs as theſe,
Or as the leaves on the vaſt foreſt Trees:
He comes! he comes! they cry, while the loud din
Reſounds to heav'n; and then, Long live the King.

And ſure the ſhouts of their reecho'd joys
Reach'd to the utmoſt bounds of diſtant ſeas,
Borne by the flying winds thro' yielding air,
And ſtrike the foreign ſhores with awful fear.
O 't is a wondrous pleaſure to be mad;
Such frantick turns our nation oft' has had:
Permit it now, ye Stoicks! ne'er till now
The frenzy you more juſtly might allow,
Since 't is a joyful fit that ends the fears,
And wretched fury of ſo many years.
Nor will the Night her ſable wings diſplay
T' obſcure the luſtre of ſo bright a day;
At leaſt the much-tranſported multitude
Permits not the dark goddeſs to intrude:
The whole iſle ſeem'd to burn with joyful flames,
Whoſe rays gilt all the face of neighb'ring Thames.
But how ſhall I expreſs the vulgar's joys,
Their ſongs, their feaſts, their laughter, and their cries?
How fountains run with the Vine's precious juice,
And ſuch the flowing rivers ſhould produce!
Their ſtreams the richeſt nectar ſhould afford;
The Golden Age ſeems now again reſtor'd.
See—ſmiling Peace does her bright face diſplay,
Down thro' the air ſerene ſhe cuts her way,
Expels the clouds, and riſes on the day:
Long exil'd from our ſhores, new joy ſhe brings,
Embracing Albion with her ſnowy wings;

Nor comes ſhe unattended, but a throng
Of noble Britiſh matrons brings along;
Plenty, fair Fame, and charming Modeſty,
Religion, long ſince fled with Loyalty,
And in a decent garb the lovely Piety;
Juſtice, from Fraud and Perj'ry forc'd to fly,
Learning, fine Arts, and gen'rous Liberty:
Bleſs'd Liberty! thou faireſt in the train,
And moſt eſteem'd in a juſt prince's reign.

With theſe, as lov'd, great Mary, too, return'd,
In her own country who long exile mourn'd.
You, royal Mother! you, whoſe only crime
Was loving Charles, and ſharing woes with him;
Now Heav'n repays, tho' ſlow, yet juſt and true,
For him revenge, and juſt rewards for you.

Hail, mighty Queen! form'd by the pow'rs divine,
The ſhame of our weak ſex, and pride of thine;
How well have you in either fortune ſhown?
In either, ſtill your mind was all your own:
The giddy world roll'd round you long in vain,
Who fix'd in virtue's centre ſtill remain.

And now, juſt Prince! thou thy great mind ſhalt bring
To the true weighty office of a king.
The gaping wounds of War thy hand ſhall cure,
Thy royal hand, gentle alike, and ſure!
And by inſenſible degrees efface
Of foregone ills the very ſcars and trace;

Force to the injur'd law thou ſhalt reſt
And all that majeſty in Majeſty it own
Thou long-corrupted manners ſhalt re
And faith and honour of the Engliſh n
Thus long-neglected gardens entertain
Their baniſh'd maſter when return'd a
All overrun with weeds he finds, but ſe
Luxuriant branches carefully will prun
The weaken'd arms of the ſick Vine he
And with kind bands ſuſtain the looſen
Much does he plant, and much extirpa
And with his art and ſkill make all thi
A work immenſe, yet ſweet, and whic
days,
When the fair Trees their blooming gl

[illegible] then thy gift shall be,
[illegible] bright winter-fires they 'll owe to thee:
[illegible] those beams their palaces sustain,
all their floating castles on the main.
[illegible] knows, great Prince! but thou this happy
day
towns and navies may'st foundations lay,
[illegible] thousand years are roll'd away?
[illegible] thou those mighty triumphs, then, which for
thee grew,
mighty triumphs for succeeding ages sow:
[illegible]u Glory's craggy top shalt first essay,
de the clouds, and mark the shining way;
Fame's bright temples shalt thy subjects guide,
Britons bold, almost of night deny'd:
foaming waves thy dread commands shall stay,
dread commands the foaming waves obey:
wat'ry world no Neptune owns but thee,
thy three kingdoms shall thy trident be.
[illegible]hat madness, O Batavians! you possess'd,
t the sea's sceptre you 'd from Britain wrest,
ch Naturegave, whomshewith floods has crown'd,
fruitful Amphitrite embraces round:
rest o' th' world's just kiss'd by Amphitrite;
on she' embraces, all her dear delight.
scarce th' insulting ocean can restrain,
bear th' assaults of the besieging main,
r grafts, and mounds, and trenches, all in vain:

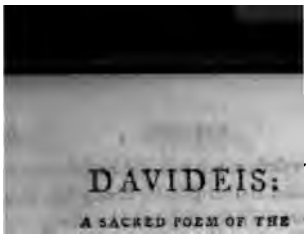
nd yet what fond ambition ſpurs you on?
ou dare attempt to make the ſeas your own;
'er the vaſt ocean, which no limit knows,
he narrow jaws of ponds and fens impoſe:
ur Charles his lively valour this defies,
nd this the ſturdy Britiſh Oak denies.
'er empty ſeas the fierce Batavian fleet
ays triumphs, while there was no foe to meet.
ur fear not, Belgian! he 'll not tarry long,
e 'll ſoon be here, and interrupt thy ſong;
or late thou 'lt of thy haſty joys complain,
nd to thy native ſhores look back in vain.
reat James, as ſoon as the firſt whiſper came,
rodigal of his life, and greedy but of fame,
Vith eager haſte returns, as faſt as they,

Next comes illuſtrious James, and, where he goes,
To cowards leaves the crowd of vulgar foes:
To th' Royal Sov'reign's deck he ſeems to grow,
Shakes his broadſword, and ſeeks an equal foe:
Nor did bold Opdam's mighty mind refuſe
The dreadful honour which 't was death to chuſe:
Both Admirals with haſte for fight prepare,
The reſt might ſtand and gaze, themſelves a war.
O whither, whither, Opdam! doſt thou fly?
Can this raſh valour pleaſe the Pow'rs on high?
It cann't, it won't—or wouldſt thou proudly die
By ſuch a mighty hand? No, Opdam! no:
Thy fate 's to periſh by a nobler foe.
Heav'n only, Opdam! ſhall thy conqu'ror be,
A labour worth its while to conquer thee:
Heav'n ſhall be there to guard its beſt lov'd houſe,
And juſt revenge inflict on all your broken vows.
The mighty ſhip a hundred cannons bore,
A hundred cannons which like thunder roar;
Six times as many men in ſhivers torn,
Ere one broadſide or ſingle ſhot it had borne,
Is with a horrid crack blown up to the ſky
In ſmoke and flames o'er all the ocean nigh;
Torn half-burnt limbs of ſhips, and ſeamen, ſcatter'd lie.
Whether a real bolt from Heav'n was thrown
Among the guilty wretches is not known,

'ho' likely 't is; Amboyna's wickedneſs,
nd broken peace and oaths, deſerv'd no leſs;
)r whether fatal gunpowder it were,
y ſome unlucky ſpark enkindled there;
v'n Chance, by Heav'n directed, is the rod,
'he fiery ſhaft of an avenging God.
'he flaming wreck the hiſſing deep floats o'er,
ar, far away, almoſt to either ſhore,
Which ev'n from pious foes would pity draw,
trembling pity, mix'd with dreadful awe;
ut pity yet ſcarce any room can find;
What noiſe, what horrour, ſtill remains behind?
)n either ſide does wild Confuſion reign,
hip grapples ſhip, and ſink into the main.
he Orange, careleſs of loſt Opdam's fate,

Such dusky globes of flame around 'em br
Thro' the dark shadow of the guns and sh
Can fire in water then such license claim
Justly the water hides itself for shame;
The dreadful wreck outstretching far away
Vast ruins o'er its trembling bosom lay:
Here masts and rudders from their vessels to
There sails and flags across the waves are bo
A thousand floating bodies there appear,
As many half-dead men lie groaning here.
If any where the sea itself is reveal'd,
With horrid purple tracks the azure wave's con
All sunk or took, 't were tedious to relate,
And all the sad variety of Fate
One day produces—With what art and skill
e'n Chance, ingenious, seems to save or kill,
o spare or to torment, whoe'er she will!
he vulgar deaths, below the Muse to heed,
ot only faith, but number, too, exceed.
ree noble youths, by the same sudden death,
brave example to the world bequeath;
n'd for high birth, but merits yet more high;
at one fatal moment's warning die,
n by one shot; almost one body they,
e brothers in one death confounded lay.
would not Fortune harsh and barb'rous call?
ortune was benign and kind withal;

or next to theſe—I tremble ſtill with fear,
My joy 's diſturb'd while ſuch a danger near;
Careleſs, unhurt, the Royal Adm'ral ſtood,
Stunn'd with the blow, and ſprinkled with their blood.
Fiercer he preſſes on, while they retir'd;
He preſſes on, with grief and anger fir'd.
Nor longer can the Belgian force engage
The Engliſh valour, warm'd with double rage;
Breaks with their loſſes and a cauſe ſo ill;
Their ſhatter'd fleet all the wide ocean fill,
Till trembling Rhine opens his harbours wide,
Seeing the wretches from our thunder fly;
From our hot chaſe their ſhatter'd fleet he 'd hide,
And bends his conquer'd Horns as we go by."
In ſacred rage the Dryad this reveal'd,



DAVIDEIS:

A SACRED POEM OF THE

TROUBLES OF DAVID.

IN FOUR BOOKS.

[illegible] Musa,
[illegible] amore,
[illegible] monstrat. VIRG. Georg. II.

BOOK I.

The Contents.

proposition. The invocation. The entrance into the history, from
w agreement between Saul and David. A description of Hell.
Devil's speech. Envy's reply to him. Her appearing to Saul in
shape of Benjamin. Her speech, and Saul's to himself, after she
vanished. A description of Heaven. God's speech. He sends an
el to David. The angel's message to him. David sent for to play
ore Saul. A digression concerning musick. David's Psalm. Saul
mpts to kill him. His escape to his own house, from whence, being
sued by the King's guard, by the artifice of his wife Michol he
apes, and flies to Naioh, the Prophet's College at Ramah. Saul's
ech and rage at his escape. A long digression, describing the Pro-
t's College, and their manner of life there, and the ordinary sub-
s of their poetry. Saul's guards pursue David thither, and prophesy.
among the prophets. He is compared to Balaam, whose song con-
des the Book.

NG the Man who Judah's sceptre bore
at right-hand which held the crook before;
o from best poet, best of kings did grow,
two chief gifts Heav'n could on man bestow.

Much danger firſt, much toil, did he ſuſtain,
Whilſt Saul and Hell croſs'd his ſtrong fate in vain;
Nor did his crown leſs painful work afford,
Leſs exercise his patience or his ſword;
So long her conqu'ror Fortune's ſpite purſu'd,
Till with unwearied virtue he ſubdu'd
All homebred malice and all foreign boaſts;
Their ſtrength was armies, his the Lord of Hoſts.

Thou who didſt David's royal ſtem adorn (*a*),
And gav'ſt him birth from whom thyſelf waſt born;
Who didſt in triumph at Death's court appear,
And ſlew'ſt him with thy nails, thy croſs, and ſpear,
Whilſt Hell's black tyrant trembled to behold
The glorious light he forfeited of old;
Who, Heav'n's glad burden now, and juſteſt pride,

t work, a temple to thy praiſe,
illars of ſtrong verſe I raiſe!
ere, if thou vouchſafe to dwell,
and Herod's ſhall excel.
Muſes' land hath Heathen been;
o long were devils, and virtues ſin;
rnal Word, haſt call'd forth me,
convert that world to thee;
charms that in ſlight fables lie,
at truth is trueſt poeſy.
now of jealous Saul grew leſs,
conſtant virtue and ſucceſs;
ſt more weary to command
, than young David to withſtand,
hem; he fear'd his maſt'ring fate,
im a king's unpow'rful hate.
now how palms by oppreſſion ſpeed,
nd the victor's ſacred meed;
ifts them higher: well did he know
ſtream does wild and dangerous grow
ce: he now with wanton play
iſing banks and glides away;
n channel ſtopp'd, begins to roar,
th rage, and buffet the dull ſhore:
waters hurry to the war,
f waves come rolling from afar:
e ſuch weak ſtops to his free ſource,
s the neighb'ring fields with violent

This knew the tyrant, and this uſeful thought
His wounded mind to health and temper brought:
He old kind vows to David did renew,
wore conſtancy, and meant his oath for true.
A general joy at this glad news appear'd,
or David all men lov'd, and Saul they fear'd.
ngels and men did peace and David love,
ut Hell did neither him nor that approve:
rom man's agreement fierce alarms they take,
nd quiet here does there new buſineſs make.
Beneath the ſilent chambers of the earth,
Where the ſun's fruitful beams give metals birth,
Where he the growth of fatal gold does ſee,
old, which above more influence has than he;
eneath the dens where unfletcht tempeſts lie,

No gentle ſtars, with their fair gems of light,
Offend the ty'rannous and unqueſtion'd Night;
Here Lucifer the mighty captive reigns,
Proud 'midſt his woes, and tyrant in his chains;
Once general of a gilded hoſt of ſprights,
Like Heſper, leading forth the ſpangled Nights;
But down like light'ning, which him ſtruck, he came,
And roar'd at his firſt plunge into the flame:
Myriads of ſp'rits fell wounded round him there;
With dropping lights thick ſhone the finged air;
Since when the diſmal ſolace of their wo
Has only been weak mankind to undo;
Themſelves at firſt againſt themſelves they' excite,
(Their deareſt conqueſt, and moſt proud delight)
And if thoſe mines of ſecret treaſon fail,
With open force man's virtue they aſſail;
Unable to corrupt, ſeek to deſtroy,
And where their poiſons miſs the ſword employ.
Thus fought the tyrant fiend young David's fall,
And 'gainſt him arm'd the pow'rful rage of Saul:
He ſaw the beauties of his ſhape and face,
His female ſweetneſs, and his manly grace (*c*),
He ſaw the nobler wonders of his mind,
Great gifts, which for great works he knew deſign'd;
He ſaw (t' aſhame the ſtrength of man and hell (*d*),
How by his young hands their Gathite champion fell;

(*c*) 1 Sam. xvi. 12. (*d*) 1 Sam. xvii.

He saw the reverend prophet boldly shed
The royal drops round his enlarged head (e),
And well he knew what legacy did place
The sacred sceptre in bless'd Judah's race (f),
From which th' Eternal Shilo was to spring,
A knowledge which new hells to Hell did bring;
And tho' no less he knew himself too weak
The smallest link of strong-wrought Fate to break,
Yet would he rage and struggle with the chain,
Lov'd to rebel, tho' sure that it was in vain.
And now it broke his form'd design, to find
The gentle change of Saul's recov'ring mind:
He fretted much in Saul, and rag'd and griev'd
(The great deceiver) to be himself deceiv'd.
Thrice did he knock his iron teeth, thrice howl,
And into frowns his wrathful forehead roll:
His eyes dart forth red flames which scare the night,
And with worse fires the trembling ghosts affright.
A troop of ghastly fiends compass him round,
And greedily catch at his lips fear'd sound.
"Are we such nothings, then?" said he; "our will
"Cross'd by a shepherd's boy? and you yet still
"Play with your idle serpents here? Dares none
"Attempt what becomes furies? are ye grown
"Benumb'd with fear, or virtue's sprightless cold,
"You who were once (I'm sure) so brave and bold?
"Oh, my ill chang'd condition! oh, my fate!
"*Did I lose heav'n for this!*"

(e) 1 Sam. xvi. 13. (f) Gen. xlix. 10.

With that, with his long tail he lash'd his breast,
And horribly spoke out in looks the rest.
The quaking pow'rs of Night stood in amaze,
And at each other first could only gaze:
A dreadful silence fill'd the hollow place,
Doubling the native terrour of Hell's face;
Rivers of flaming brimstone, which before
So loudly rag'd, crept softly by the shore;
No hiss of snakes, no clank of chains, was known,
The souls amidst their tortures durst not groan.

Envy at last crawls forth from that dire throng,
Of all the direfull'st; her black locks hung long,
Attir'd with curling serpents; her pale skin
Was almost dropp'd from the sharp bones within;
And at her breast suck vipers, which did prey
Upon her panting heart both night and day;
Sucking black blood from thence, which, to repair,
Both night and day they left fresh poisons there.
Her garments were deep stain'd in human gore,
And torn by her own hands, in which she bore
A knotted whip and bowl, that to the brim
Did with green gall and juice of wormwood swim;
With which when she was drunk she furious grew,
And lash'd herself. Thus from the accursed crew
Envy, the worst of fiends, herself presents,
Envy! good only when she herself torments.

"Spend not, great King! thy precious rage," said
"Upon so poor a cause; shall mighty we

glory of our wrath to him afford?
we not furies ſtill? and you our lord?
ny dread anger the fix'd world ſhall ſhake,
frighted Nature her own laws forſake.
hou but threat, loud ſtorms ſhall make repl
thunder echo it to the trembling ſky;
lſt raging ſeas ſwell to ſo bold an height,
nall the fire's proud element affright.
old drudging Sun, from his long-beaten w
l at thy voice ſtart, and miſguide the day;
jocund orbs ſhall break their meaſur'd pac
ſtubborn poles change their allotted place
v'n's gilded troops ſhall flutter here and th
ying their boaſting ſongs tun'd to a ſphere
, their God, too,—for fear he did, when v
k noble arms againſt his tyranny,
oble arms, and in a cauſe ſo great,
t triumphs they deſerve for their defeat:
re was a day! oh, might I ſee 't again,

[redacted] offer'd up his brother's gore (*g*),
[redacted]far worſe than that before;
him fling the ſtone, as if he meant
to his murder and his monument,
augh to ſee (for 't was a goodly ſhow)
rth by her firſt tiller (*h*) fatt'ned ſo.
e proud Pharaoh to the parted ſea (*i*);
d his hoſt drank up cold death by me:
: rebellious arms fierce Corah took (*k*),
Moſes (curſe upon that name!) forſook:
r (ye know) almoſt alive he came
the cleft earth (*l*); our's was his ſun'ral flame.
:—But I loſe time, methinks, and ſhould
m new acts, whilſt I relate the old;
's the next our fury muſt enjoy;
ot thy God himſelf ſhall ſave thee, Boy!
f he do, may the whole world have peace;
ll ill actions, all ill fortune, ceaſe.
baniſh'd from this potent court below,
! a ragged, contemn'd Virtue grow."
oke; all ſtar'd at firſt, and made a pauſe;
ight the general murmur of applauſe
o' Deaths courts; ſhe frown'd ſtill, and begun
r at the praiſe herſelf had won.
elzebub ſtarts from his burning throne
race the fiend; but ſhe, now furious grown

1. iv. 8. (*b*) Gen. iv. 2. (*i*) Exod. xiv. 23.
m. xvi. 1. (*l*) Ib. ver. 31.

[illegible] bow'd, and thence ſhe fled
[illegible] the fiends all murmured.
[illegible] when ſilent Night began
[illegible] the buſy ſpirits of man;
[illegible] in his troubled breaſt
[illegible] lay, took gentle reſt:
[illegible] with haſte aroſe,
[illegible] ſtately towns ſhe goes, [ſhe,
[illegible] her head; "Shine on," ſays
[illegible] your ſole mon'ments be."
[illegible] paler grew,
[illegible] ſweated flow'ry dew;
[illegible] ſtraight backward fled,
[illegible] his aged head:
[illegible] ſtrong palace ſhook,

" For this did seas your pow'rful rod obey?
" Did wonders guide and feed you on your way?
" Could ye not there great Pharaoh's bondage [illegible],
" You who can serve a boy and minstrel here? [illegible]
" Forbid it God, if thou be'st just, this shame
" Cast not on Saul's, on mine, and Israel's name.
" Why was I else from Canaan's famine led [illegible]
" Happy, thrice happy, had I there been dead, [illegible]
" Ere my full loins discharg'd this num'rous race,
" This luckless tribe, ev'n crown'd to their [illegible]
" Ah, Saul! thy servant's vassal must thou live?
" Place to his harp must thy dread sceptre give? [illegible]
" What wants he now but that? Canst thou [illegible]
" (If thou be'st man thou canst not) how they [illegible]
" The youth with songs? Alas! poor Monarch! [illegible]
" Your thousand only he ten thousand [illegible]
" Him Israel loves, him neigh'bring countries [illegible]
" You but the name and empty title bear: [illegible]
" And yet the traitor lives, lives in thy court
" The court that must be his, where he shall [illegible]
" Himself with all thy concubines, thy [illegible],
" Thy costly robes, thy crown. Wert thou [illegible]
" This by proud Samuel, when at Gilgal [illegible]
" With bold false threats from God [illegible]
" The detard ly'd: God said it not, I know [illegible]
" Not Baal or Molo[illegible] have [illegible]

[illegible]

" Was not the choice his own? did not thy worth
" Exact the royal lot (ρ), and call it forth?
" Haſt thou not ſince (my beſt and greateſt Son)
" To him, and to his periſhing nation, done
" Such laſting benefits as may juſtly claim
" A ſceptre as eternal as thy fame?
" Poor Prince! whom madmen, prieſts, and boys, invade!
" By thine own fleſh, thy ingrateful ſon, betray'd!
" Unnatural fool! who can thus cheated be
" By Friendſhip's name againſt a crown and thee!
" Betray not, too, thyſelf: take courage, call
" Thy enchanted virtues forth, and be whole Saul.
" Lo! this great cauſe makes thy dead fathers riſe,
" Breaks the firm ſeals of their clos'd tombs and eyes:

" May they beget like acts." With that she takes
One of her worst, her best beloved snakes;
" Softly, dear Worm! soft and unseen," said she,
" Into his bosom steal, and in it be
" My viceroy." At that word she took her flight,
And her loose shape dissolv'd into the night.

Th' infected king leap'd from his bed amaz'd,
Scarce knew himself at first, but round him gaz'd,
And started back at piec'd-up shapes, which fear
And his distracted fancy painted there.
Terrour froze up his hair, and on his face
Show'rs of cold sweat roll'd trembling down apace;
Then knocking with his angry hands his breast,
Earth with his feet, he cries, " Oh! 't is confess'd;
" I 've been a pious fool, a woman-king;
" Wrong'd by a seer, a boy, every thing.
" Eight hundred years of death is not so deep,
" So unconcern'd, as my lethargick sleep;
" My patience ev'n a sacrilege becomes,
" Disturbs the dead, and opes their sacred tombs.
" Ah! Benjamin! kind Father! who for me
" This curs'd world endur'st again to see!
" All thou hast said, great Vision! is so true, [do.
" That all which thou command'st, and more, I 'll
" Kill him? yes, mighty Ghost! the wretch shall die (q),
" Tho' ev'ry star in heav'n should it deny,
" Nor mock th' assault of our just wrath again,
" Had he ten times his fam'd ten thousand slain.

(q) 1 Sam. xviii. 11.

" Should that bold popular madman, whose desi
" Is to revenge his own disgrace by mine,
" Should my ungrateful son oppose th' intent,
" Should mine own heart grow scrup'lous, and rele
" Curse me, just Heav'n! (by which this truth I swea
" If I that seer, my son, or self, do spare.
" No, gentle Ghost! return to thy still home;
" Thither this day mine and thy foe shall come:
" If that curs'd object longer vex my sight,
" It must have learn'd to appear as thou to-night."
Whilst thus his wrath with threats the tyrant fed,
The threaten'd youth slept fearless on his bed.
Sleep on, rest quiet as thy conscience take,
For tho' thou sleep'st thyself thy God 's awake.
Above the subtle foldings of the sky,
Above the well-set orbs'

[illegible]ers to come, and nothing paſt,
ernal Now does always laſt:
s the Almighty, Firſt of all, and End,
othing but himſelf can comprehend;
h his Word commanded all to be,
bey'd him, for that Word was he.
ſpoke, and every thing that is
the womb of fertile Nothing riſe.
ſhall tell, who ſhall deſcribe thy throne,
eat Three-One?
ou thyſelf doſt in full preſence ſhow,
it from theſe meaner worlds below:
ou wert, the elements' league would ceaſe,
ıy creatures break thy Nature's peace:
would ſtop his courſe, or gallop back,
drop out, the poles themſelves would crack;
rong foundations would be torn in twain,
vaſt work all ravel out again
t nothing; for his Spirit contains
knit maſs: from him each creature gains
l motion, which he ſtill beſtows;
. th' effect of our weak action flows:
ın vaſt armies of ſwift angels ſtand,
ren triumphant generals command:
loud anthems of his endleſs praiſe,
fix'd eyes drink in immortal rays.
e call'd out one; all heav'n did ſhake,
e kept whilſt its Creator ſpake.

Are we forgotten then so soon? can he
Look on his crown, and not remember me
That gave it? can he think we slid not hear
(Fond Man!) his threats? and have we made the cit
To be accounted deaf? No, Saul! we heard,
And it will cost thee dear: the ills thou 'dst fear'd,
Practis'd, or thought on, I'll all double send:
Have we not spoke it? and dares man contend?
Alas! poor Duft! didst thou but know the day
When thou must lie in blood at Gilboa (r),
Thou and thy sons, thou wouldst not threaten still,
Thy trembling tongue would flop against thy will.
Then shall thine head fix'd in curs'd temples be,
And all their foolish gods shall laugh at thee.
That hand which now on David's life would prey,
Shall then turn jaft, and its own maller slay.
He whom thou hat'st on thy hes'd throne shall fit,
And expiate the disgrace thou dost to it.
Haste, then, tell David what his King has sworn,
Tell him whose blood must paint this rising morn;
Yet bid him go securely when he sends:
'Tis Saul that is his foe, and we his friends.
The man who has his God no aid can lack,
And we who bid him go will bring him back.
He spoke; the heav'ns seem'd decently to bow,
With all their bright inhabitants; and now

(r) 1. Sam. xxxi. 8.

The jocund ſpheres began again to play,
Again each ſpirit ſung Halleluia;
Only that angel was ſtraight gone. Ev'n ſo
(But not ſo ſwift) the morning glories flow
At once from the bright ſun, and ſtrike the ground;
So winged lightning the ſoft air does wound:
Slow Time admires, and knows not what to call
The motion, having no account ſo ſmall.
So flew this angel, till to David's bed
He came, and thus his ſacred meſſage ſaid.
" Awake, young Man! hear what thy King has
" ſworn;
" He ſwore thy blood ſhould paint this riſing morn;
" Yet to him go ſecurely when he ſends:
" 'Tis Saul that is your foe, and God your friends.
" The man who has his God no aid can lack,
" And he who bids thee go will bring thee back."
Up leap'd Jeſſides, and did round him ſtare,
But could ſee nought, for nought was left but air.
Whilſt this great viſion labours in his thought,
Lo! the ſhort prophefy t' effect is brought.
In treach'rous haſte he's ſent for to the King (*s*),
And with him bid his charmful lyre to bring.
The King, they ſay, lies in a raging fit,
Which does no cure but ſacred tunes admit:
And true it was, ſoft muſick did appeaſe
Th' obſcure fantaſtick rage of Saul's diſeaſe (*t*).

(*s*) 1 Sam. xvi. 19. and xix. 9. (*t*) 1 Sam. xvi. 23.

Tell me, oh, Muſe! (for thou or none canſt tell
The myſtick pow'rs that in bleſs'd numbers dwell;
Thou their great nature know'ſt, nor is it fit
This nobleſt gem of thine own crown t' omit)
Tell me from whence theſe heav'nly charms ariſe;
Teach the dull world t' admire what they deſpiſe.

As firſt a various unform'd hint we find
Riſe in ſome godlike poet's fertile mind,
Till all the parts and words their places take,
And with juſt marches verſe and muſick make;
Such was God's poem, this world's new eſſay,
So wild and rude in its firſt draught it lay;
Th' ungovern'd parts no correſpondence knew,
An artleſs war from thwarting motions grew,
Till they to number and fix'd rules were brought

In this great world ſo much of it we ſee,
The leſſer, man, is all o'er harmony:
Storehouſe of all proportions! ſingle quire!
Which firſt God's breath did tunefully inſpire:
From hence bleſs'd muſick's heav'nly charms ariſe,
From ſympathy which them and man allies:
Thus they our ſouls, thus they our bodies, win,
Not by their force, but party that 's within:
Thus the ſtrange cure on our ſpilt blood apply'd,
Sympathy to the diſtant wound does guide:
Thus when two brethren-ſtrings are ſet alike,
To move them both, but one of them we ſtrike:
Thus David's lyre did Saul's wild rage controul,
And tun'd the harſh diſorders of his ſoul.

" When Iſrael was from bondage led (*a*),
" Led by the Almighty's hand
" From out a foreign land,
" The great ſea beheld and fled.
" As men purſu'd, when that fear paſt they find,
" Stop on ſome higher ground to look behind,
" So whilſt thro' wondrous ways
" The ſacred army went,
" The waves afar ſtood up to gaze,
" And their own rocks did repreſent,
" Solid as waters are above the firmament.

(*a*) Pſal. cxiv.

" Old Jordan's waters to their ſpring
Start back with ſudden fright;
The ſpring, amaz'd at ſight,
Aſks what news from ſea they bring?
The mountains ſhook; and to the mountains' ſide
The little hills leap'd round, themſelves to hide;
As young affrighted lambs,
When they ought dreadful ſpy,
Run trembling to their helpleſs dams,
The mighty ſea and river by
Were glad, for their excuſe, to ſee the hills too fly.

" What ail'd the mighty ſea to flee?
Or why did Jordan's tide
Back to his fountain glide?

[illegible] him remain'd,
[illegible] voice disdain'd (
Seems to lie drown'd and bury'd still in it,
From his past madness drawn this wicked use,
To sin disguis'd, and murder with excuse;
For whilst the fearless youth his cure pursues,
And the soft med'cine with kind art renews,
The barb'rous patient casts at him his spear (x);
The usual sceptre that rough hand did bear)
[illegible]sts it with vi'lent strength; but into the room
[illegible] arm more strong and sure than his was come;
[illegible] angel, whose unseen and easy might,
[illegible]s by the weapon, and misled it right.
[illegible]w vain man's pow'r is! unless God command,
[illegible] weapon disobeys his master's hand!
[illegible]py was now the errour of the blow;
[illegible]illbou it will not serve him so.
[illegible] would have thought, Saul's sudden rage to 'ave
[illegible]d himself by David wounded been;
[illegible]rn'd to leave what he did ill begin,
[illegible]ought his honour now engag'd i' th' sin.
[illegible]y troop of his own guards he sends
[illegible] to his will, and falsely call'd his Friends)
[illegible]d his errour by a surer blow;
[illegible]rdain'd, but God ordain'd not so.

[illegible]lviii. 5. (x) 1 Sam. xviii. 11. and xix. 20.

Some flies the prince, and to his trembling wife
Relates the new-paſt hazard of his life;
Which ſhe with decent paſſion hears him tell,
Or not her own fair eyes ſhe lov'd ſo well.
On their palace top, beneath a row
Of Lemon Trees, which there did proudly grow,
And with bright ſtores of golden fruit repay
The light they drank from the ſun's neighb'ring ray,
A (ſmall but artful paradiſe) they walk'd,
And hand in hand ſad gentle things they talk'd.
Here Michol firſt an armed troop eſpies
(So faithful and ſo quick are loving eyes)
Which march'd, and often gliſter'd thro' a wood,
That on right-hand of her fair palace ſtood;
She ſaw them (*a*), and cry'd out, "They're come to kill

"Beſt of all women!" he replies—and this
Scarce ſpoke, ſhe ſtops his anſwer with a kiſs.
"Throw not away," ſaid ſhe "thy precious breath;
"Thou ſtay'ſt too long within the reach of death."
Timely he' obeys her wiſe advice, and ſtraight
To unjuſt force ſhe' oppoſes juſt deceit.
She meets the murd'rers with a virtuous lie (*c*),
And good-diſſembling tears. "May he not die
"In quiet then?" ſaid ſhe: "will they not give
"That freedom who ſo fear leſt he ſhould live?
"Ev'n Fate does with your cruelty conſpire,
"And ſpares your guilt, yet does what you deſire.
"Muſt he not live? for that ye need not ſin;
"My much-wrong'd huſband ſpeechleſs lies within,
"And has too little left of vital breath
"To know his murderers, or to feel his death:
"One hour will do your work."———
Here her well-govern'd tears dropp'd down apace:
Beauty and ſorrow, mingled in one face,
Has ſuch reſiſtleſs charms that they believe,
And an unwilling aptneſs find to grieve
At what they came for. A pale ſtatue's head,
In linen wrapp'd, appear'd on David's bed;
Two ſervants mournful ſtand, and ſilent, by,
And on the table med'cinal relicks lie;
In the cloſe room a well-plac'd taper's light
Adds a becoming horrour to the ſight:

(*c*) 1 Sam. xix. 14.

And for the impreſſion God prepar'd their ſenſe;
They ſaw, believ'd all this and parted thence.
How vain attempts Saul's unbleſs'd anger tries,
By his own hands deceiv'd, and ſervants' eyes!
"It cannot be," ſaid he: "no, can it? ſhall
"Our great ten thouſand ſlayer idly fall?
"The ſilly rout thinks God protects him ſtill;
"But God, alas! guards not the bad from ill.
"Oh may he guard him! may his members be
"In as full ſtrength and well-ſet harmony,
"As the freſh body of the firſt-made man,
"Ere ſin, or ſin's juſt meed, diſeaſe began:
"He will be elſe too ſmall for our vaſt hate,
"And we muſt ſhare in our revenge with Fate.
"No; let us have him whole; we elſe may ſeem

" Samuel, may change or croſs my juſt intent,
" And I this formal pity ſoon repent.
" Beſides, Fate gives him me, and whiſpers this,
" That he can fly no more, if we ſhould miſs.
" Miſs! can we miſs again? go bring him ſtraight,
" Tho' gaſping out his ſoul (*d*): if the wiſh'd date
" Of his accurſed life be almoſt paſt,
" Some joy 't will be to ſee him breathe his laſt."
The troop return'd of their ſhort virtue' aſham'd,
Saul's courage prais'd and their own weakneſs blam'd:
But when the pious fraud they underſtood,
Scarce the reſpect due to Saul's ſacred blood,
Due to the ſacred beauty in it reign'd,
From Michol's murder their wild rage reſtrain'd.
She alleg'd the holieſt chains that bind a wife (*e*),
Duty and love; ſhe alleg'd that her own life,
Had ſhe refus'd that ſafety to her lord,
Would have incurr'd juſt danger from his ſword.
Now was Saul's wrath full grown; he takes no reſt;
A violent flame rolls in his troubled breaſt,
And in fierce lightning from his eye does break;
Not his own fav'rites and beſt friends dare ſpeak,
Or look on him; but mute and trembling all,
Fear where this cloud will burſt, and thunder fall.
So when the pride and terrour of the wood,
A lion, prick'd with rage and want of food,
Eſpies out from afar ſome well-fed beaſt,
And bruſtles up, preparing for his feaſt;

(*d*) 1 Sam. xix. 15. (*e*) 1 Sam. xix. 17.

If that by swiftness 'scape his gaping jaws,
His bloody eyes he hurls round, his sharp paws
Tear up the ground; then runs he wild about,
Lashing his angry tail, and roaring out;
Beasts creep into their dens, and tremble there;
Trees, tho' no wind be stirring, shake with fear;
Silence and horrour fill the place around,
Echo itself dares scarce repeat the sound.
'Midst a large wood that joins fair Rama's town
(The neighbourhood fair Rama's chief renown)
A College stands, where at great Prophets' feet
The prophets' sons with silent diligence meet,
By Samuel built, and mod'rately endow'd,
Yet more to his lib'ral tongue than hands they ow
There himself taught, and his bless'd voice to hea

Well-furnish'd chambers for in each their stood
A narrow couch, table, and chair of wood;
More is but clog, where use does bound delight,
And those are rich whose wealth's proportion'd right
To their life's form: more goods would but become
A burden to them, and contract their room.
A second court more sacred stood behind,
Built fairer, and to nobler use design'd;
The hall and schools one
The library and synagogu
Tables of plain-cut fir ad
And with beasts' skins th d all.
The rev'rend doctors tak h,
Th' elect companions in
The scholars far below up
On fresh-strew'd rushes, pla ves around:
With more respect the wife and ancient lay,
But ate not choicer herbs or bread than they,
Nor purer waters drank, their constant feast,
But by great days and sacrifice increas'd.
The schools built round and higher, at the end
With their fair circle did this side extend;
To which their synagogue on th' other side,
And to the hall their library reply'd.
The midst tow'rds their large gardens open lay,
To' admit the joys of spring and early day.
I' the library a few choice authors stood;
Yet 't was well-stor'd, for that small store was good:

, man's ſpiritual phyſick, was not then
now, grown a diſeaſe of men.
z (young virgin!) but few ſuitors knew;
mon proſtitute ſhe lately grew,
h her ſpurious brood loads now the preſs,
is effects of idleneſs!
the various forms one might behold
ters ſav'd themſelves from death of old:
infully engrav'd in thin wrought plates,
t in wood, ſome lightlier trac'd on ſlates;
wn on fair palm-leaves, with ſhortliv'd toil,
their friend the cedar lent his oil;
rought in ſilks, ſome writ in tender barks;
e ſharp ſtyle in waxen tables marks;
beaſts' ſkins, and ſome in Biblos reed,
w rude arts, which age and growth did need.
ols were painted well with uſeful ſkill;
aps, and ſtories, the learn'd wall did fill:
toleſome proverbs mix'd around the room,

By what juſt ſteps the wand'ring lights advance,
And what eternal meaſures guide their dance:
Himſelf a prophet; but his lectures ſhow'd
How little of that art to them he ow'd.
Mahol th' inferiour world's fantaſtick face,
Thro' all the turns of Matter's maze, did trace;
Great Nature's well-ſet clock in pieces took,
On all the ſprings and ſmalleſt wheels did look
Of life and motion; and with equal art
Made up again the whole of ev'ry part.
The prophet Gad in learned duſt deſigns
Th' immortal ſolid rules of fancy'd lines;
Of numbers, too, th' unnumber'd wealth he ſhows,
And with them far their endleſs journey goes:
Numbers, which ſtill increaſe more high and wide
From one, the root of their turn'd pyramid.
Of men, and ages paſt, Seraiah read,
Embalm'd in long-liv'd Hiſtory the dead;
Show'd the ſteep falls, and ſlow aſcent, of ſtates;
What wiſdom and what follies make their fates.
Samuel himſelf did God's rich law diſplay,
Taught doubting men with judgment to obey;
And oft' his raviſh'd ſoul with ſudden flight
Soar'd above preſent times and human ſight.
Theſe arts but welcome ſtrangers might appear,
Muſick and verſe ſeem'd born and bred up here;
Scarce the bleſs'd heav'n, that rings with angels' voice,
Does with more conſtant harmony rejoice.

The ſacred Muſe does here each breaſt inſpire;
Heman and ſweet-mouth'd Aſaph rule their quire
Both charming poets, and all ſtrains they play'd,
By artful breath or nimble fingers made.
The ſynagogue was dreſs'd with care and coſt,
(The only place where that they eſteem'd not loſt)
The glitt'ring roof with gold did daze the view,
The ſides refreſh'd with ſilks of ſacred blue.
Here thrice each day they read their perfect law,
Thrice pray'rs from willing Heav'n a bleſſing draw
Thrice in glad hymns ſwell'd with the great Om
praiſe,
The pliant voice on her ſev'n ſteps they raiſe,
Whilſt all th' enliven'd inſtruments around
To the juſt feet with various concord ſound.

And their aſtoniſh'd heads o' the ſudden rear'd;
An unſhap'd kind of ſomething firſt appear'd,
Confeſſing its new being, and undreſs'd,
As if it ſtepp'd in haſte before the reſt:
Yet buried in this matter's darkſome womb,
Lay the rich ſeeds of ev'ry thing to come.
From hence the cheerful flame leap'd up ſo high,
Cloſe at its heels the nimble air did fly;
Dull earth with its own weight did downwards pierce
To the fix'd navel of the univerſe,
And was quite loſt in waters; till God ſaid
To the proud ſea, Shrink in your ins'lent head;
See how the gaping earth has made you place!
That durſt not murmur, but ſhrunk in apace.
Since when his bounds are ſet, at which in vain
He foams, and rages, and turns back again.
With richer ſtuff he bade heav'n's fabrick ſhine;
And from him a quick ſpring of light divine
Swell'd up the ſun, from whence his cheriſhing flame
Fills the whole world, like him from whom it came.
He ſmooth'd the rough-caſt moon's imperfect mould,
And comb'd her beamy locks with ſacred gold:
"Be thou," ſaid he, "queen of the mournful Night;"
And as he ſpoke ſhe' aroſe, clad o'er in light,
With thouſand ſtars attending on her train:
With her they riſe, with her they ſet again.
Then herbs peep'd forth, new trees admiring ſtood,
And ſmelling flow'rs painted the infant wood.

en flocks of birds thro' the glad air did flee,
yful and safe before man's luxury,
aching their Maker in their untaught lays:
y, the mute fish witness his praise;
r those he made, and cloth'd with silver scales,
om minoes to those living islands, whales.
sils, too, were his command; what could he more!
man he could, the bond of all before;
him he all things with strange order hurl'd;
hum, that full abridgment of the world.
is, and much more, of God's great works they told;
mercies, and some judgments, too, of old:
w when all earth was deeply stain'd in sin,
ith an impetuous noise the waves came rushing in:
here birds erewhile dwelt, and securely sung,
en fish (an unknown net) entangled hung:
face of shipwreck'd Nature naked lay;
he sun peep'd forth, and beheld nought but sea.

Much, too, they told of faithful Abram's fame,
To whose bless'd passage they owe still their name:
Of Moses much, and the great seed of Nun.
What wonders they perform'd, what lands they won;
How many kings they slew, or captive brought,
They held the swords, but God and angels fought.

Thus gain'd they the wise spending of their days,
And their whole life was their dear Maker's praise:
No minute's rest, no swiftest thought, they sold
To that beloved plague of mankind, gold;
Gold! for which all mankind with greater pains
Labour tow'rds Hell, than those who dig its veins.
Their wealth was the contempt of it, which more
They valu'd than rich fools the shining ore.
The silkworm's precious death they scorn'd to wear,
And Tyrian dye appear'd but sordid there.
Honour, which since the price of souls became,
Seem'd to these great ones a low idle name.
Instead of down, hards beds they chose to have,
Such as might bid them not forget their grave.
Their board dispeopled no full element;
Free Nature's bounty thriftily they spent,
And spar'd the stock: nor could their bodies say,
We owe this crudeness t' excess yesterday.
Thus souls live cleanly, and no soiling fear,
But entertain their welcome Maker there:
The Senses perform nimbly what they 're bid,
And honestly, nor are by Reason chid;

And when the down of ſleep does ſoftly fall,
Their dreams are heav'nly then, and myſtical:
With haſty wings time preſent they outfly,
And tread the doubtful maze of Deſtiny:
There walk and ſport among the years to come,
And with quick eye pierce ev'ry cauſe's womb.
Thus theſe wiſe ſaints enjoy'd their little all,
Free from the ſpite of much-miſtaken Saul:
For if man's life we in juſt balance weigh,
David deſerv'd his envy leſs than they.
Of this retreat the hunted prince makes choice,
Adds to their quire his nobler lyre and voice:
But long unknown ev'n here he could not lie,
So bright his luſtre, ſo quick Envy's eye!
Th' offended troop, whom he eſcap'd before,

[illegible] the sprint sent (*b*);
And was twice more mock'd with the same event.
His heighten'd rage no longer brooks delay;
It sends him there himself (*c*); but on the way
His foolish anger a wise fury grew,
And blessings from his mouth unbidden flew.
His kingly robes he laid at Naioh down,
Began to understand and scorn his crown;
Employ'd his mounting thoughts on nobler things,
And felt more solid joys than empire brings;
Embrac'd his wond'ring son, and on his head
The balm of all past wounds, kind tears, he shed.
So cov'tous Balaam, with a fond intent
Of cursing the bless'd seed, to Moab went (*k*);
But as he went, his fatal tongue to sell,
His ass taught him to speak, God to speak well (*l*):
" How comely are thy tents, oh, Israel (*m*)!"
Thus he began, " what conquests they foretel!
" Less fair are orchards in their autumn pride,
" Adorn'd with trees on some fair river's side;
" Less fair are vallies, their green mantles spread,
" Or mountains with tall cedars on their head!
" 'Twas God himself (thy God who must not fear?)
" Brought thee from bondage to be master here:
" Slaughter shall wear out these, new weapons get,
" And Death in triumph on thy darts shall sit.

(*b*) 1 Sam. xix. 21. (*i*) Ibid. ℣. 23. (*k*) Num. xxii. 15, 21.
(*l*) Ibid. ℣. 28. (*m*) Num. xxiv. 5.

" When Judah's Lion ſtarts up to his prey,
" The beaſts ſhall hang their ears and creep away:
" When he lies down, the woods ſhall ſilence keep,
" And dreadful tigers tremble at his ſleep.
" Thy curſers, Jacob! ſhall twice curſed be,
" And he ſhall bleſs himſelf that bleſſes thee."

End of the First Book.

DAVIDEIS.

BOOK II.

The Contents.

THE friendship betwixt Jonathan and David; and, upon that occasion, a digression concerning the nature of love. A discourse between Jonathan and David, upon which the latter absents himself from court, and the former goes thither to inform himself of Saul's resolution. The feast of the New-moon; the manner of the celebration of it; and therein a digression of the history of Abraham. Saul's speech upon David's absence from the feast, and his anger against Jonathan. David's resolution to fly away. He parts with Jonathan, and falls asleep under a tree. A description of Fancy. An angel makes up a vision in David's head. The vision itself; which is a prophesy of all the succession of his race, till Christ's time, with their most remarkable actions. At his awaking Gabriel assumes an human shape, and confirms to him the truth of his vision.

But now the early birds began to call
The morning forth; up rose the sun and Saul:
Both, as men thought, rose fresh from sweet repose;
But both, alas! from restless labours rose:
For in Saul's breast Envy, the toilsome sin,
Had all that night active and tyrannous been:
She' expell'd all forms of kindness, virtue, grace,
Of the past day no footstep left, or trace;
The new-blown sparks of his old rage appear,
Nor could his love dwell longer with his fear.
So near a storm wise David would not stay,
Nor trust the glitt'ring of a faithless day:
He saw the sun call in his beams apace,
And angry clouds march up into their place:

The ſea itſelf ſmooths his rough brow awhile,
Flatt'ring the greedy merchant with a ſmile;
But he whoſe ſhipwreck'd bark it drank before,
Sees the deceit, and knows it would have more.
Such is the ſea, and ſuch was Saul;
But Jonathan his ſon, and only good,
Was gentle as fair Jordan's uſeful flood;
Whoſe innocent ſtream, as it in ſilence goes,
Freſh honours and a ſudden ſpring beſtows
On both his banks, to ev'ry flow'r and tree;
The manner how lies hid, th' effect we ſee:
But more than all, more than himſelf, he lov'd
The man whoſe worth his father's hatred mov'd;
For when the noble youth at Dammin ſtood,
Adorn'd with ſweat, and painted gay with blood,

[illegible] thing?
[illegible] does thy strange nature spring?
[illegible] mov'st the world thro' ev'ry part,
[illegible] the vast frame close, that nothing start
[illegible] place and office first ordain'd
are all things made, and are sustain'd.
[illegible] we see thee fully, and can say
[illegible] thou took'st thy rise, and went'st that
[illegible] the short beams of Reason's eye [way;
[illegible] thou art, not how, nor why.
[illegible] loadstone, Nature's subtle pride,
[illegible] iron woo'd, and made a bride?
the weapon wounded? what hid flame
[illegible] and conqu'ring metal overcame?
[illegible] world's grace) exalts his natural state;
[illegible]ee, Love! and feels no more his weight.
[illegible] Heads! whom ivy garlands grace,
that twining plant the oak embrace?
[illegible]or courtship most of all unfit,
[illegible] as are the winds that fight with it.
the absent pole the needle move?
his cold and ice beget hot love?
[illegible] the wings of lightness to ascend?
[illegible]es weight t' the centre downwards bend?
[illegible]ures void of life obey thy laws,
[illegible]n we, they never, know the cause.
[illegible]e state, life gives the next degree,
[illegible]se and good apparent places thee;

But thy chief palace is man's heart alone;
Here are thy triumphs and full glories ſhown:
Handſome deſires, and reſt, about thee flee,
Union, inherence, zeal, and eeſtaſy,
With thouſand joys, cluſter around thine head,
O'er which a gallefs dove her wings does ſpread:
A gentle lamb, purer and whiter far
Than conſciences of thine own martyrs are,
Lies at thy feet; and thy right-hand does hold
The myſtick ſceptre of a croſs of gold.
Thus doſt thou ſit (like men, ere ſin had fram'd
A guilty bluſh) naked, but not aſham'd.
What cauſe, then, did the fab'lous Ancients find,
When firſt their ſuperſtition made thee blind?
'Twas they, alas! 't was they who could not ſee,

[illegible] did [illegible];
[illegible] servants, they both princes were.
[illegible] to one of them wonsant,
[illegible] his to whom it lust was meant;
[illegible]'s malice betwixt both was cross'd,
[illegible] one, it wounded th' other most.
did marriage such true union find,
[illegible]'s desires with so glad violence bind;
[illegible] is still some tincture left of sin,
[illegible] the sex will needs be stealing in.
[illegible] are full of dross, and thicker far;
without matter, clear and liquid are.
[illegible] love does heav'n's bright spirits fill,
love is but to understand and will,
[illegible], and unseen motions such as we
[illegible] express in heighten'd charity.
[illegible]ess'd One! whose love on earth became
[illegible], that still in heav'n 't is but the same!
[illegible]ow ye sit, and with mix'd souls embrace,
upon great Love's mysterious face,
[illegible]y this base world, where friendship 's made
[illegible]or sin, or else at best a trade.
[illegible]ndrous Prince! who a true friend couldst be
crown flatter'd, and Saul threaten'd, thee!
[illegible]ld'st him dear whose stars thy birth did cross,
[illegible]ught'st him nobly at a kingdom's loss!
[illegible]bright sceptre far less glory brings;
[illegible]ave been fewer friends on earth than kings.

To this ſtrange pitch their high affections flew,
ill Nature's ſelf ſcarce look'd on them as two.
ither flies David for advice and aid (*c*),
s ſwift as love and danger could perſuade;
s ſafe in Jonathan's truſt his thoughts remain,
s when himſelf but dreams them o'er again.
" My deareſt Lord! farewell," ſaid he. " Farewell;
Heav'n bleſs the King; may no misfortune tell
Th' injuſtice of his hate when I am dead:
They 're coming now; perhaps my guiltleſs head,
Here, in your ſight, muſt then a-bleeding lie,
And ſcarce your own ſtand ſafe for being nigh.
Think me not ſcar'd with death, howe'er 't appear;
I know thou canſt not think ſo: it is a fear
From which thy love and Dammin ſpeaks me free;

hould my father at thy ruin aim,
uld wound as much his ſafety as his fame.
: them not coming, then, to ſlay thee here,
ubt miſhaps as little as you fear;
y thy loving God, whoe'er deſign
ift thy life, muſt ſtrike at it thro' mine.
my royal father muſt acquit
ſuch baſe guilt, or the low thought of it.
t on his ſoftneſs, when from death he freed
aithleſs king of Am'lec's curſed ſeed (*d*);
e t' a friend, t' a ſon, ſo bloody grow,
ho ev'n ſinn'd but now to ſpare a foe?
t he could; but with what ſtrength or art
l he ſo long cloſe and ſeal up his heart?
counſels jealous of themſelves become,
lare not fix without conſent of ſome.
nen ſo boldly ill, great ſins to do,
cens'd and approv'd by others too.
ore (believe it) could he hide this from me,
I, had he diſcover'd it, from thee (*e*)."
they embraces join, and almoſt tears,
ttle David thus new-prov'd his fears.
raiſe you pleas'd, great Prince! on me to ſpend,
ill outſpoken when you ſtyl'd me Friend:
name alone does dang'rous glories bring,
gives excuſe to th' envy of a king.

(*d*) 1 Sam. xv. 9. (*e*) 1 Sam. xv. 2.

What did his ſpear, force, and dark plots, impart,
But ſome eternal rancour in his heart?
Still does he glance the fortune of that day
When, drown'd in his own blood, Goliath lay,
And cover'd half the plain; ſtill hears the ſound
How that vaſt monſter fell, and ſtrook the ground:
The dance, and, David his ten thouſand ſlew,
Still wound his fickly ſoul, and ſtill are new.
Great acts t' ambitious princes treaſon grow,
So much they hate that ſafety which they owe.
Tyrants dread all whom they raiſe high in place;
From the good danger, from the bad diſgrace.
They doubt the lords, miſtruſt the people's hate,
Till blood become a principle of ſtate.
Secur'd nor by their guards nor by their right,

" Since then his pride quakes at th' Almighty's rod,
" Nor dares he love the man belov'd by God.
" Hence his deep rage and trembling envy springs;
" Nothing so wild as jealousy of kings.
" Whom should he counsel ask, with whom advise,
" Who reason and God's counsel does despise?
" Whose headstrong will no law or conscience daunt,
" Dares he not sin do you think without your grant?
" Yes, if the truth of our fix'd love he knew,
" He would not doubt, believe it, to kill ev'n you."
The Prince is mov'd, and straight prepares to find
The deep resolves of his griev'd father's mind.
The danger now appears, love can soon show it,
And force his stubborn piety to know it.
They agree that David should conceal'd abide (f),
Till his great friend had the Court's temper try'd;
Till he had Saul's most sacred purpose found,
And search'd the depth and rancour of his wound.

'Twas the year's seventh-born moon; the solemn feast,
That with most noise its sacred mirth express'd.
From op'ning morn, till night shuts in the day,
On trumpets and shrill horns the Levites play (g):
Whether by this in mystick type we see
The new-year's day of great eternity,
When the chang'd moon shall no more changes make,
And scatter'd deaths by trumpets' sound awake;

(f) 1 Sam. xx. 5, &c. (g) Lev. xxiii. 24. Num. xxix. 1.

r that the law be kept in mem'ry ſtill,
iv'n with like noiſe on Sinai's ſhining hill (δ);
r that (as ſome men teach) it did ariſe
rom faithful Abram's righteous ſacrifice,
Who, whilſt the Ram on Iſaac's fire did fry,
lis horn with joyful tunes ſtood ſounding by;
bſcure the cauſe, but God his will declar'd,
nd all nice knowledge then with eaſe is ſpar'd.
t the third hour Saul to the hallow'd tent,
Midſt a large train of prieſts and courtiers, went;
he ſacred herd march'd proud and ſoftly by,
oo fat and gay to think their deaths ſo nigh.
ard fate of beaſts more innocent than we!
ey to our lux'ry and our piety!
Whoſe guiltleſs blood on boards and altars ſpilt,
rves both to make and expiate, too, our guilt!
hree bullocks of free neck, two gilded rams,

hus in slow state to th' palace hall they go,
ich'd dress'd for solemn luxury and show:
'en pieces of bright rap'stry hung the room,
he noblest work o'er stretch'd on Syrian loom,
or wealthy Adriel in proud Sidon wrought,
nd given to Saul when Saul's best gift he sought,
he bright-ey'd Merab (i); for that mindful day
o ornament so proper seem'd as they.
There all old Abram's story you might see,
nd still some angel bore him company.
is painful but well-guided travels show
he fate of all his sons, the church below.
ere beauteous Sara to great Pharaoh came;
e blush'd with sudden passion, she with shame:
roubled she seem'd, and lab'ring in the strife,
Twixt her own honour and her husband's life (k).
ere on a conqu'ring host, that careless lay,
rown'd in the joys of their new-gotten prey,
he patriarch falls (l); well-mingled might you see
he confus'd marks of death and luxury.
n the next piece bless'd Salem's mystick King
oes sacred presents to the victor bring (m);
ike him whose type he bears, his rights receives,
trictly requires his due, yet freely gives:
v'n in his port, his habit, and his face,
he mild and great, the priest and prince, had place.

(i) 1 Sam. xviii. 19.
(k) Gen. xx. 2, 11, 16.
(l) Gen. xiv. 14.
(m) Gen. xiv. 18.

heir ſtarry hoſt the heav'ns diſplay;
an heav'nly youth! more fair than they,
ram forth; points upwards; "Such," ſaid he,
ht and number leſs, thy ſeed ſhall be (n)."
with God a new alliance makes,
s fleſh the marks of homage takes (o):
he three myſterious perſons feaſts (p),
l with joyful tidings by his gueſts (q):
the wicked town he prays (r), and near,
l the wicked town thro' flames appear (s):
is fate, and all his deeds, were wrought,
rom Ur (t) to Ephron's cave (u) was brought.
'mongſt all the forms drew then their eyes
hful Abram's righteous ſacrifice (x):
old man mounts ſlowly to the place,
ture's pow'r triumphant in his face
mind's courage; for, in ſpite of all,
ſwoln eyes reſiſtleſs waters fall.
cent boy his cruel burden bore (y)

In whoſe young loins ſuch brooding wonders lie.
A thouſand ſp'rits peep'd from th' affrighted ſky,
Amaz'd at this ſtrange ſcene, and almoſt fear'd,
For all thoſe joyful prophefies they 'd heard;
Till one leap'd nimbly forth (*b*), by God's command,
Like lightning from a cloud, and ſtopp'd his hand.
The gentle ſp'rit ſmil'd kindly as he ſpoke;
New beams of joy thro' Abram's wonder broke.
The angel points to a tuft of buſhes near,
Where an entangled Ram does half appear (*c*),
And ſtruggles vainly with that fatal net,
Which, tho' but ſlightly wrought, was firmly ſet:
For, lo! anon, to this ſad glory doom'd,
The uſeful beaſt on Iſaac's pile conſum'd;
Whilſt on his horns the ranſom'd couple play'd,
And the glad boy danc'd to the tunes he made.

Near this hall's end a Shittim table ſtood,
Yet well-wrought plate ſtrove to conceal the wood;
For from the foot a golden vine did ſprout,
And caſt his fruitful riches all about.
Well might that beauteous ore the grape expreſs,
Which does weak man intoxicate no leſs.
Of the ſame wood the gilded beds were made,
And on them large embroider'd carpets laid,
From Egypt, the rich ſhop of follies, brought;
But arts of pride all nations ſoon are taught.
Behold ſev'n comely blooming youths appear,
And in their hands ſev'n ſilver waſhpots bear,

(*b*) Gen. xxii. 11. (*c*) Ver. 13.

Curl'd, and gay clad, the choiceſt ſons th
Of Gibeon's race, and ſlaves of high deg
Sev'n beauteous maids march'd ſoftly in
Bright ſcarves their clothes, their hair fr
And whilſt the princes waſh they on then
Rich ointments, which their coſtly odou
O'er the whole room; from their ſmall p
With ſuch glad haſte thro' the wide air
The King was plac'd alone (*d*), and o'er
A well-wrought heav'n of ſilk and gold
Azure the ground, the ſun in gold ſhone
But pierc'd the wand'ring clouds with ſil
The right-hand bed the King's three ſo
The third was Abner's, Adriel's, David'
And twelve large tables more were fill'd

" His boundleſs pride: he grieves and hates to ſee
" The ſolemn triumphs of my court and me.
" Believe me, Friends! and truſt what I can ſhow
" From thouſand proofs! th' ambitious David now
" Does thoſe vaſt things in his proud ſoul deſign,
" That too much buſineſs give for mirth or wine.
" He 's kindling now, perhaps, rebellious fire
" Among the Tribes, and does ev'n now conſpire
" Againſt my crown, and all our lives, whilſt we
" Are loath ev'n to ſuſpect what we might ſee.
" By the Great Name 't is true."
With that he ſtrook the board, and no man there,
But Jonathan, durſt undertake to clear [ſpoke,
The blameleſs Prince *(f)*: and ſcarce ten words he
When thus his ſpeech th' enraged tyrant broke.
" Diſloyal Wretch! thy gentle mother's ſhame *(g)*!
" Whoſe cold pale ghoſt ev'n bluſhes at thy name!
" Who fears left her chaſte bed ſhould doubted be,
" And her white fame ſtain'd, by black deeds of thee!
" Canſt thou be mine? A crown ſometimes does hire
" Ev'n ſons againſt their parents to conſpire,
" But ne'er did ſtory yet, or fable, tell
" Of one ſo wild, who, merely to rebel,
" Quitted the unqueſtion'd birthright of a throne,
" And bought his father's ruin with his own. [ſence;
" Thou need'ſt not plead th' ambitious youth's de-
" Thy crime clears his, and makes that innocence:

(f) 1 Sam. xx. 28, 29. *(g)* V. 30, 31.

" Nor can his foul ingratitude appear,
" Whilſt thy unnatural guilt is plac'd ſo near.
" In this that noble friendſhip you pretend?
" Mine, thine own foe, and thy worſt en'my's fr
" If thy low ſp'rit can thy great birthright quit
" The thing 's but juſt, ſo ill deſerv'ſt thou it.
" I, and thy brethren here, have no ſuch mind,
" Nor ſuch prodigious worth in David find,
" That we to him ſhould our juſt rights reſign,
" Or think God's choice not made ſo well as th
" Shame of thy houſe and tribe! hence, from
" To thy falſe friend and ſervile maſter fly;
" He 's, ere this time, in arms expecting thee;
" Haſte, for thoſe arms are rais'd to ruin me.
" Thy ſin that way will nobler much appear,
" Than to remain his ſpy and agent here.
" When I think this, Nature, by thee forſook,
" Forſakes me too." With that his ſpear he too
To ſtrike at him (*b*): the mirth and muſick ceaſe
The gueſts all riſe this ſudden ſtorm t' appeaſe
The Prince his danger and his duty knew,
And low he bow'd, and ſilently withdrew.

To David ſtraight, who in a foreſt nigh
Waits his advice, the royal friend does fly (*i*).
The ſole advice, now, like the danger, clear,
Was in ſome foreign land this ſtorm t' outwear.
All marks of comely grief in both are ſeen,
And mournful kind diſcourſes paſs'd between.

(*b*) 1 Sam. xx. 33. (*i*) V. 34. (*k*) V. 3

Now gen'rous tears their haſty tongues reſtrain;
Now they begin, and talk all o'er again (*l*):
A rev'rent oath of conſtant love they take,
And God's high name their dreaded witneſs make (*m*):
Not that at all their faiths could doubtful prove,
But 't was the tedious zeal of endleſs love.
Thus, ere they part, they the ſhort time beſtow
In all the pomp friendſhip and grief could ſhow.
And David now, with doubtful cares oppreſs'd,
Beneath a ſhade borrows ſome little reſt;
When by command divine thick miſts ariſe,
And ſtop the ſenſe, and cloſe the conquer'd eyes.
There is a place which man moſt high doth rear,
The ſmall world's heav'n, where reaſon moves the ſphere:
Here in a robe which does all colours ſhow,
(Th' envy of birds, and the clouds' gaudy bow)
Fancy, wild dame, with much laſcivious pride,
By twin-camelions drawn, does gaily ride:
Her coach there follows, and throngs round about,
Of ſhapes and airy forms an endleſs rout.
A ſea rolls on with harmleſs fury here;
Straight 't is a field, and trees and herbs appear.
Here in a moment are vaſt armies made,
And a quick ſcene of war and blood diſplay'd.
Here ſparkling wines, and brighter maids, come in,
The bawds for Senſe, and lying baits of ſin.

(*l*) 1 Sam. xx. 41. (*m*) ℣. 42.

ome things arise of strange and quarrelling kind,
he forepart lion, and a snake behind.
ere golden mountains swell the cov'tous place,
nd Centaurs ride themselves, a painted race.
f these slight wonders Nature sees the store,
nd only then accounts herself but poor.
Hither an angel comes in David's trance,
nd finds them mingled in an antique dance;
f all the numerous forms fit choice he takes,
nd joins them wisely, and this vision makes.
First, David there appears in kingly state,
Whilst the Twelve Tribes his dread commands await (*n*):
raight to the wars with his join'd strength he goes,
ttles new friends, and frights his ancient foes.
o Solima, Canaan's old head, they came,
Since high in note, then not unknown to Fame)
he blind and lame th' undoubted wall defend (*o*),
nd no new wounds or dangers apprehend.

From Sidon plains to happy Egypt's coaſt
They ſeem all met, a vaſt and warlike hoſt.
Thither haſtes David to his deſtin'd prey,
Honour and noble Danger lead the way (*p*).
The conſcious trees ſhook with a rev'rent fear
Their unblown tops; God walk'd before him there (*q*).
Slaughter the weary'd Riphaims' boſom fills,
Dead corpſe emboſs the vale with little hills.
On th' other ſide Sophenes' mighty king
Numberleſs troops of the bleſs'd Eaſt does bring (*r*):
Twice are his men cut off, and chariots ta'en;
Damaſcus and rich Adad help in vain (*s*).
Here Nabathæan troops in battle ſtand,
With all the luſty youth of Syrian land;
Undaunted Joab ruſhes on with ſpeed,
Gallantly mounted on his fiery ſteed;
He hews down all, and deals his deaths around;
The Syrians leave, or poſſeſs dead, the ground (*t*).
On th' other wing does brave Abiſhai ride (*u*),
Reeking in blood and duſt: on ev'ry ſide
The perjur'd ſons of Ammon quit the field;
Some baſely die, and ſome more baſely yield.
Thro' a thick wood the wretched Hanun flies,
And far more juſtly then fears Hebrew ſpies.
Moloch, their bloody god, thruſts out his head,
Grinning thro' a black cloud (*x*): him they 'd long fed

(*p*) 2 Sam. v. 17, 22. 1 Chro. xiv. 8, &c. (*q*) 2 Sam. v. 22, 23, 24. 1 Chro. xiv. 14. (*r*) 2 Sam. viii. 3. 1 Chro. xviii. 3.
(*s*) *v.* 5. (*t*) 2 Sam. x. 6. 1 Chro. xix. 6, 8. (*u*) *v.* 10.
(*x*) 2 Sam. x. 3, 4. 1 Chro. xix. 3.

his few'n chambers, and he ſtill did eat
ew-roaſted babes, his dear delicious meat.
gain they' ariſe, more anger'd and diſmay'd;
uphrates and ſwift Tigris ſends them aid:
vain they ſend it, for again they 're ſlain,
nd feaſt the greedy birds on Helay plain (y).
ere Rabba with proud tow'rs affronts the ſky,
nd round about great Joab's trenches lie:
hey force the walls, and ſack the helpleſs town;
n David's head ſhines Ammon's maſſy crown.
Midſt various torments the curs'd race expires (z);
avid himſelf his ſevere wrath admires.
Next upon Iſrael's throne does bravely ſit
comely youth, endow'd with wondrous wit (a):
ar, from the parched line, a royal dame,

Some carve the trunks, and breathing shapes bestow,
Giving the trees more life than when they grow.
But, oh! alas! what sudden cloud is spread
About this glorious King's eclipsed head (*d*)?
It all his fame benights, and all his store,
Wrapping him round, and now he 's seen no more.
When straight his son appears at Sichem crown'd,
With young and heedless council circled round (*e*);
Unseemly object! but a falling state
Has always its own errours join'd with Fate.
Ten Tribes at once forsake the Jessian throne,
And bold Adoram at his message stone (*f*):
"Brethren of Israel!"—More he fain would say,
But a flint stopp'd his mouth, and speech in th' way.
Here this fond king's disasters but begin;
He 's destin'd to more shame by' his father's sin.
Susac comes up, and under his command
A dreadful army from scorch'd Afric's sand,
As numberless as that: all is his prey;
The temple's sacred wealth they bear away (*g*);
Adrazar's shields and golden lots they take;
Ev'n David in his dream does sweat and shake.
Thus fails this wretched prince; his loins appear
Of less weight now than Solomon's fingers were (*h*).
Abijah next seeks Israel to regain,
And wash in seas of blood his father's stain (*i*).

(*d*) 1 Kings xi. (*e*) 1 Kings xii. 2 Chro. x. (*f*) 1 Kings xii. 18. 2 Chro. x. 18. (*g*) 1 Kings xiv. 25, 26. 2 Chro. xii. 2, 3. (*h*) 1 Kings xii. 10. 2 Chro. x. 10. (*i*) 1 Kings xv. 1. 2 Chro. xiii. 1, 3, &c.

e'er ſaw the aged Sun ſo cruel fight;
arce ſaw he this, but hid his baſhful light.
ebat's curs'd ſon fled with not half his men;
Where were his gods of Dan and Bethel then (k)?
et could not this the fatal ſtrife decide;
od puniſh'd one, but bleſs'd not th' other ſide.
Aſan, a juſt and virtuous prince, ſucceeds,
igh rais'd by Fame for great and godly deeds:
e cut the ſolemn groves where idols ſtood,
nd ſacrific'd the gods with their own wood (l).
e vanquiſh'd thus the proud weak pow'rs of Hell;
efore him next their doting ſervants fell:
o huge an hoſt of Zerah's men he ſlew,
s made ev'n that Arabia deſert too (m).
Why fear'd he then the perjur'd Baaſha's fight?
r bought the dangerous aid of Syrian's might (n)?
onqueſt, Heav'n's gift, cannot by man be ſold;
las! what weakneſs truſts he? man and gold.
Next Joſaphat poſſeſs'd the royal ſtate;

s he ſtill, and ſees himſelf to win,
'ercome but by his friend Ahab's ſin (r);
ſe diſguiſe Fates then did only look,
l almoſt their God's command miſtook:
m whoſe danger Heav'n ſecurely brings,
his ſake two ripely wicked kings (s).
mies languiſh, burnt with thirſt (t), at Seere,
their cold, tears all their moiſture there:
: their greedy eyes on th' empty ſky,
cy clouds, and ſo become more dry.
ills for waters from afar
: (u); Eliſha calls, and here they are.
:ts they quaff round the welcome flood,
decreaſe repair with Moab's blood (x).
i next, and Ochoziah, throng
ah's ſceptre; both ſhortliv'd too long.
in, too, from murder title claims (y);
th her ſins and ſex the crown ſhe ſhames.
urſed Woman! but her fall at laſt
ting men clears Heav'n for what was paſt.
irſt does bright and glorious ſhow (z);
freſh morn his fame did early crow:
the promiſe of his dawning ray,
het's angry blood o'ercaſt his day:

s xxii. 30. 2 Chron. xviii. 3.
iii. 9. (u) 2 Kings iii. 17.
viii. 16, 25. 2 Chron. xxi. 1. and xxii. 1.
i. 1. 2 Chron. xxii. 10.
(r) 2 Kings iii. 14.
(x) 2 Kings iii. 24.
(z) 2 Kings xii. xxiv.

Before him thousand captives
Down a precipice deep, down
The mimick shapes in several p
But then (mad Fool!) he does th
Which when pluck'd down had
fore (ſ).
Thus all his life to come is loſs an
No help from gods, who them
came (ſ).
All this Uzziah's ſtrength and w
Leaving a well-built greatneſs to h
Till leprous ſcurf o'er his whole bo
Takes him at firſt from men, from e
As virtuous was his ſon, and happier
Soldings his peace, and

is boy a barb'rous mercy grew,
:h'd him from all mis'ries to enſue.
a comes (*m*), and hundred thouſands fall;
in marches up, and ſweeps up all;
ı ſea the great Belochus' ſon
on both, and both does overrun (*n*).
f Adad's ancient ſtock is ſlain,
:iv'd, and rich Damaſcus ta'en (*o*);
ild rage to revenge Juda's wrong;
ı kingdoms that have friends too ſtrong!
lezekiah the torn empire took,
r's king with his worſe gods forſook (*p*);
oor Juda worlds of nations brings (*q*),
;es, utters vain and mighty things (*r*).
am of triumphs, and exalted names,
ear gold, and ſome of beauteous dames;
the midſt of their huge ſleepy boaſt,
ſcatters death thro' all the hoſt (*s*).
hted tyrant back to Babel hies,
ets an end far worſe than that he flies (*t*).
ekiah's life is almoſt done!
ınd yet, alas! ſo ſhort 't is ſpun (*u*).
f the line was ravell'd, weak, and old;
't go back, and afford better hold

gs xvi. 5. 2 Chro. xxviii. 6. (*n*) 2 Kings
(*o*) 2 Kings xvi. and xv. 27. 2 Chro. xxviii. 20.
xviii. 2 Chro. xxix. (*q*) 2 Kings xviii. 9.
xviii. 17. 2 Chro. xxxii. Iſaiah xxxvi.
xix. 35. 2 Chro. xxxii. 21. (*t*) 2 Kings xix. 37.
:ii. 21. (*u*) 2 Kings xx. 2 Chro. xxx. 24.

From thence his clouds, from thence his ſtorms, begin,
It cries aloud (*a*), and twice lets Aram in (*b*).
So Amaziah lives, ſo ends his reign,
Both by their trait'rous ſervants juſtly ſlain (*c*).
Edom at firſt dreads his victorious hand;
Before him thouſand captives trembling ſtand.
Down a precipice deep, down he caſts them all;
The mimick ſhapes in ſeveral poſtures fall (*d*):
But then (mad Fool!) he does thoſe gods adore,
Which when pluck'd down had worſhipp'd him before (*e*).
Thus all his life to come is loſs and ſhame;
No help from gods, who themſelves help'd not, came (*f*).
All this Uzziah's ſtrength and wit repairs,

e boy a barb'rous mercy grew,
h'd him from all mis'ries to enſue.
a comes (*m*), and hundred thouſands fall;
in marches up, and ſweeps up all;
. ſea the great Belochus' ſon
on both, and both does overrun (*n*).
f Adad's ancient ſtock is ſlain,
iv'd, and rich Damaſcus ta'en (*o*);
ld rage to revenge Juda's wrong;
kingdoms that have friends too ſtrong!
ezekiah the torn empire took.
r's king with his worſe gods forſook (*p*);
oor Juda worlds of nations brings (*q*),
es, utters vain and mighty things (*r*).
im of triumphs, and exalted names,
ear gold, and ſome of beauteous dames;
the midſt of their huge ſleepy boaſt,
ſcatters death thro' all the hoſt (*s*).
hted tyrant back to Babel hies,
ets an end far worſe than that he flies (*t*).
ekiah's life is almoſt done!
nd yet, alas! ſo ſhort 't is ſpun (*u*).
f the line was ravell'd, weak, and old;
t go back, and afford better hold

gs xvi. 5. 2 Chro. xxviii. 6. (*n*) 2 Kings (*o*) 2 Kings xvi. and xv. 27. 2 Chro. xxviii. 20. xviii. 2 Chro. xxix. (*q*) 2 Kings xviii. 9. xviii. 17. 2 Chro. xxxii. Iſaiah xxxvi. xix. 35. 2 Chro. xxxii. 21. (*t*) 2 Kings xix. 37. *ii. 21.* (*u*) 2 Kings xx. 2 Chro. xx. 24.

The trav'lling ſun ſees gladly from on high
His chariots burn (*d*), and Nergal quenched lie.
The King's impartial anger lights on all,
From fly-blown Accaron to the thund'ring Baal.
Here David's joy unruly grows and bold,
Nor could ſleep's ſilken chain its vi'lence hold,
Had not the angel, to ſeal faſt his eyes,
The humours ſtirr'd, and bid more miſts ariſe;
When ſtraight a chariot hurries ſwift away,
And in it good Joſiah bleeding lay:
One hand 's held up; one ſteps the wound; in vain
They both are us'd. Alas! he 's ſlain, he 's ſlain.
Jehoias and Jehoiakim next appear (*e*);
Both urge that vengeance which before was near.
He in Egyptian fetters captive dies,
This by more courteous Anger murder'd lies (*f*).
His ſon and brother next do bonds ſuſtain,
Iſrael's now ſolemn and imperial chain.
Here 's the laſt ſcene of this proud city's ſtate;
All ills are met, ty'd in one knot of Fate (*g*).
Their endleſs ſlav'ry in this trial lay;
Great God had heap'd up ages in one day:
Strong works around the wall the Chaldees buil[t] (*h*),
The town with grief and dreadful bus'neſs fill'd:
To their carv'd gods the frantick women pray,
Gods which as near their ruin were as they:

(*d*) 2 Kings xxiii. 11. (*e*) 2 Kings xxiii. 31. [Heb. v. 36.] 2 Chro. xxxvi. 1. 5. (*f*) 2 Kings xxiii. 34. 2 Chro. [illegible] Jer. xxxvi. 30. (*g*) 2 Kings xxiv. [illegible] (*h*) 2 Kings xxv. 1. Jer. lii. 4.

At laſt in ruſhes the prevailing foe,
Does all the miſchief of proud conqueſt ſhow.
The wond'ring babes from mothers' breaſts are rent,
And ſuffer ills they neither fear'd nor meant (*i*).
No ſilver rev'rence guards the ſtooping age,
No rule or method ties their boundleſs rage.
The glorious temple ſhines in flames all o'er (*k*),
Yet not ſo bright as in its gold before.
Nothing but fire or ſlaughter meets the eyes;
Nothing the ear but groans and diſmal cries.
The walls and towers are levell'd with the ground,
And ſcarce aught now of that vaſt city 's found,
But ſhards and rubbiſh, which weak ſigns might keep
Of forepaſt glory, and bid trav'llers weep.
Thus did triumphant Aſſur homewards paſs,

A row of Worthies in long order paſs'd
O'er the ſhort ſtage; of all old Joſeph laſt.
Fair angels paſs'd by next in ſeemly bands,
All gilt, with gilded baſkets in their hands.
Some as they went the blue-ey'd violets ſtrew,
Some ſpotleſs lilies in looſe order threw.
Some did the way with full-blown roſes ſpread,
Their ſmell divine, and colour ſtrangely red;
Not ſuch as our dull gardens proudly wear,
Whom weathers taint, and winds' rude kiſſes tear
Such, I believe, was the firſt roſe's hue,
Which, at God's word, in beauteous Eden grew:
Queen of the flowers, which made that orchard gay
The morning-bluſhes of the Spring's new day.
With ſober pace an heav'nly Maid walks in,
Her looks all fair, no ſign of native ſin
Thro' her whole body writ: Immod'rate Grace
ſpoke things far more than human in her face:
t caſts a duſky gloom o'er all the flow'rs,
And with full beams their mingled light devours.
n angel ſtraight broke from a ſhining cloud,
nd pref'd his wings, and with much rev'rence bow'd;
gain he bow'd, and grave approach he made,
d thus his ſacred meſſage ſweetly ſaid:
'Hail! full of grace! thee the whole world ſhall call
bove all Bleſs'd; thee, who ſhalt bleſs them all.
hy virgin womb in wondrous ſort ſhall ſhroud
ſus the God;" (and then again he bow'd)

" Conception the great Spirit ſhall breathe on thee:
" Hail thou! whom ſtGod'swife, God'smotherbe(*n*)."
With that his ſeeming form to heav'n he rear'd,
(She low obeiſance made) and diſappear'd.
Lo! a new ſtar three Eaſtern ſages ſee (*o*);
(For why ſhould only earth a gainer be?)
They ſaw this Phoſphor's infant-light, and knew
It bravely uſher'd in a ſun as new:
They haſted all this riſing ſun t' adore;
With them rich myrrh, and early ſpices, bore.
Wiſe Men! no fitter gift your zeal could bring;
You 'll in a noiſome ſtable find your King.
Anon a thouſand devils run roaring in;
Some with a dreadful ſmile deform'dly grin;
Some ſtamp their cloven paws, ſome frown, and tear

It broke the fetters, and burſt ope his eye;
Away the tim'rous Forms together fly.
Fix'd with amaze he ſtood, and time muſt take,
To learn if yet he were at laſt awake.
Sometimes he thinks that Heav'n this viſion ſent,
And order'd all the pageants as they went:
Sometimes that only 't was wild Fancy's play,
The looſe and ſcatter'd relicks of the day.
When Gabriel (no bleſs'd ſp'rit more kind or fair)
Bodies and clothes himſelf with thicken'd air;
All like a comely youth in life's freſh bloom,
Rare workmanſhip, and wrought by heav'nly loom!
He took for ſkin a cloud moſt ſoft and bright
That e'er the mid-day ſun pierc'd thro' with light;
Upon his cheeks a lively bluſh he ſpread,
Waſh'd from the morning beauty's deepeſt red;
An harmleſs flaming meteor ſhone for hair,
And fell adown his ſhoulders with looſe care:
He cuts out a ſilk mantle from the ſkies,
Where the moſt ſprightly azure pleas'd the eyes;
This he with ſtarry vapours ſpangles all,
Took in their prime ere they grow ripe, and fall:
Of a new rainbow, ere it fret or fade,
The choiceſt piece took out, a ſcarf is made:
Small ſtreaming clouds he does for wings diſplay,
Not virtuous lovers' ſighs more ſoft than they;
Theſe he gilds o'er with the ſun's richeſt rays,
Caught *gliding* o'er pure ſtreams on which he plays.

Thus dreſs'd the joyful Gabriel paſts away,
And carries with him his own glorious day
Thro' the thick woods; the gloomy ſhades awhile
Put on freſh looks, and wonder why they ſmile;
The trembling ſerpents cloſe and ſilent lie;
The birds obſcene far from his paſſage fly;
A ſudden ſpring waits on him as he goes,
Sudden as that which by creation roſe
Thus he appears to David: at firſt ſight
All earth-bred fears and ſorrows take their flight:
In ruſhes joy divine, and hope, and reſt;
A ſacred calm ſhines thro' his peaceful breaſt.
"Hail, Man belov'd! from higheſt heav'n," ſaid he,
"My mighty Maſter ſends thee health by me.
"The things thou ſaw'ſt are full of truth and light,
"Shap'd in the glaſs of the divine foreſight.
"Ev'n now old Time is haſtneſſing the Years
"To go in order thus: hence, empty fears!
"Thy ſate 's all white: from thy bleſs'd ſeed ſhall
"The promis'd Shilo, the great myſtick King.
"Round the whole earth his dreaded Name ſhall ſound,
"And reach to worlds that muſt not yet be found:
"The Southern clime him her ſole Lord ſhall ſtyle,
"Him all the North, ev'n Albion's ſtubborn iſle.
"My fellow-ſervant, credit what I tell."
Straight into ſhapeleſs air unſeen he fell.

End of the Second Book.

DAVIDEIS:

BOOK III.

The Contents.

DAVID's flight to Nob, and entertainment there by the High Prieſt; from thence to Gath in diſguiſe, where he is diſcovered and brought to Achis. He counterfeits himſelf mad, and eſcapes to Adullam. A ſhort enumeration of the forces which come thither to him. A deſcription of the kingdom of Moab, whither David flies. His entertainment at Moab's court. A digreſſion of the hiſtory of Lot, father of the Moabites, repreſented in picture. Melchor's ſong at the feaſt. Moab deſires Joab to relate the ſtory of David; which he does. His extraction. His excellency in poeſy, and the effects of it in curing Saul's malady. The Philiſtines' army encamped at Dammin. The deſcription of Goliath and his arms. His challenge to the Iſraelites. David's coming to the camp. His ſpeech to Saul to deſire leave to fight with Goliath. Several ſpeeches upon that occaſion. The combat and ſlaughter of Goliath, with the defeat of the Philiſtines' army. Saul's envy to David. The characters of Merab and Michol. The love between David and Michol. His ſong at her window. His expedition againſt the Philiſtines, and the dowry of two hundred foreſkins for Michol, with whom he is married. The ſolemnities of the wedding. Saul's relapſe, and the cauſes of David's flight into the kingdom of Moab.

RAIS'D with the newshe from high Heav'n receives,
Straight to his diligent God juſt thanks he gives.
To divine Nobe directs then his flight (*a*),
A ſmall town, great in fame by Levi's right;
Is there with ſprightly wines and hallow'd bread
(But what 's to hunger hallow'd?) largely fed (*b*).
The good old prieſt welcomes his fatal gueſt,
And with long talk prolongs the haſty feaſt:

(*a*) 1 Sam. xxi. 1. (*b*) ℣. 4, 5, 6. Matth. xii. 4.

He lends him vain Goliath's sacred sword (c),
(The fittest help just Fortune could afford)
A sword whose weight without a blow might slay,
Able unblunted to cut hosts away:
A sword so great, that it was only fit
To take off his great head who came with it.
Thus he arms David; "I your own restore;
"Take it," said he, "and use it as before (d).
"I saw you then, and 't was the bravest sight
"That ere these eyes ow'd the discov'ring light.
"When you step'd forth, how did the monster rage,
"In scorn of your soft looks and tender age!
"Some your high spirit did mad presumption call,
"Some pity'd that such youth should idly fall:
"Th' uncircumcis'd smil'd grimly with disdain:
"I knew the day was your's; I saw it plain."
Much more the rev'rend sire prepar'd to say,
Wrapp'd with his joy; how the two armies lay;
Which way th' amazed foe did wildly flee:
All that his hearer better knew than he:
But David's haste denies all needless stay:
To Gath (e), an enemy's land, he hastes away,
Not there secure, but where one danger 's near,
The more remote, tho' greater, disappear.
So, from the hawk, birds to man's succour flee;
So, from fir'd ships, man leaps into the sea.
There in disguise he hopes unknown t' abide!
Alas! in vain! what can such greatness hide?

(c) 1 Sam. xxi. 9. (d) 1 Sam. xvii. 5. (e) 1 Sam. xxi. 10.

Stones of ſmall worth may lie unſeen by day,
But night itſelf does the rich gem betray.
Tagal firſt ſpy'd him, a Philiſtian knight,
Who erſt from David's wrath by ſhameful flight
Had ſav'd the fordid remnant of his age;
Hence the deep ſore of envy mix'd with rage.
Straight with a band of ſoldiers, tall and rough,
Trembling, for ſcarce he thought that band enough,
On him he ſeizes, whom they all had fear'd,
Had the bold youth in his own ſhape appear'd.
And now this wiſh'd-for, but yet dreadful prey,
To Achis' court they led in haſte away,
With all unmanly rudeneſs which does wait
Upon th' immod'rate vulgar's joy and hate.
His valour now and ſtrength muſt uſeleſs lie,
And he himſelf muſt arts unuſual try (*f*).
Sometimes he rends his garments, nor does ſpare
The goodly curls of his rich yellow hair:
Sometimes a violent laughter ſcrew'd his face,
And ſometimes ready tears dropp'd down apace:
Sometimes he fix'd his ſtaring eyes on ground,
And ſometimes in wild manner hurl'd them round.
More full revenge Philiſtians could not wiſh,
But call 't the juſtice of their mighty Fiſh.
They now in height of anger let him live,
And freedom, too, t' increaſe his ſcorn, they give (*g*).
He, by wiſe madneſs freed, does homeward flee,
And *rage makes* them all that he ſeem'd to be.

(*f*) 1 Sam. xxi. 13. (*g*) V. 15.

Near to Adullam (*b*), in an aged wood,
An hill, part earth, part rocky ſtone, there ſtood,
Hollow and vaſt within, which Nature wrought,
As if by' her ſcholar Art ſhe had been taught:
Hither young David with his kindred came,
Servants and friends; many his ſpreading fame,
Many their wants or diſcontents (*i*), did call;
Great men in war, and almoſt armies all!
Hither came wife and valiant Joab down,
One to whom David's ſelf muſt owe his crown;
A mighty man, had not ſome cunning ſin,
Amidſt ſo many virtues crowded in.
With him Abiſhai came, by whom there fell
At once three hundred (*k*); with him Aſahel (*l*);
Aſahel! ſwifter than the Northern wind (*m*):

gyptian like an hill himſelf did rear,
me tall tree upon it ſeem'd his ſpear;
Benaiah's ſtaff he fell o'erthrown (*p*);
rth, as if worſt ſtrook, did loudeſt groan.
as Benaiah; in a narrow pit
a lion, and leap'd down to it:
'ly there the royal beaſt he tore (*q*),
t itſelf did kids or lambs before.
a follow'd (*r*), a young lovely boy,
ll of ſp'rit, and arms was all his joy:
when a child, he in his dream would fight
the vain air, and his wak'd mother fright;
ould he ſhoot young birds, and as they fall
l laugh, and fancy them Philiſtians all:
ow at home no longer would he ſtay,
'et the face did ſcarce his ſex betray.
s great ſon came next (*s*), whoſe dreadful hand
'd ripen'd glories from a conqu'ring band.
knows not Dammin, and that barley-field,
i did a ſtrange and bloody harveſt yield?
beſides did this new troop increaſe;
whoſe wants made him unfit for peace;
t), whoſe full quiver did always bear
ny deaths as in it arrows were;
irom his hand did vain or inn'cent flee;
Love or Fate could aim ſo well as he.

Chron. xi. 23. (*q*) *v.* 22. (*r*) 1 Chron. xi. 28.
iron. xi. 26. (*s*) 1 Chron. xi. 46.

Many of Judah took wrong'd David's ſide (*u*),
And many of old Jacob's youngeſt Tribe;
But his chief ſtrength the Gadite ſoldiers are (*x*),
Each ſingle man able to o'ercome a war!
Swift as the darts they fling thro' yielding air,
And hardy all as the ſtrong ſteel they bear;
A lion's noble rage ſits in their face,
Terrible comely! arm'd with dreadful grace!
Th'undaunted Prince, tho' thus well guarded here,
Yet his ſtout ſoul durſt for his parents fear;
He ſeeks for them a ſafe and quiet ſeat (*y*),
Nor truſts his fortune with a pledge ſo great.
So when in hoſtile fire rich Aſia's pride
For ten years' ſiege had fully ſatisfy'd,
Æneas ſtole an act of higher fame.

ards the lands of Cuſh and Ammon lie,
iorning's happy beams they firſt eſpy:
:gion with fat ſoil and plenty 's bleſs'd,
too good to be of old poſſeſs'd
inſtrous Emins; but Lot's off-pring came,
onquer'd both the people and the name;
:on drave them beyond Arnon's flood (*a*),
ieir ſad bounds mark'd deep in their own blood:
bon his triumphant court he plac'd,
n! by men and Nature ſtrangely grac'd:
ious town, and fill'd with all delight
i peace could yield, tho' well prepar'd for fight.
is proud city, and her prouder lord,
ie keen rage of Iſrael's ſacred ſword (*b*);
: Moab triumphed in her torn eſtate,
her own become her conqu'ror's fate.
at ſmall remnant of Lot's parted crown
rm'd with Iſrael's ſins, pluck Iſrael down.
irice ſix years they felt fierce Eglon's yoke (*c*),
iud's ſword God's vengeful meſſage ſpoke (*d*);
hen their kings in quiet held their own;
the good of a not-envy'd throne:
ow a wife old prince the ſceptre ſway'd,
y his ſubjects and himſelf obey'd:
iefore his fathers' gods he fell;
vretched Man! almoſt too good for hell!
· does David his bleſs'd parents bring;
iumble greatneſs begs of Moab's king

· xxi. 26. (*b*) ℣. 24, 25. (*c*) Judg. iii. 14. (*d*) ℣. 21.

A safe and fair abode, where they m
Free from those storms with whi
strive (*e*).
The King with cheerful grace his fu
By hate to Saul and love to virtue m
" Welcome, great Knight, and your
" Your name found welcome long bef
" That to rich Ophir's rising morn i
" And stretch'd out far to the burnt
" Swift Fame, when her round journe
" Scorns not sometimes us in her wa
" Are you the man did that huge gi
" Great Baal of Phegor! and how y
" From Ruth we heard you came;
" here (*f*),

Widely they gape, and to the eye they roar,
As if they hunger'd for the food they bore.
About it beds of Lybian citron ſtood,
With cov'rings dy'd in Tyrian fiſhes' blood,
They ſay th' Herculean art; but moſt delight
Some pictures gave to David's learned ſight.
Here ſev'ral ways Lot and great Abram go (*b*),
Their too much wealth, vaſt and unkind, does grow:
Thus each extreme to equal danger tends;
Plenty as well as want can ſep'rate friends.
Here Sodom's tow'rs raiſe their proud tops on high;
The tow'rs as well as men outbrave the ſky:
By it the waves of rev'rend Jordan run,
Here green with trees, there gilded with the ſun.
Hither Lot's houſehold comes (*i*), a num'rous train,
And all with various buſ'neſs fill the plain:
Some drive the crowding ſheep with rural hooks,
They lift up their mild heads, and bleat in looks:
Some drive the herds: here a fierce bullock ſcorns
Th' appointed way, and runs with threat'ning horns;
In vain the herdman calls him back again;
The dogs ſtand off afar, and bark in vain.
Some lead the groaning waggons, loaded high
With ſtuff, on top of which the maidens lie:
Upon tall camels the fair ſiſters ride,
And Lot talks with them both on either ſide.

(*b*) Gen. xiii. 9. (*i*) v. 10.

Another picture to curs'd Sodom brings
Elam's proud lord, with his three servant kings;
They sack the town, and hear Lot bound away (k),
Whilst in a pit the vanquish'd Bera lay (l),
Bury'd almost alive for fear of death;
But Heav'n's just vengeance sav'd as yet his breath.
Abraham pursues and slays the victors' host (m),
Scarce had their conquest leisure for a boast.
Next this was drawn the reckless cities' flame,
When a strange hell pour'd down from heav'n there came (n).
Here the two angels from Lot's window look
With smiling anger; the lewd wretches strook
With sudden blindness, seek in vain the door (o);
Their eyes, first cause of lust, first veng'ance bore;
Thro' liquid air heav'n's busy soldiers fly,
And drive on clouds where seeds of thunder lie.
Here the sad sky glows red with dismal streaks;
Here lightning from it with short trembling breaks:
Here the blue flames of scalding brimstone fall,
Involving swiftly in one ruin all:
The fire of trees and houses mounts on high,
And meets half-way new fires that show'r from sky.
Some in their arms snatch their dear babes away;
At once drop down the fathers' arms and they:
Some into waters leap with kindled hair,
And, more to vex their fate, are burnt ev'n there.

(k) Gen. xiv. 11, 12. (l) v. 10. (m) v. 13, &c.
(n) Gen. xix. 24. (o) v. 11.

Men thought, ſo much a flame by art was ſhown,
The pict̃ure's ſelf would fall in aſhes down.
Afar old Lot tow'rd little Zoar hies (*p*),
And dares not move (good Man!) his weeping eyes.
Behind his wife ſtood ever fix'd alone (*q*),
No more a woman, not yet quite a ſtone:
A laſting death ſeiz'd on her turning head;
One cheek was rough and white, the other red,
And yet a cheek: in vain to ſpeak ſhe ſtrove;
Her lips, tho' ſtone, a little ſeem'd to move.
One eye was clos'd, ſurpris'd by ſudden night,
The other trembled ſtill with parting light:
The wind admir'd, which her hair looſely bore,
Why it grew ſtiff, and now would play no more.
To Heav'n ſhe lifted up her freezing hands,
And to this day a ſuppliant pillar ſtands.
She try'd her heavy foot from ground to rear,
And rais'd the heel, but her toe's rooted there.
Ah! fooliſh Woman! who muſt always be
A ſight more ſtrange than that ſhe turn'd to ſee!
Whilſt David fed with theſe his curious eye,
The feaſt is now ſerv'd in, and down they lie.
Moab a goblet takes of Maſſy gold,
Which Zippor, and from Zippor all of old
Quaft to their gods and friends, an health goes round
In the briſk grape of Arnon's richeſt ground:
Whilſt Melchor to his harp with wondrous ſkill
(*For ſuch were poets then, and ſhould be ſtill*),

(*p*) Gen. xix. 20. (*q*) v. 26.

His noble verſe thro' Nature's ſecrets lead;
He ſung what ſp'rit thro' the whole maſs is ſpread
Ev'ry where all; how heav'ns God's law approve,
And think it reſt eternally to move:
How the kind ſun uſefully comes and goes,
Wants it himſelf, yet gives to man repoſe:
How his round journey does for ever laſt,
And how he baits at ev'ry ſea in haſte.
He ſung how earth blots the moon's gilded wane,
Whilſt fooliſh men beat ſounding braſs in vain;
Why the great waters her flight horns obey,
Her changing horns, not conſtanter than they.
He ſung how griſly comets hang in air,
Why ſword and plagues attend their fatal hair;
God's beacons for the world, drawn up ſo far,
To publiſh ills, and raiſe all earth to war:
Why contraries feed thunder in the cloud;
What motions vex it till it roar ſo loud;
How lambent fires become ſo wondrous tame,
And bear ſuch ſhining winter in their flame:
What radient pencil draws the wat'ry bow;
What ties up hail, and picks the fleecy ſnow:
What palſy of the earth ſhakes up fix'd hills
From off her brows, and here whole rivers ſpills.
Thus did this Heathen Nature's ſecrets tell,
And ſometimes miſs'd the cauſe, but ſought it well.
Such was the ſauce of Moab's noble feaſt,
Till night far ſpent invites them to their reſt.

Only the good old prince ſtays Joab there,
And much he tells, and much deſires to hear:
He tells deeds antique; and the new deſires;
Of David much, and much of Saul, inquires.
"Nay, gentle Gueſt!" ſaid he, "ſince now you 're
"The ſtory of your gallant friend begin:
"His birth, his riſing, tell, and various fate,
"And how he flew that man of Gath of late."
"What was he call'd? that huge and monſtrous
With that he ſtopp'd, and Joab thus began:
'His birth, great Sir! ſo much to mine is ty'd (*r*),
'That praiſe of that might look from me like pride:
'Yet without boaſt, his veins contain a flood
'Of th' old Judæan Lion's richeſt blood (*s*).
'From Judah Pharez, from him Eſrom came,
'Ram, Naſhon, Salmon (*t*), names ſpoke loud by Fame.
'A name no leſs ought Boaz to appear,
'By whoſe bleſs'd march we come no ſtrangers here.
'From him and your fair Ruth good Obed ſprung,
'From Obed Jeſſe, Jeſſe! whom Fame's kindeſt tongue,
'Counting his birth, and high nobil'ty, ſhall
'Not Jeſſe of Obed, but of David, call,
'David born to him ſeventh (*u*); the ſix births paſt,
'Brave trials of a work more great at laſt.
'Bleſs me! how ſwift and growing was his wit!
'The wings of Time flagg'd dully after it.

(*r*) 1 Chro. ii. 16. (*s*) Gen. xlix. 9. (*t*) 1 Chro. ii. Matth. i. (*u*) 1 Chro. ii. 15. 1 Sam. xvi. 11.

Scarce paſt a child, all wonders would he ſing
Of Nature's law, and power of Nature's King.
His ſheep would ſcorn their food to hear his lay,
And ſavage beaſts ſtand by as tame as they:
The fighting winds would ſtop there, and admire,
Learning conſent and concord from his lyre:
Rivers, whoſe waves roll'd down aloud before,
Mute as their fiſh, would liſten towards the ſhore.
'Twas now the time when firſt Saul God forſook (x),
God Saul; the room in 's heart wild paſſions took:
Sometimes a tyrant frenzy revell'd there,
Sometimes black ſadneſs, and deep, deep deſpair.
No help from herbs or learned drugs he finds,
They cure but ſometime bodies, never minds.

' Back to his rural care young David goes;
' For this rough work Saul his ſtout brethren chuſe;
' He knew not what his hand in war could do,
' Nor thought his ſword could cure men's maladies.
' Now Dammin's deſtin'd for this ſcene of blood;
' On two near hills the two proud armies ſtood;
' Between a fatal valley ſtretch'd out wide,
' And death ſeem'd ready now on either ſide;
' When, lo! their hoſt rais'd all a joyful ſhout,
' And from the midſt an huge and monſtrous man
ſtepp'd out (*a*).
' Aloud they ſhouted; at each ſtep he took
' We and the earth itſelf beneath him ſhook:
' Vaſt as the hill down which he march'd he ſeem'd;
' Amaz'd all eyes, nor was their army fear'd.
' A young tall ſquire (tho' then he ſeem'd not ſo)
' Did from the camp at firſt before him go;
' At firſt he did, but fierce could follow ſtraight,
' Sweating beneath a ſhield's unruly weight,
' On which was wrought the gods' and giants' fight,
' Rare work! all fill'd with terrour and delight.
' Here a vaſt hill 'gainſt thund'ring Baal was thrown.
' Trees and beaſts on't full burnt with lightning down.
' One flings a mountain, and its river too,
' Torn up with it; that rains back on him that threw.
' Some from the main to pluck whole iſlands try;
' The ſea boils round with flames ſhot thick from ſky

(*a*) 1 Sam. xvii. 4.

' This he believ'd, and on his ſhield he bore,
' And prais'd their ſtrength, but thought his own wa
' The valley now this monſter ſeem'd to fill; [more
' And we (methoughts) look'd up t' him from ou
' All arm'd in braſs, the richeſt dreſs of war, [hill
' (A diſmal glorious ſight) he ſhone afar.
' The Sun himſelf ſtarted with ſudden fright,
' To ſee his beams return ſo diſmal bright.
' Braſs was his helmet (*b*), his boots braſs; and o'er
' His breaſt a thick plate of ſtrong braſs he wore:
' His ſpear the trunk was of a lofty tree,
' Which Nature meant ſome tall ſhip's maſt ſhould be
' The huge iron head ſix hundred ſheckles weigh'd,
' And of whole bodies but one wound it made;
' Able Death's worſt command to overdo.

" Chuſe out 'mongſt all your troops the boldeſt knight,
" To try his ſtrength and fate with me in fight (e):
" The chance of war let us two bear for all,
" And they the conqu'rors ſerve whoſe knight ſhall
At this he paus'd awhile; ſtraight, "I defy [fall (d)."
" Your Gods and you; dares none come down and
" Go back for ſhame, and Egypt's ſlav'ry bear [die!
" Or yield to us, and ſerve more nobly here.
" Alas! ye 'ave no more wonders to be done,
" Your forc'rer Moſes now, and Joſua, is gone;
" Your magick trumpets then could cities take (e),
" And ſounds of triumph did your battles make:
" Spears in your hands, and manly ſwords, are vain;
" Get you your ſpells and conj'ring rods again.
" Is there no Sampſon here? oh! that there were!
" In his full ſtrength and long enchanted hair;
" This ſword ſhould be in the weak razor's ſtead (f);
" It ſhould not cut his hair off, but his head."
' Thus he blaſphem'd aloud; the vallies round,
' Flatt'ring his voice, reſtor'd the dreadful ſound:
' We turn'd us trembling at the noiſe, and fear'd
' We had behind ſome new Goliath heard (g).
' 'Twas Heav'n, Heav'n, ſure, (which David's glory
' Thro' this whole act) ſuch ſacred terrour ſent [meant
' To all our hoſt; for there was Saul in place,
' Who ne'er ſaw fear but in his enemies' face;

(e) 1. Sam. xvii. 8. (d) ℣. 9, 10. (e) Joſh. vi. 20.
(f) Judg. xvi. 17. (g) 1. Sam. xvii. 11.

'His gallike fat there in bright armour shone,
'Who learn'd to conquer armies not alone (h):
'But her own book mistrusted at the sight,
'Do that like war, on this a single fight.
'There stood Ismaiah, and there trembled too,
'He who th' Egyptian proud Goliath slew (i):
'In his pale bright age thro' his eyes shot flame,
'He saw his stuff, and blush'd with gen'rous shame.
'Thousands beside stood more and heartless there,
'Not valiant all; nor was I us'd to fear.
'Thus forty days he march'd down arm'd to fight;
'Once ev'ry morn he march'd, and once at night.
'Slow took the sun, but gallopp'd down apace,
'With more than evening blushes in his face;
'When Jesse to the camp young David sent (k)
'His purpose low, but high was Fate's intent:
'For when the monster's pride he saw and heard,
'Round him he look'd, and wonder'd why they fear'd.
'Anger and brave disdain his heart possess'd, [breast.
'Thoughts more than manly swell'd his youthful
'Much the rewards propos'd his spirit inflame,
'Saul's daughter much, and much the voice of Fame (l).
'These to their just intentions strongly move,
'But chiefly God, and his dear country's love.
'Resolv'd for combat, to Saul's tent he 's brought,
'Where thus he spoke as boldly as he fought:'

(h) 1 Sam. xvi. (i) 1 Chro. x. 23. (k) 1 Sam. xvii. 12, &c. (l) 1 Sam. xvii. 25.

" Henceforth no more, great Prince! your ſacred breaſt
" With that huge talking wretch of Gath moleſt (*m*);
" This hand alone ſhall end his curſed breath;
" Fear not, the wretch blaſphemes himſelf to death;
" And cheated with falſe weight of his own might,
" Has challeng'd Heav'n, not us, to ſingle fight.
" Forbid it, God, that where thy right is try'd,
" The ſtrength of man ſhould find juſt cauſe for pride!
" Firm like ſome rock, and vaſt he ſeems to ſtand,
" But rocks, we know, were op'd at thy command (*n*).
" That foul which now does ſuch large members ſway,
" Thro' one ſmall wound will creep in haſte away;
" And he who now dares boldly Heav'n defy,
" To ev'ry bird of heav'n a prey ſhall lie:
" For 't is not human force we ought to fear;
" Did that, alas! plant our forefathers here?
" Twice fifteen kings did they by that ſubdue (*o*)?
" By that whole nations of Goliaths ſlew?
" The wonders they perform'd may ſtill be done;
" Moſes and Joſua is, but God's not gone.
" We 've loſt their rod and trumpets, not their ſkill:
" Pray'rs and belief are as ſtrong witchcraft ſtill.
" Theſe are more tall, more giants far than he,
" Can reach to heav'n, and thence pluck victory.
" Count this, and then, Sir! mine th' advantage is;
" He 's ſtronger far than I, my God than his."

(*m*) 1 Sam. xvii. 32. (*n*) Exod. xvii. 6. (*o*) Joſh. xii. 24.

'Gainſt ſhield, helm, breaſtplate, and inſtead of thoſe, [choſe (*t*),
Five ſharp ſmooth ſtones from the next brook he
And fits them to his ſling; then marches down;
For ſword, his enemy's he eſteem'd his own.
We all with various paſſion ſtrangely gaz'd,
Some ſad, ſome 'ſham'd, ſome angry, all amaz'd.
'Now in the valley he ſtands; thro' his youthful face
Wrath checks the beauty, and ſheds manly grace;
Both in his looks ſo join'd, that they might move
Fear ev'n in friends, and from an en'my love;
Hot as ripe Noon, ſweet as the blooming Day,
Like July furious, but more fair than May.
Th' accurs'd Philiſtian ſtands on th' other ſide,
Grumbling aloud (*t*), and ſmiles 'twixt rage and

" Thou com'ſt vain Man! all arm'd into the field(u),
" And truſteſt thoſe war toys, thy ſword and ſhield;
" Thy pride's my ſpear, thy blaſphemies my ſword;
" My ſhield thy Maker; Fool! the mighty Lord
" Of thee and battles; who hath ſent forth me.
" Unarm'd thus, not to fight, but conquer thee.
" In vain ſhall Dagon, thy falſe hope, withſtand;
" In vain thy other god, thine own right-hand.
" Thy fall to man ſhall Heav'n's ſtrong juſtice ſhow;
" Wretch! 'tis the only good which thou canſt do."
' He ſaid; our hoſt ſtood dully ſilent by,
' And durſt not truſt their ears againſt the eye.
' As much their champion's threat to him they fear'd,
' As when the monſter's threats to them they heard
' His flaming ſword th' enraged Philiſtin ſhakes,
' And haſte to his ruin with loud curſes makes.
' Backward the winds his active curſes blew,
' And fatally round his own head they flew:
' For now from David's ſling the ſtone is fled (x),
' And ſtrikes, with joyful noiſe, the monſter's head.
' It ſtruck his forehead, and pierc'd deeply there,
' As ſwiftly as it pierc'd before the air.
' Down, down he falls! and bites in vain the ground;
' Blood, brain, and ſoul crowd mingled thro' the wound.
' So a ſtrong oak, which many years had ſtood,
' With fair and flouriſhing boughs, itſelf a wood,
' Tho' it might long the axe's violence bear,
' And play'd with winds which other trees did tear,

(u) 1 Sam. xvii. 45. (x) V. 49.

' Yet by the thunder's ſtroke from the root 'tis rent;
' So ſure the blows that from high Heav'n are ſent.
' What tongue the joy and wonder can expreſs,
' Which did that moment our whole hoſt poſſeſs?
' Their jocund ſhouts th' air like a ſtorm did tear,
' Th' amazed clouds fled ſwift away with fear;
' But far more ſwift th' accurs'd Philiſtians fly (y),
' And their ill fate to perfect, baſely die.
' With thouſand corpſe the ways around are ſtrown,
' Till they, by the day's flight, ſecure their own.
' Now thro' the camp ſounds nought but David's name;
' All joys, of ſeveral ſtamp and colours, came
' From ſeveral paſſions: ſome his valour praiſe,
' Some his free ſpeech, ſome the fair pop'lar rays
' Of youth, and beauty, and his modeſt guiſe;
' Gifts that mov'd all, but charm'd the female eyes.
' Some wonder; ſome they thought it would be ſo
' And ſome ſaw angels flying thro' the air: [ſwear;
' The baſeſt ſpirits caſt back a crooked glance
' On this great act, and fain would give it to Chance.
' Women our hoſt with ſongs and dances meet,
' With much joy Saul, David with more, they greet (z).
' Hence the King's politick rage and envy flows (a),
' Which firſt he hides, and ſeeks his life to expoſe
' To gen'rous dangers, that his hate might clear,
' And Fate or Chance the blame, nay, David, bear.
' So vain are man's deſigns! for Fate and Chance,
' And Earth and Heav'n, conſpir'd to his advance:

(y) Sam. xvii. 52. (z) 1 Sam. xviii. 6. (a) v. 8.

" Both bear and lion ev'n this hand did kill,
" On our great oak the bones and jaws hang ſtill.
" My God 's the ſame, which then he was, to-day,
" And this wild wretch almoſt the ſame as they.
" Who from ſuch danger ſav'd my flock, will he
" Of Iſrael, his own flock, leſs careful be?"
" Be't ſo then," Saul burſts forth; "and Thou on high,
" Who oft' in weakneſs doſt moſt ſtrength deſcry,
" At whoſe dread beck Conqueſt expecting ſtands,
" And caſts no look down on the fighters' hands,
" Aſſiſt what thou inſpir'ſt; and let all ſee,
" As boys to giants, giants are to thee." [ceſs,
' Thus, and with trembling hopes of ſtrange ſuc-
' In his own arms he the bold youth does dreſs (r).
' On his head an helm of well-wrought braſs is plac'd,
' The top with warlike plumes ſeverely grac'd:
' His breaſt a plate cut with rare figures bore,
' A ſword much practis'd in Death's art he wore:
' Yet David, us'd ſo long to no defence,
' But thoſe light arms of ſpirit and innocence,
' No good in fight of that gay burden knows,
' But fears his own arms' weight more than his foe's
' He loſt himſelf in that diſguiſe of war,
' And guarded ſeems, as men by priſons are.
' He, therefore, to exalt the wondrous fight,
' Prepares now, and diſarms himſelf for fight.

(r) 1 Sam. xvii. 38.

For there t' eſteem, and Friendſhip's graver n
Paſſion was pour'd like oil into the flame.
Like two bright eyes in a fair body plac'd,
Saul's royal houſe two beauteous daughters gr
Merab the firſt, Michol the younger nam'd,
Both equally for different glories fam'd.
Merab with ſpacious beauty fill'd the ſight,
But too much awe chaſtis'd the bold delight.
Like a calm ſea, which to th' enlarged view
Gives pleaſure, but gives fear and rev'rence to
Michol's ſweet looks clear and free joys did m
And no leſs ſtrong, tho' much more gentle, lo
Like virtuous kings, whom men rejoice t' obe
Tyrants themſelves leſs abſolute than they.
Merab appear'd like ſome fair princely tow'r
Michol ſome virgin queen's delicious bow'r.
All beauty's ſtores in little and in great;
But the contracted beams ſhot fierceſt heat.
A clean and lively brown was Merab's dye,

'Such was their outward form; and one might find
'A diff'rence not unlike it in the mind.
'Merab, with comely majesty and state,
'Bore high the advantage of her worth and fate:
'Such humble sweetness did soft Michol show,
'That none who reach'd so high e'er stoop'd so low.
'Merab rejoic'd in her wreck'd lover's pain,
'And fortify'd her virtue with disdain:
'The grief she caus'd gave gentle Michol grief;
'She wish'd her beauties less for their relief;
'Ev'n to her captives civil; yet th' excess
'Of naked virtue guarded her no less.
'Bus'ness and pow'r Merab's large thoughts did vex,
'Her wit disdain'd the fetters of her sex:
'Michol no less disdain'd affairs and noise,
'Yet did it not from ignorance, but choice.
'In brief, both copies were more sweetly drawn,
'Merab of Saul, Michol of Jonathan.
'The day that David great Goliath slew,
'Not great Goliath's sword was more his due
'Than Merab: by Saul's publick promise she
'Was sold then, and betroth'd to Victory:
'But haughty she did this just match despise;
'Her pride debauch'd her judgment and her eyes.
'An unknown youth, ne'er seen at court before,
'Who shepherd's staff and shepherd's habit bore,
'The seventh-born son of no rich house, were still
'Th' unpleasant forms which her high thoughts did
'fill;

And much averſion in her ſtubborn mind
Was bred, by being promis'd and deſign'd.
Long had the patient Adriel humbly borne
The rougheſt ſhocks of her imperious ſcorn;
Adriel the rich, but riches were in vain,
And could not ſet him free, nor her enchain.
Long liv'd they thus: but as the hunted deer,
Cloſely purſu'd, quits all her wonted fear,
And takes the neareſt waves, which from the ſhore
She oft' with horrour had beheld before;
So whilſt the violent maid from David fled,
She leap'd to Adriel's long-avoided bed (*f*).
The match was nam'd, agreed, and finiſh'd ſtraight;
So ſoon comply'd Saul's envy with her hate.
But Michol, in whoſe breaſt all virtues move

' Greatneſs and goodneſs, and an air divine,
' She ſaw thro' all his words and actions ſhine.
' She heard his eloquent tongue, and charming lyre,
' Whoſe artful ſounds did violent love inſpire,
' Tho' us'd all other paſſions to relieve:
' She weigh'd all this, and well we may conceive,
' When thoſe ſtrong thoughts attack'd her doubtful [breaſt,
' His beauty no leſs active than the reſt.
' The fire, thus kindled, ſoon grew fierce and great,
' When David's breaſt reflected back its heat.
' Soon ſhe perceiv'd (ſcarce can love hidden lie
' From any ſight, much leſs the loving eye)
' She conqu'ror was, as well as overcome,
' And gain'd no leſs abroad than loſt at home.
' Ev'n the firſt hour they met (for ſuch a pair,
' Who in all mankind elſe ſo matchleſs were,
' Yet their own equals, Nature's ſelf does wed)
' A mutual warmth thro' both their boſoms ſpread.
' Fate gave the ſignal; both at once began
' The gentle race, and with juſt pace they ran.
' Ev'n ſo (methinks) when two fair tapers come
' From ſeveral doors, ent'ring at once the room,
' With a ſwift flight that leaves the eye behind,
' Their am'rous lights into one light are join'd.
' Nature herſelf, were ſhe to judge the caſe,
' Knew not which firſt began the kind embrace.
' Michol her modeſt flames ſought to conceal,
' But love ev'n th' art to hide it does reveal.

' Her ſoft unpractis'd eye
' Love paſt thro' them, an
' She bluſh'd when he appr
' And ſuddenly her wand'
' At his name's ſound, and
' With concern'd haſte her
' Uncall'd-for ſighs oft' fr
' And Adriel's active frie
' Oft' when the court's ga
' She ſtrove to act a cold i
' In vain ſhe acted ſo conſ
' For thouſand nameleſs t
' On th' other ſide, David
' Did in reſpectful bounds
' His humble fear t' offen
' Impos'd on him a no leſ
' Than modeſty on her ; a
' To make her ſee it, he d
' To tell it firſt the tim'r

In ſounds that may prevail;
Sounds that gentle thoughts inſpire,
Tho' ſo exalted ſhe,
And I ſo lowly be,
Tell her ſuch diff'rent notes make all thy harmony.

II.

Hark! how the ſtrings awake!
And tho' the moving hand approach not near,
Themſelves with awful fear
A kind of num'rous trembling make.
Now all thy forces try,
Now all thy charms apply,
Revenge upon her ear the conqueſts of her eye.

III.

Weak Lyre! thy virtue, ſure,
Is uſeleſs here, ſince thou art only found
To cure, but not to wound,
And ſhe to wound but not to cure.
Too weak, too, wilt thou prove
My paſſion to remove;
Phyſick to other ills, thou 'rt nouriſhment to love.

IV.

Sleep, ſleep again, my Lyre!
For thou canſt never tell my humble tale
In ſounds that will prevail,
Nor gentle thoughts in her inſpire;
All thy vain mirth lay by,
Bid thy ſtrings ſilent lie.
Sleep, ſleep again, my Lyre! and let thy maſter die.

' And [redacted]
' The [redacted]
' And [redacted]
' Which women's pride and folly [redacted]
' Their lovers and themſelves, too, to co
' Made her next day a grave diſpleaſure
' And all her words, and all her looks co
' Before the trembling youth; who whe
' His vital light her wonted beams with
' He cur's'd his voice, his fingers, and hi
' He cur's'd his too-bold tongue, and bol
' In vain he cur's'd the laſt, for that ſtill
' From all things food its ſtrong comple
' His joy and hope their cheerful motion
' His life decay'd, but ſtill his love incre

' With eaſe a brother's lawful pow'r o'ercame
' The formal decencies of virgin-ſhame.
' She firſt with all her heart forgave the paſt, [laſt.
' Heard David tell his flames, and told her own at
' Lo! here the happy point of proſp'rous love,
' Which ev'n enjoyment ſeldom can improve!
' Themſelves agreed, which ſcarce could fail alone,
' All Iſrael's wiſh concurrent with their own,
' A brother's pow'rful aid firm to the ſide,
' By ſolemn vow the King and father ty'd;
' All jealous fears, all nice diſguiſes paſt,
' All that in leſs-ripe love offends the taſte,
' In either's breaſt their ſouls both meet and wed,
' Their heart the nuptial temple and the bed:
' And tho' the groſſer cates were yet not dreſs'd,
' By which the bodies muſt ſupply this feaſt,
' Bold hopes prevent ſlow pleaſure's ling'ring birth,
' As ſaints, aſſur'd of heav'n, enjoy 't on earth.
' All this the King obſerv'd, and well he ſaw
' What ſcandal and what danger it might draw
' T' oppoſe this juſt and pop'lar match, but meant
' To out-malice all refuſals by conſent.
' He meant the pois'nous grant ſhould mortal prove;
' He meant to enſnare his virtue by his love:
' And thus he to him ſpoke (g), with more of art
' And fraud than well became the kingly part.'
" Your valour, David! and high worth," ſaid he,
" To *praiſe* is all men's duty, mine to ſee.

(g) 1 Sam. xviii. 21.

' Rewarded; and we ſhall to our utmoſt pov
' Do with like care that part as you did you
' Forbid it, God! we like thoſe kings ſhould
' Who fear the virtues which they 're bound
' Your piety does that tender point ſecure,
' Nor will my acts ſuch humble thoughts en
' Your nearneſs to it rather ſupports the cro
' And th' honours giv'n to you increaſe our
' All that we can we 'll give: 't is our inten
' Both as a guard and as an ornament,
' To place thee next ourſelves: Heav'n does a
' And my ſon's friendſhip, and my daughter
' Guide fatally, methinks, my willing choic
' I ſee, methinks, Heav'n in it, and I rejoice
' Bluſh not, my Son! that Michol's love I na
' Nor need ſhe bluſh to hear it; 't is no ſham
Nor ſecret now; Fame does it loudly tell,
And all men but thy rivals like it well.
If Merab's choice could have comply'd wit

" Pleading her birth and fortune; and ſince ſo
" Cuſtom ordains, we mean to exact it too.
" The jointure we exact is that ſhall be
" No leſs advantage to thy fame than ſhe.
" Go where Philiſtian troops infeſt the land;
" Renew the terrours of thy conqu'ring hand;
" When thine own hand, which needs muſt conqu'ror
" In this joint cauſe of honour and of love, [prove,
" An hundred of the faithleſs foe ſhall flay,
" And for a dower their hundred foreſkins pay (*b*),
" Be Michol thy reward. Did we not know
" Thy mighty fate, and worth that makes it ſo,
" We ſhould not cheaply that dear blood expoſe,
" Which we to mingle with our own had choſe;
" But thou 'rt ſecure; and ſince this match of thine
" We to the publick benefit deſign,
" A publick good ſhall its beginning grace,
" And give triumphant omens of thy race."
' Thus ſpoke the King: the happy youth bow'd low,
' Modeſt and graceful his great joy did ſhow;
' The noble taſk well pleas'd his generous mind,
' And nought to except againſt it could he find,
' But that his miſtreſs' price too cheap appear'd;
' No danger but her ſcorn of it he fear'd.
' She with much different ſenſe the news receiv'd;
' At her high rate ſhe trembled, bluſh'd, and griev'd:
' 'Twas a leſs work the conqueſt of his foes,
' Than to obtain her leave his life t' expoſe.

(*b*) 1 Sam. xviii. 25.

' Vict'ry and fame, and
' Of the rich prize for which he
' Tow'rds Gath he went; and
' A fatal and a willing work is done:
' A double dower, two hundred
' Of choice Philistian knights with
' Men that in birth and valour did
' Fit for the cause and hand by which
' Now was Saul caught, nor longer
' The two resistless lovers' happy day.
' Tho' this day's coming long had
' Yet seem'd its stay as long and

rious, and vaſt within, on pillars borne
Shittim wood, that uſefully adorn:
ither, to grace the nuptial-feaſt, does Saul
f the Twelve Tribes th' Elders and Captains call,
and all around the idle, buſy crowd,
With ſhouts and bleſſings tell their joy aloud.
Lo! the preſs breaks, and from their ſev'ral homes
In decent pride the bride and bridegroom comes.
Before the bride, in a long double row,
' With ſolemn pace, thirty choice virgins go,
' And make a moving Galaxy on earth;
' All heav'nly beauties, all of higheſt birth,
' All clad in livelieſt colours, freſh and fair,
' As the bright flow'rs that crown'd their brighter hair;
' All in that new-blown age which does inſpire
' Warmth in themſelves, in their beholders fire.
' But all this, and all elſe the ſun did e'er,
' Or Fancy, ſee, in her leſs bounded ſphere,
' The bride herſelf outſhone; and one would ſay
' They made but the faint dawn to her full day.
' Behind a numerous train of ladies went,
' Who on their dreſs much fruitleſs care had ſpent;
' Vain gems, and unregarded coſt, they bore,
' For all men's eyes were ty'd to thoſe before.
' The bridegroom's flouriſhing troop fill'd next t
' With thirty comely youths, of nobleſt race, ſplac
' That march'd before, and Heav'n around his he
' The graceful beams of joy and beauty ſpread.

glad ſtar which men and angels
of the glorious hoſt that ſhines
ht of heav'n ſo cheerful or ſo ga
p his ſacred lamp, and opens da
ing himſelf, at the tent's crown
is robes of ceremony' and ſtate,
receive the train: on either han
e High Prieſt and the Great Pr
behind, Jonathan, Abner, Jeſſ
l the chiefs, in their due order
aul declar'd his choice, and the
'd by a gen'ral murmur of appla
ign'd her dower, and in few wo
leſs'd, and gave the joyful trem
lover's hands, who with a chee
umble geſture the vaſt preſent t
uptial-hymn ſtraight founds, and
aſts and balls ſhorten the thoug
but to the wedded; till at laſt,

' With golden lamps, bright as the flames they bore,
' To light the nuptial-pomp, and march before;
' The reſt bring home in ſtate the happy pair
' To that laſt ſcene of bliſs, and leave them there,
' All thoſe free joys inſatiably to prove,
' Which with rich Beauty feaſts the glutton Love.
' But ſcarce, alas! the firſt ſev'n days were paſt,
' In which the publick nuptial-triumphs laſt,
' When Saul this new alliance did repent;
' Such ſubtle cares his jealous thoughts torment,
' He envy'd the good work himſelf had done,
' Fear'd David leſs his ſervant than his ſon.
' No longer his wild wrath could he command;
' He ſeeks to ſtain his own imperial hand
' In his ſon's blood; and that twice cheated too,
' With troops and armies does one life purſue.
' Said I but one? his thirſty rage extends
' T' the lives of all his kindred and his friends;
' Ev'n Jonathan had dy'd for being ſo,
' Had not juſt God put by th' unnat'ral blow.
' You ſee, Sir, the true cauſe which brings us here;
' No ſullen diſcontent or groundleſs fear;
' No guilty act or end calls us from home,
' Only to breathe in peace awhile we come,
' Ready to ſerve, and in mean ſpace to pray
' For you, who us receive, and him who drives away.'

End of the Third Book.

DAVIDE

BOOK IV.

The Contents

MOAB carries his guefts to hunt at Nebo; i
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ftrength, and the weakneſs of Saul's forc
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Mounts his chariot mounts, drawn by four steeds,
The best and noblest that fresh Zerith breeds,
All white as snow, and sprightful as the light,
With scarlet trapp'd, and foaming gold they bite.
He into it young David with him took,
Did with respect and wonder on him look
Since last night's story, and with greedier ear
The man, of whom so much he heard, did hear.
The well-born youth of all his flourishing court
March gay behind, and joyful, to the sport.
Some arm'd with bows, some with straight jav'lins ride,
Rich swords and gilded quivers grace their side.
Midst the fair troop David's tall brethren rode,
And Joab, comely as a fancy'd god;
They entertain'd th' attentive Moab lords
With loose and various talk that chance affords,
Whilst they pac'd slowly on: but the wise King
Did David's tongue to weightier subjects bring.
"Much," said the King, "much I to Joab owe,
"For the fair picture drawn by him of you:
"'Twas drawn in little, but did acts express
"So great, that largest histories are less.
"I see (methinks) the Gathian monster still,
"His shape, last night, my mindful dreams did fill.
"Strange tyrant Saul, with envy to pursue
"The praise of deeds whence his own safety grew!
"I 'ave heard (but who can think it?) that his son
"Has his life's hazard for your friendship run;

" His matchleſs ſon! whoſe worth (if Fame be
" Lifts him 'bove all his countrymen but you,
" With whom it makes him one." Low David b
But no reply Moab's ſwift tongue allows.
" And pray, kind Gueſt! whilſt we ride thus,"
" (To gameful Nebo ſtill three leagues there be)
" The ſtory of your royal friend relate,
" And his ungovern'd ſire's imperious fate:
" Why your great ſtate that nameleſs family choſe
" And by what ſteps to Iſrael's throne they roſe."
He ſtay'd; and David thus. ' From Egypt's land
' You 'ave heard, Sir, by what ſtrong, unarmed hand
' Our father's came; Moſes their ſacred guide, 51
' But he in ſight of the giv'n country dy'd (a).
' His fatal promis'd Canaan was on
' And Joſhua's

' To free the groaning nation, and to give
' Peace firſt, and then the rules in peace to live.
' But they, whoſe ſtamp of pow'r did chiefly lie
' In characters too fine for moſt men's eye,
' Graces and gifts divine, not painted bright
' With ſtate, to awe dull minds, and force t' affright,
' Were ill obey'd whilſt living, and at death
' Their rules and pattern vaniſh'd with their breath.
' The hungry rich all near them did devour,
' Their judge was Appetite, and their law was Pow'r.
' Not Want itſelf could Luxury reſtrain,
' For what that empty'd, Rapine fill'd again.
' Robbery the field, Oppreſſion ſack'd the town;
' What the ſword's reaping ſpar'd was gleaned by the
' At courts and ſeats of juſtice to complain, [Gown.
' Was to be robb'd more vexingly again:
' Nor was their luſt leſs active or leſs bold,
' Amidſt this rougher ſearch of blood and gold.
' Weak beauties they corrupt, and force the ſtrong;
' The pride of old men that, and this of young.
' You 'ave heard, perhaps, Sir, of lewd Gibeah's ſhame,
' Which Hebrew tongues ſtill tremble when they name;
' Alarm'd all by one fair ſtranger's eyes,
' As to a ſudden war the town does riſe;
' Shaking and pale, half dead ere they begin
' The ſtrange and wanton tragedy of their ſin (d):
' All their wild luſts they force her to ſuſtain,
' Till by ſhame, ſorrow, wearineſs, and pain,

(d) Judg. xix.

'She 'midst their loath'd and cruel kindred's dies,
'Of monstrous Lust the innocent sacrifice.
'This did ('t is true) a Civil war create,
'(The frequent curse of our loose-govern'd state)
'All Gibeah's, and all Jabes' blood it cost;
'Near a whole tribe, and future kings we lost (e).
'Firm in this general earthquake of the land,
'How could religion, its main pillar, stand?
'Proud and fond man his fathers' worship hates,
'Himself, God's creature, his own god creates.
'Hence in each household sev'ral deities grew,
'And when no old one pleas'd, they fram'd a new.
'The only land which serv'd but one before,
'Did th' only then all nations' gods adore.
'They serv'd their gods at first, and soon their kings;
'Their choice of that this latter slav'ry brings;
'Till special men, arm'd with God's warrant, broke
'By justest force th' unjustly forced yoke:
'All matchless persons, and thrice worthy they
'Of power more great, or lands more apt t' obey.
'At last the priesthood, join'd in Ithamar's son,
'More weight and lustre to the sceptre won (f):
'But whilst mild Eli and good Samuel were
'Busy'd with age, and th' altar's sacred care,
'To their wild sons they their high charge commit (g),
'Who expose to scorn and hate both them and it.
'Eli's curs'd house th' exemplar vengeance bears
'Of all their blood, and all sad Israel's tears.

(e) Judg. xx. and xxi. (f) 1 Sam. i. (g) 1 Sam. ii. 12. and viii. 1.

'His ſons abroad, himſelf at home, lies ſlain,
'Iſrael's captiv'd, God's ark and law are ta'en (*b*).
'Thus twice are nations by ill princes vex'd;
'They ſuffer by them firſt, and for them next.
'Samuel ſucceeds (*i*). Since Moſes, none, before,
'So much of God in his bright boſom bore.
'In vain our arms Philiſtian tyrants ſeiz'd;
'Heav'n's magazines he open'd when he pleas'd (*k*).
'He rains and winds for auxiliaries brought;
'He muſter'd flames and thunders when he fought (*l*).
'Thus thirty years, with ſtrong and ſteddy hand,
'He held th' unſhaken balance of the land.
'At laſt his ſons th' indulgent father choſe (*m*)
'To ſhare that ſtate which they were born to loſe.
'Their hateful acts that change's birth did haſte,
'Which had long growth i' th' womb of ages paſt.
'To this (for ſtill were ſome great periods ſet,
'There 's a ſtrong knot of ſev'ral cauſes met)
'The threats concurr'd of a rough neighb'ring war,
'A mighty ſtorm, long gath'ring from afar:
'For Ammon, heighten'd with mix'd nations' aid,
'Like torrents ſwoln with rain prepar'd the land
't' invade.
'Samuel was old, and by his ſons' ill choice,
'Turn'd dotard in th' unſkilful vulgar's voice:

(*b*) 1 Sam. iv. 10. 11. (*i*) 1 Sam. iv. 1. (*k*) 1 Sam. vii. (*l*) 1 Sam. vii. 10. (*m*) 1 Sam. viii. 1.

' What ſhould I Jair (q), the happieſt father, name?
' Or mournful Jephtha, known no leſs to Fame
' For the moſt wretched (r)? both at once did keep
' The mighty flocks of Iſrael and their ſheep:
' Oft' from the field in haſte they ſummon'd were,
' Some weighty foreign embaſſy to hear; [round,
' They call'd their ſlaves, their ſons, and friends, a-
' Who all at ſev'ral cares were ſcatter'd found;
' They waſh'd their feet, their only gown put on,
' And this chief work of ceremony was done.
' Theſe reaſons, and all elſe that could be ſaid,
' In a ripe hour by factious Eloquence ſpread
' Thro' all the tribes, made all deſire a King (s);
' And to their Judge ſelected deputies bring
' This harſh demand, which Nacol for the reſt
' (A bold and artful mouth) thus with much grace
' expreſs'd.'

" We 're come, moſt ſacred Judge! to pay th' arrears
" Of much-ow'd thanks for the bright thirty years
" Of your juſt reign, and at your feet to lay
" All that our grateful hearts can weakly pay
" In unproportion'd words; for you alone
" The not unfit reward, who ſeek for none:
" But when our forepaſt ills we call to mind,
" And ſadly think how little 's left behind
" Of your important life, whoſe ſudden date
" Would diſinherit th' unprovided ſtate;

(q) Judg. x. 3. (r) Judg. xi. 34. (s) 1 Sam. viii. 4.

e conſider how unjuſt 't is, you,
er of pow'r more than the burden knew,
the weight of that and age ſhould have,
oping days preſs'd doubly tow'rds the grave;
we behold by Ammon's youthful rage,
in th' advantage of your peaceful age,
ll th' united Eaſt, our fall conſpir'd,
hat your ſons, whom chiefly we deſir'd
amps of you in your lov'd room to place,
like acts that noble ſtamp deface (*t*);
ift theſe new fears and ills we 're forc'd to fly
new, and yet unpractis'd, remedy;
ew one, but long promis'd and foretold
Moſes (*u*), and to Abraham ſhown of old;
rophecy long forming in the womb
ming years, and now to ripeneſs come:
this we all

"He bow'd, and ended here; and Samuel ſtraight,
" Panſing awhile (x) at this great queſtion's weight,
" With a grave ſigh, and with a thoughtful eye,
" That more of care than paſſion did deſcry,
" Calmly replies:' " You 're ſure the firſt," ſays he,
" Of free-born men that begg'd for ſlavery.
" I fear, my friends! with heav'nly manna fed,
" (Our old forefathers' crime) we luſt for bread.
" Long ſince by God from bondage drawn, I fear
" We build anew th' Egyptian brick-kiln here.
" Cheat not yourſelves with words: for tho' a king
" Be the mild name, a tyrant is the thing (y):
" Let his power looſe, and you ſhall quickly ſee
" How mild a thing unbounded man will be:
" He 'll lead you forth your hearts' cheap blood to ſpill,
" Where'er his guideleſs paſſion leads his will.
" Ambition, luſt, or ſpleen, his wars will raiſe,
" Your lives' beſt price his thirſt of wealth or praiſe.
" Your ableſt ſons for his proud guards he 'll take,
" And by ſuch hands your yoke more grievous make.
" Your daughters and dear wives he 'll force away,
" His lux'ry ſome, and ſome his luſt, t' obey.
" His idle friends your hungry toils ſhall eat, [ſweat.
" Drink your rich wines, mix'd with your blood and
" Then you 'll all ſigh, but ſighs will treaſons be;
" And not your griefs themſelves, or looks, be free.
" Robb'd even of hopes, when you theſe ills ſuſtain,
" Your wat'ry eyes you 'll then turn back in vain.

(x) 1 Sam. viii. 6. (y) 1 Sam. viii. 11.

' The precious clouds of incenſe (*b*); and, at laſt,
' The ſprinkling, pray'rs, and all due honours paſt,
' Lo! we the ſacred bells o' the ſudden hear (*c*),
' And in mild pomp grave Samuel does appear;
' His ephod, mitre, well-cut diadem, on (*d*),
' Th' oraculous ſtones on his rich breaſtplate ſhone (*e*):
' Tow'rds the blue curtains of God's holieſt place
' (The Temple's bright third heav'n) he turn'd his
' face:
' Thrice bow'd he, thrice the ſolemn muſick play'd,
' And at third reſt thus the great Prophet pray'd:'
" Almighty God! to whom all men that be,
" Owe all they have, yet none ſo much as we;
" Who tho' thou fill'ſt the ſpacious world alone,
" Thy too ſmall court, haſt made this place thy throne;
" With humble knees, and humbler hearts, lo! here
" Bleſs'd Abraham's ſeed implores thy gracious ear:
" Hear them, great God! and thy juſt will inſpire;
" From thee, their long known King, they a king deſire:
" Some gracious ſign of thy good pleaſure ſend,
" Which, lo! with ſouls reſign'd we humbly here at-
" tend."
' He ſpoke, and thrice he bow'd, and all about
' Silence and reverend horrour ſeiz'd the rout:
' The whole tent ſhakes, the flames on th' altar by
' In thick dull rolls mount ſlow and heavily:
' The ſev'n lamps (*f*) wink; and, what does moſt diſ-
' Th' orac'lous gems ſhut in their nat'ral day: [may,

(*b*) Exod. xl. 5, 6. (*c*) Exod. xxxix. 25. (*d*) ℣.
(*e*) ℣. 8,—13. (*f*) Exod. xxv. 37.

The ruby's cheek grew pale; the em'rald by
Faded; a cloud o'ercaſt the ſapphire's ſky;
The di'mond's eye look'd ſleepy, and ſwift night
Of all thoſe little ſuns eclips'd the light:
Sad ſigns of God's dread anger for our ſin;
But ſtraight a wondrous brightneſs from within
Strook thro' the curtains, for no earthly cloud
Could thoſe ſtrong beams of heav'nly glory ſhroud:
The altar's fire burnt pure, and ev'ry ſtone
Their radiant parent, the gay ſun, outſhone:
Beauty th' illuſtrious viſion did impart
To ev'ry face, and joy to ev'ry heart.
In glad effects God's preſence thus appear'd,
And thus in wondrous ſounds his voice was heard:'
This ſtubborn land ſins ſtill, nor is it thoſe, but ev

'Some their demand repented, others prais'd;
'Some had no thoughts at all, but ſtar'd and gaz'd.
'There dwelt a man, nam'd Kis, in Gibeah town,
'For wiſdom much, and much for courage known;
'More for his ſon; his mighty ſon was Saul (g), 340
'Whom Nature, ere the lots, to a throne did call.
'He was much Prince, and when or whereſoe'er
'His birth had been, then had he reign'd, and there.
'Such beauty, as great ſtrength thinks no diſgrace,
'Smil'd in the manly features of his face: 345
'His large black eyes, fill'd with a ſprightful light,
'Shot forth ſuch lively and illuſtrious night,
'As the ſunbeams on jet reflecting ſhow;
'His hair as black, in long curl'd waves did flow:
'His tall ſtraight body amidſt thouſands ſtood, 350
'Like ſome fair pine o'erlooking all th'ignobler wood.
'Of all our rural ſports he was the pride;
'So ſwift, ſo ſtrong, ſo dex'trous, none beſide.
'Reſt was his toil, labours his luſt and game;
'No nat'ral wants could his fierce diligence tame,
'Not thirſt nor hunger; he would journies go 356
'Thro' raging heats, and take repoſe in ſnow.
'His ſoul was ne'er unbent from weighty care,
'But active as ſome mind that turns a ſphere
'His way once choſe, he forward thruſt outright,
'Nor ſtepp'd aſide for dangers or delight. 361
'Yet was he wiſe all dangers to foreſee;
'But born t' affright, and not to fear, was he.

(z) 1 Sam. ix. 1, 2.

' More freth and [illegible]
' Till pow'r and vi'lent fortune,
' No ſtop nr bound, o'erwhelm'd
' Did, deluge-like, the nat'ral forms de
' And brought forth unknown monſters i
' Forbid it, God! my maſter's ſpots ſhou
' Were they not ſeen by all, diſclos'd by
' But ſuch he was; and now to Ramah
' (So God diſpos'd) with a ſtrange low i
' Great God! he went loſt aſſes to inqui
' And a ſmall preſent, his ſmall queſtion
' Brought ſimply with him to that man
' From whom high Heav'n's chief gifts
' ceive (*i*).
' Strange play of Fate! when mightieſt h
' ſuch ſmall imperceptible ſtri

' Behold! the Heav'n-inſtructed lot is caſt :
' 'Tis taught by Heav'n its way, and cannot miſs ;
' Forth Benjamin, forth leaps the houſe of Kis.
' As glimm'ring ſtars juſt at th' approach of day,
' Caſheer'd by troops, at laſt drop all away ;
' By ſuch degrees all men's bright hopes are gone,
' And, like the ſun, Saul's lot ſhines all alone.
' Ev'n here, perhaps, the people's ſhout was heard,
' The loud long ſhout when God's fair choice appear'd.
' Above the whole vaſt throng he' appear'd ſo tall,
' As if by Nature made for the head of all;
' So full of grace and ſtate, that one might know
' 'Twas ſome wiſe eye the blind lot guided ſo :
' But blind unguided lots have more of choice
' And conſtancy than the ſlight vulgar's voice.

(m) 1 Sam. ix. 26. (n) 1 Sam. x. 1. (o) ℣. 17.

' Ere yet the crown of ſacred oil is dry,
' Whilſt echoes yet preſerve the joyful cry,
' Some grow enrag'd their own vain hopes to m
' Some envy Saul, ſome ſcorn the Houſe of Kis
' Some their firſt mutinous wiſh, a king, repent,
' As if, ſince that, quite ſpoil'd by God's conſent
' Few to this prince their firſt juſt duties pay;
' All leave the old, but few the new obey.
' Thus changes man, but God is conſtant ſtill
' To thoſe eternal grounds that mov'd his will;
' And tho' he yielded firſt to them, 't is fit
' That ſtubborn men at laſt to him ſubmit.
' As midſt the main a low ſmall iſland lies,
' Aſſaulted round with ſtormy ſeas and ſkies,
' Whilſt the poor heartleſs natives ev'ry hour
' Darkneſs and noiſe ſeems ready to devour;
' Such Iſrael's ſtate appear'd, whilſt o'er the Weſt
' Philiſtian clouds hung threat'ning, and from th'
' All nations' wrath into one tempeſt joins,
' Thro' which proud Nahaslike fierce lightning ſh
' Tigris and Nile to his aſſiſtance ſend;
' And waters to ſwoll'n Jaboc's torrent lend;
' Seir, Edom, Soba, Amalec, add their force,
' Up with them march the three Arabias' horſe
' And 'mongſt all theſe none more their hope or
' Than thoſe few troops your warlike land ſuppl
' Around weak Jabes this vaſt hoſt does lie (e),
' Diſdains a dry and bloodleſs victory.

(e) 1 Sam. xi. 1.

' The hopeleſs town for ſlav'ry does entreat,
' But barb'rous Nahas thinks that grace too great.
' He (his firſt tribute) their right eyes demands (q),
' And with their faces' ſhame diſarms their hands.
' If unreliev'd ſeven days by Iſrael's aid,
' This bargain for o'errated life is made (r).
' Ah! mighty God! let thine own Iſrael be
' Quite blind itſelf ere this reproach it ſee!
' By his wanton people the new King forſook,
' To homely rural cares himſelf betook (s):
' In private plenty liv'd, without the ſtate,
' Luſtre and noiſe, due to a publick fate.
' Whilſt he his ſlaves and cattle follows home,
' Lo! the ſad meſſengers from Jabes come,
' Implore his help (t), and weep, as if they meant
' That way, at leaſt, proud Nahas to prevent.
' Mov'd with a kingly wrath, his ſtrict command
' He iſſues forth t' aſſemble all the land (u).
' He threatens high, and diſobedient they,
' Wak'd by ſuch princely terrours, learnt t' obey.
' A mighty hoſt is rais'd (x): th' important cauſe
' Age from their reſt, youth from their pleaſure, draws;
' Arm'd as unfurniſh'd haſte could them provide;
' But conduct, courage, anger, that ſupply'd.
' All night they march, and are at th' early dawn
' On Jabes' heath in three fair bodies drawn (y).

(q) 1 Sam. xi. 2. (r) ℣. 3. (s) ℣. 5. (t) ℣. 7.
(u) ℣. 7. (x) ℣. 8. (y) ℣. 11.

'Saul did himſelf the firſt and ſtrongeſt band,
'His ſon the next, Abner the third, command:
'But pardon, Sir, if naming Saul's great ſon,
'I ſtop with him awhile ere I go on.
'This is that Jonathan, the joy and grace,
'The beautifull'ſt and beſt of human race;
'That Jonathan, in whom does mix'd remain,
'All that kind mothers' wiſhes can contain.
'His courage ſuch, as it no ſtop can know,
'And vict'ry gains by' aſtoniſhing the foe:
'With lightning's force his en'mies it confounds,
'And melts their hearts e'er it the boſom wounds
'Yet he the conquer'd with ſuch ſweetneſs gains,
'As captive lovers find in beauty's chains.
'In war the adverſe troops he does aſſail

[illegible] owe
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

'Not bright Ahinoam, Beauty's loudest name,
'Till she to' her children lost, with joy, her fame,
'Had sweeter strokes, colours more fresh and fair,
'More darting eyes, or lovelier auburne hair.
'Forgive me that I thus your patience wrong,
'And on this boundless subject stay so long.
'Where too much haste e'er to end it would be,
'Did not his acts speak what is untold by me.
'Tho' from the time his hands a sword could wield,
'He ne'er miss'd fame and danger in the field,
'Yet this was the first day that call'd him forth,
'Since Saul's bright crown gave lustre to his worth;
'Twas the last morning whose unchearful rise
'Sad Jabes was to view with both their eyes.
'Secure proud Nahas slept, as in his court,
'And dream'd, vain Man! of that day's barb'rous sport,
'Till noise and dreadful tumults him awoke,
'Till into' his camp our vi'lent army broke.
'The careless guards, with small resistance kill'd,
'Slaughter the camp, and wild confusion fill'd.
'Nahas his fatal duty does perform,
'And marches boldly up t' outface the storm:
'Fierce Jonathan he meets, as he pursues
'Th' Arabian horse, and a hot fight renews.
'Twas here your troops behav'd themselves so well,
'Till Uz and Jarbin, their stout colonels, fell:
'Twas here our vict'ry stopp'd, and gave us cause
'Much to suspect th' intention of her gauze.

'But when our thund'ring prince Nahas eſpy'd,
'Who with a courage equal to his pride [preſs'd,
'Broke thro' our troops, and tow'rds him boldly
'A gen'rous joy leap'd in his youthful breaſt.
'As when a wrathful dragon's diſmal light
'Strikes ſuddenly ſome warlike eagle's ſight,
'The mighty foe pleaſes his fearleſs eyes,
'He claps his joyful wings, and at him flies.
'With vain, tho' vi'lent force, their darts they flung;
'In Ammon's plated belt Jonathan's hung,
'And ſtopp'd there: Ammon did his helmet hit,
'And gliding off, bore the proud creſt from it.
'Straight with their ſwords to the fierce ſhock they came,
'Their ſwords, their armour, and their eyes, ſhot flame:
'Blows ſtrong as thunder, thick as rain, they deal't,
'Which more than they th' engag'd ſpectators felt.
'In Ammon force, in Jonathan addreſs,
'(Tho' both were great in both to an exceſs)
'To the well-judging eye did moſt appear;
'Honour and anger in both equal were.
'Two wounds our Prince receiv'd, and Ammon three,
'Which he enrag'd to feel, and 'ſham'd to ſee,
'Did his whole ſtrength into one blow collect;
'And as a ſpaniel, when we our aim direct
'To ſhoot ſome bird, impatiently ſtands by,
'Shaking his tail, ready with joy to fly,
'Juſt as it drops upon the wounded prey,
'So waited Death itſelf to bear away

The threaten'd life; did glad and gree
At ſight of mighty Ammon's lifted ha
Our watchful Prince by bending ſav'd
But Death in other coin his reck'ning
For whilſt th' immod'rate ſtroke's miſc
Had almoſt borne the ſtriker from his
A nimble thruſt his active en'my mad
'Twixt his right ribs deep pierc'd the
And open'd wide thoſe ſecret veſſels,
Life's light goes out when firſt they le
He falls, his armour clanks againſt the
From his faint tongue imperfect curſe
His amaz'd troops ſtraight caſt their a
Scarce fled his ſoul from thence more ſw
As when two kings of neighbour hives
And thirſt of empire in fierce wars eng
Whilſt each lays claim to th' garden a
And ſeeks to uſurp the bord'ring flow
Their well-arm'd troops drawn boldly

' At the ſame inſtant from glad Jabes' town
' The haſty troops march loud and cheerful down.
' Some few at firſt with vain reſiſtance fall,
' The reſt is ſlaughter, and vaſt conqueſt all.
' The fate by which our hoſt thus far had gone,
' Our hoſt with noble heat drove farther on;
' Victorious arms thro' Ammon's land it bore,
' Ruin behind, and Terrour march'd before.
' Where'er from Rabba's tow'rs they caſt their ſight,
' Smoke clouds the day, and flames make clear the night.
' This bright ſucceſs did Saul's firſt action bring;
' The oil, the lot, and crown, leſs crown'd him king.
' The happy all men judge for empire fit,
' And none withſtands where Fortune does ſubmit.
' Thoſe who before did God's fair choice withſtand,
' The exceſſive vulgar now to death demand (*b*);
' But wiſer Saul repeal'd their haſty doom (*c*),
' Conqueſt abroad with mercy crown'd at home;
' Nor ſtain'd with civil ſlaughter that day's pride,
' Which foreign blood in nobler purple dy'd.
' Again the crown th' aſſembled people give (*d*),
' With greater joy than Saul could it receive:
' Again th' old Judge reſigns his ſacred place (*e*),
' God glorify'd with wonders his diſgrace.
' With decent pride, ſuch as did well beſit
' The name he kept, and that which he did quit,

(*b*) 1 Sam. xi. 12. (*c*) ℣. 13. (*d*) ℣. 15.
(*e*) 1 Sam. xii. 1. &c.

The long-paſt row of happy years he ſhow'd,
Which to his heav'nly government they ow'd;
How the torn ſtate his juſt and prudent reign
Reſtor'd to order, plenty, power, again;
In war what conqu'ring miracles he wrought:
God then their King, was gen'ral when they fought,
Whom they depos'd with him. "And that," ſaid he,
You may ſee God concern'd in it more than me,
Behold how ſtorms his angry preſence ſhroud,
Hark! how his wrath in thunder threats aloud!"
'Twas now the ripen'd ſummer's higheſt rage,
Which no faint cloud durſt mediate to aſſuage:
The earth hot with thirſt, and hot with luſt for rain,
Gap'd and breath'd feeble vapours up in vain,
Which ſtraight were ſcatter'd, or devour'd by th' ſun,
When, lo! ere ſcarce the active ſpeech was done,
A vi'lent wind roſe from his ſecret cave,
And troops of frighted clouds before it drave:
Whilſt with rude haſte the confus'd tempeſt crowds,

Subdue, if God his fierce wrath removes (*f*),
this ſtate my ſervice diſapproves,
ers ſhall ſerve it conſtantly. No more,
pardon for paſt ſins to implore,
towards from gracious Heav'n to bring
good deeds of you and of our King.
m there! and as you ſee, rejoice
d care of God's impartial choice.
s beauty, courage, ſtrength and wit!
our Heav'n has cloth'd him with fits fit
ely on him. Since you needs muſt be
a king, you 're happy that 't is he.
gladly, and let him, too, know
: not made for him, but he for you,
for God,
ntleſt yoke, if once you caſt away,
all he command, and you obey;
n tyrants both ſhall ſlaves become (*g*),
King and ſubjects here at home."
wn thus ſev'ral ways confirm'd to Saul,
was wanting yet to crown them all;
was force, which only can maintain
that Fortune gives, or Worth does gain.
uſand guards of big bold men he took (*h*),
ble, and guards ev'n with their look;
perſon two, and throne, defend,
on matchleſs Jonathan attend,

(*f*) 1 Sam. xvii. 20. (*g*) ℣. 25. (*h*) 1 Sam. xiii. 2.

' O'er whose full thoughts honour and youthful heat
' Sat brooding to hatch actions good and great.
' On Geba first, where a Philistian hand
' Lies (i), and around torments the fetter'd land,
' He falls, and slaughters all; his noble rage
' Mix'd with design, his nation to engage
' In that just war, which from them long in vain
' Honour and Freedom's voice had strove t' obtain.
' Th' accurs'd Philistian rous'd with this bold blow,
' All the proud marks of enrag'd power does show (k).
' Raises a vast, well-arm'd, and glitt'ring host;
' If human strength might authorize a boast,
' Their threats had reason here; for ne'er did we
' Ourselves so weak, our foe so potent, see.
' Here we vast bodies of their host espy,
' The rear outreaches far th' extended eye:
' Like fields of corn their armed squadrons stand;
' As thick and numberless they hide the land.
' Here with sharp neighs the warlike horses sound,
' And with proud prancings beat the putrid ground.
' Here with worse noise three thousand chariots pass
' With plates of iron bound, or louder brass:
' About it forks, axes, and sithes, and spears,
' Whole magazines of death each chariot bears.
' Where it breaks in, there a whole troop it mows,
' And with lopp'd panting limbs the field bestrows.
' Alike the valiant and the cowards die;
' Neither can they resist, nor can these fly.

(i) 1 Sam. xiii. 3. (k) v. 3.

oud equipage at Micmas they (*l*),
uch diff'rent ſtate at Gilgal, lay (*m*):
s ſeem'd no army, but a crowd,
, unarm'd, diſorderly, and loud:
k contagion, fear, ran ſwift thro' all,
trembling fits th' infected fall.
his ſon (for no ſuch faint diſeaſe
their ſtrong-complexion'd valour ſeize)
ll parts of virtuous conduct ſhow'd,
leaf Terrour gen'rous words beſtow'd.
ls from thence fly ſcatter'd ev'ry day,
the leaves that ſhake and drop away,
ey th' approach of ſtormy winter find,
e tree all bare, expos'd to the wind.
ſad Jordan fly, and ſwim it for haſte,
n his farther bank look back at laſt:
o woods and caves their cattle drive,
th their beaſts on equal terms they live,
rve better; ſome in rocks on high,
retreats of ſtorks and ravens, lie;
e they wing'd like them, ſcarce would they
or truſt their frighted ſafety there. [dare
ſt with fear, ſo Saul, diſturb'd with care,
theſe ills by ſacrifice and pray'r (*n*),
l's bleſs'd will t' inquire, for Samuel ſends,
e ſix days with troubled haſte attends,
he ſeventh unlucky day (the laſt
el ſet for this great work) was paſt,

(*l*) 1 Sam. xiii. 5. (*m*) Ver. 7. (*n*) Ver. 9.

'Saul, alarm'd hourly from the neighb'ring foe,
'Impatient, ere God's time, God's mind to know,
'Sham'd and enrag'd to see his troops decay,
'Jealous of an affront in Samuel's stay,
'Scorning that any's presence should appear
'Needful besides, when he himself was there,
'And, with a pride too nat'ral, thinking Heav'n
'Had giv'n him all, because much pow'r it had giv'n,
'Himself the sacrifice and off'rings made,
'Himself did the high selected charge invade,
'Himself inquir'd of God, who then spake nought,
'But Samuel straight his dreadful answer brought;
'For straight he came, and with a virtue bold,
'As was Saul's sin, the fatal message told:

[illegible] man's amendment) does long ſince relent,
And with repentant Saul itſelf repent.
Howe'er, (tho' none more pray for this than we,
Whoſe wrongs and ſuff'rings might ſome colour be
To do it leſs) this ſpeech we ſadly find
Still extant, and ſtill active in his mind;
But then a worſe effect of it appear'd;
Our army, which before modeſtly fear'd,
Which did by ſtealth and by degrees decay,
Diſbanded now, and fled in troops away;
Baſe fear ſo bold and impudent does grow,
When an excuſe and colour it can ſhow.
Six hundred only (ſcarce a princely train)
Of all his hoſt, with diſtreſs'd Saul remain (*p*):
Of his whole hoſt ſix hundred; and ev'n thoſe
(So did wiſe Heav'n for mighty ends diſpoſe,
Nor would that uſeleſs multitudes ſhould ſhare
In that great gift it did for one prepare)
Arm'd not like ſoldiers marching in a war,
But country-hinds alarmed from afar
By wolves' loud hunger, when the well-known ſound
Raiſes the affrighted villages around.
Some goads, flails, ploughſhares, forks, or axes, bore,
Made for life's uſe and better ends before (*q*);
Some knotted clubs, and darts, or arrows dry'd
I' th' fire, the firſt rude arts that Malice try'd,

(*p*) 1 Sam. xxii. 15. (*q*) ℣. 19, 20, 21.

'Ere man the ſins of too much knowledge knew,
'And Death by long experience witty grew.
'Such were the numbers, ſuch the arms, which we
'Had by Fate left us for a victory
'O'er well-arm'd millions; nor will this appear
'Uſeful itſelf, when Jonathan was there.
''Twas juſt the time when the new ebb of night
'Did the moiſt world unveil to human ſight:
'The Prince, who all that night the field had beat
'With a ſmall party, and no en'my met,
'(So proud and ſo ſecure the en'my lay,
'And drench'd in ſleep th' exceſſes of the day)
'With joy this good occaſion did embrace,
'With better leiſure, and at nearer ſpace,

or would ill Fate, that meant me to ſurprize,
ome cloth'd in ſo unlikely a diſguiſe.
on' hoſt, which its proud Fifties ſpreads ſo wide
'er the whole land, like ſome ſwoll'n river's tide,
Which terrible and numberleſs appears,
s the thick waves which their rough ocean bears,
Which lies ſo ſtrongly encamp'd, that one would
he hill might be remov'd as ſoon as they;
'e two alone muſt fight with, and defeat:
hou 'rt ſtrook, and ſtarteſt at a ſound ſo great;
et we muſt do it; God our weak hands has choſe
' aſhame the boaſted numbers of our foes,
Which to his ſtrength no more proportion'd be
han millions are of hours to his eternity.
when their careleſs guards eſpy us here,
Vith ſportful ſcorn they call to us to come near (s),
/e 'll boldly climb the hill, and charge them all;
'ot they, but Iſrael's angel, gives the call."
e ſpoke, and as he ſpoke a light divine
id from his eyes, and round his temples, ſhine;
)uder his voice, larger his limbs appear'd;
:ſs ſeem'd the num'rous army to be fear'd.
his ſaw, and heard with joy, the brave eſquire,
s he with God's, fill'd with his maſter's fire:
'orbid it, Heav'n," ſaid he, "I ſhould decline,
)r *wiſh, Sir,* not to make your danger mine (t).

(s) 1 Sam. xiv. 9. (t) Ib. v. 7.

" The great example which I daily ſee,
" Of your high worth, is not ſo loſt on me:
" If wonder-ſtrook, I at your words appear,
" My wonder yet is innocent of fear:
" Th' honour which does your princely breaſt inflame,
" Warms mine too, and joins there with duty's name.
" If in this act ill Fate our tempter be,
" May all the ill it means be aim'd at me.
" But ſure, I think, God leads, nor could you bring
" So high thoughts from a leſs exalted ſpring.
" Bright ſigns thro' all your words and looks are ſpread,
" A riſing vict'ry dawns around your head." [ſpread,
' With ſuch diſcourſe blowing their ſacred flame,
' Lo, to the fatal place and work they came.

" The rebel lives long since to our justice due."
' Scarce from his lips the fatal omen flew,
' When th' inspir'd Prince did nimbly understand
' God, and his godlike virtues' high command.
' It call'd him up, and up the steep ascent
' With pain and labour, haste and joy, they went.
' Elcanor laugh'd to see them climb, and thought
' His mighty words th' affrighted suppliants brought,
' Did new affronts to the great Hebrew name,
' (The barbarous!) in his wanton fancy frame.
' Short was his sport; for swift as thunder's stroke
' Rives the frail trunk of some heav'n-threat'ning oak,
' The Prince's sword did his proud head divide;
' The parted scull hung down on either side.
' Just as he fell, his vengeful steel he drew
' Half way: no more the trembling joints could do,
' Which Abdon snatch'd, and dy'd it in the blood
' Of an amazed wretch that next him stood.
' Some close to earth shaking and grov'lling lie,
' Like larks when they the tyrant hobby spy;
' Some, wonder-strook, stand fix'd; some fly, some
' Wildly, at th' unintelligible alarm,
' Like the main channel of an high-swoll'n flood,
' In vain by dikes and broken works withstood:
' So Jonathan, once climb'd th' opposing hill,
' Does all around with noise and ruin fill;
' Like some large arm of which, another way
' Abdon o'erflows; him, too, no bank can stay.

S ii)

' With cries th' affrighted country flies before,
' Behind the following waters loudly roar:
' Twenty at leaſt ſlain on this outguard lie (x),
' To th' adjoin'd camp the reſt diſtracted fly,
' And ill-mix'd wonders tell, and into it bear
' Blind Terrour, deaf Diſorder, helpleſs Fear.
' The conqu'rors, too, preſs boldly in behind,
' Doubling the wild confuſions which they find.
' Hamgar at firſt, the Prince of Aſhdod Town (y),
' Chief 'mongſt the Five in riches and renown,
' And General then by courſe, oppos'd their way,
' Till drown'd in death at Jonathan's feet he lay,
' And curs'd the heav'ns for rage, and bit the ground;
' His life for ever ſpilt ſtain'd all the graſs around.
' His brother, too, who virtuous haſte did make
' His fortune to revenge or to partake,
' Falls grov'lling o'er his trunk on mother-Earth:
' Death mix'd no leſs their bloods than did their birth.
' Mean-while the well-pleas'd Abdon's reſtleſs ſword
' Diſpatch'd the following train t' attend their lord.
' On full o'er panting corpſe great Jonathan led,
' Hundreds before him fell, and thouſands fled.
' Prodigious Prince! which does moſt wondrous ſhow,
' Thy attempt, or thy ſucceſs? thy Fate, or thou?
' Who durſt alone that dreadful hoſt aſſail,
' With purpoſe not to die, but to prevail!
' Infinite numbers thee no more affright
' Than God, whoſe unity is infinite.

(x) 1 Sam. xiv. 14. (y) 1 Sam. v. 6.

' If Heav'n to men ſuch mighty thoughts would give,
' What breaſt but thine capacious to receive
' The vaſt infuſion? or what ſoul but thine
' Durſt have believ'd that thought to be divine? 940
' Thou follow'dſt Heav'n in the deſign, and we
' Find in the act 't was Heav'n that follow'd thee (z).
' Thou leadd'ſt on angels, and that ſacred band
' (The Deity's great Lieutenant) didſt command.
' 'Tis true, Sir, and no figure, when I ſay 945
' Angels themſelves fought under him that day.
' Clouds with ripe thunder charg'd ſome thither drew,
' And ſome the dire materials brought for new. 948
' Hot drops of ſouthern ſhowers (the ſweats of death)
' The voice of ſtorms and winged whirlwinds' breath,
' The flames ſhot forth from fighting dragons' eyes,
' The ſmokes that from ſcorch'd fevers' ovens riſe,
' The reddeſt fires with which ſad comets glow,
' And Sodom's neighb'ring lake did ſp'rits beſtow
' Of fineſt ſulphur, amongſt which they put 955
' Wrath, fury, horrour, and all mingled ſhut
' Into a cold moiſt cloud, t' inflame it more,
' And make th' enraged priſoner louder roar.
' Th' aſſembled clouds burſt o'er their army's head;
' Noiſe, darkneſs, diſmal lightnings, round them ſpread.
' Another ſpirit, with a more potent wand
' Than that which Nature fear'd in Moſes' hand,
' And went the way that pleas'd, the mountain ſtrook;
' The mountain felt it; the vaſt mountain ſhook.

(z) 1 Sam. xiv. 15.

' the wide air another angel flew
ut their hoſt, and thick amongſt them threw
ord, deſpair, confuſion, fear, miſtake,
d all th' ingredients that ſwift ruin make.
e fertile glebe requires no time to breed,
quickens and receives at once the ſeed.
ne would have thought, this diſmal day t' have
'hat Nature's ſelf in her death-pangs had been:
Such will the face of that great hour appear,
Such the diſtracted ſinner's conſcious fear.
In vain ſome few ſtrive the wild flight to ſtay;
In vain they threaten, and in vain they pray:
Unheard, unheeded, trodden down they lie,
wretched feet of crowds that fly.
the vi'lent horſe;

nows not why
nselves that fly,
f the air
rking there,
d call,
host does fall.
and prisoners rise (c),
liberty suffice
r'd arms they seize,
with the memory please
n. All about
Hebrews issue out (d)
hat their foes had shown
candal of their own.
dit all this storm appear;
d terrours every where;
blunt his wearied sword;
pplies to his hands afford.
ody, there still he hotly flew,
'd, scorn'd to pursue.
many in vain; for still
e'er was more swift to kill
their lives: till, lo! at last
wer he had so long surpass'd,
more, but to him stronger foes,
ies, and fierce hunger, did oppose.
r in dust, and blood, and sweat,
fup's and violent action's heat,

(c) 1 Sam. xiv. 21. (d) v. 22.

'Gainſt an old oak his trembling limbs he ſtaid
For ſome ſhort eaſe; Fate in th' old oak had laid
Proviſions up for his relief; and, lo!
The hollow trunk did with bright honey flow (e).
With timely food his decay'd ſpirits recruit,
Strong he returns, and freſh to the purſuit;
His ſtrength and ſpirits the honey did reſtore,
But, oh! the bitter-ſweet ſtrange poiſon bore!
Behold, Sir! and mark well the treach'rous fate
That does ſo cloſe on human glories wait;
Behold the ſtrong and yet fantaſtick net
T' enſnare triumphant virtue darkly ſet!
Could it before (ſcarce can it ſince) be thought
The Prince who had alone that morning fought
A duel with an hoſt, had th' hoſt o'erthrown,
And threeſcore thouſand hands diſarm'd with one,
Waſh'd off his country's ſhame, and doubly dy'd
In blood and bluſhes the Philiſtian pride;
Had ſav'd and fix'd his father's tott'ring crown,
And the bright gold new burniſh'd with renown,
Should be ere night, by 's king and father's breath,
Without a fault, vow'd and condemn'd to death?
Deſtin'd the bloody ſacrifice to be
Of thanks himſelf for his own victory?
Alone with various fate like to become
Fighting an hoſt, dying an hecatomb?
Yet ſuch, Sir, was his caſe:

(e) 1 Sam. xiv. 27.

' For Saul, who fear'd leſt the full plenty might
' (In the abandon'd camp expos'd to fight)
' His hungry men from the purſuit diſſuade,
' A raſh but ſolemn vow to Heav'n had made (*f*);'
" Curs'd be the wretch, thrice curſed let him be,
" Who ſhall touch food this buſy day," ſaid he
" Whilſt the bleſs'd ſun does with his fav'ring light
" Aſſiſt our vengeful ſwords againſt their flight.
" Be he thrice curs'd; and if his life we ſpare,
" On us thoſe curſes fall that he ſhould bear."
' Such was the King's raſh vow, who little thought
' How near to him Fate th' application brought.
' The two-edg'd oath wounds deep; perform'd or
' Ev'n perjury its leaſt and blunteſt ſtroke. [broke,
' 'Twas his own ſon, whom God and mankind lov'd,
' His own victorious ſon, that he devov'd,
' On whoſe bright head the baleful curſes light;
' But Providence, his helmet in the fight,
' Forbids their entrance or their ſettling there;
' They with brute ſound diſſolv'd into the air.
' Him what religion or what vow could bind,
' Unknown, unheard-of, till he his life did find
' Entangled in it? Whilſt wonders he did do,
' Muſt he die now for not being prophet too?
' To all but him this oath was meant and ſaid;
' He, afar off, the ends for which 't was made
' Was acting then, till faint and out of breath,
' He grew half dead with toil of giving death.

(*f*) 1 Sam. xiv. 24.

What could his crime in this condition be,
Excus'd by ignorance and neceſſity?
Yet the remorſeleſs King, who did diſdain
That man ſhould hear him ſwear or threat in vain,
Tho' 'gainſt himſelf, or Fate a way ſhould ſee
By which attack'd and conquer'd he might be;
Who thought compaſſion female weakneſs here,
And equity injuſtice would appear,
In his own cauſe; who falſely fear'd, beſide,
The ſolemn curſe on Joe'than did abide,
And the infected limb not cut away,
Would like a gangreen o'er all Iſrael ſtray,
Prepar'd this godlike ſacrifice to kill,
And his raſh vow more raſhly to fulfil.
What tongue can th' horrors and amazements tell

ſt all Iſrael ought to be
kill'd themſelves, rather than he.
d force they the glad King withſtood,
ir wondrous ſaviour's ſacred blood(g).'
ſpoke, and much did yet remain
tentive Prince to entertain;
oba's war, for what befel
oab (h), was known there too well;
ef's quarrel with curs'd Amalec's hand(i),
v'n itſelf did cruelty command,
s'd on Saul's mercy, nor did e'er
ith innocent blood, than pity there (k).
hey arriv'd now at the appointed place,
ſen and well furniſh'd for the chaſe.

n. xiv. 45. (h) v. 47. (i) 1 Sam. xv. 3.
n. xv. 23.

End of the Fourth Book.

IMITATIONS.

IN IMITATION OF MARTIAL'S EPIGRAM.

MARTIAL, LIB. V. EP. XXI.

Si tecum mihi chare Martialis, &c.

If, dearest Friend! it my good fate might be
T' enjoy at once a quiet life and thee;
If we for happiness could leisure find,
And wand'ring Time into a method bind,
We should not, sure, the great men's favour need,
Nor on long hopes, the Court's thin diet, feed;
We should not patience find daily to hear
The calumnies and flatt'ries spoken there:

w to himſelf, alas! does neither live,
t ſees good ſuns, of which we are to give
trick account, ſet and march thick away;
ows a man how to live, and does he ſtay?

MARTIAL, LIB. II.

Vota tui breviter, &c.

'ELL, then, Sir, you ſhall know how far extend
ıe pray'rs and hopes of your poetick friend:
: does not palaces nor manors crave,
ould be no lord, but leſs a lord would have:
ıe ground he holds, if he his own can call,
: quarrels not with Heaven becauſe 't is ſmall:
't gay and toilſome greatneſs others pleaſe,
: loves of homely littleneſs the eaſe:
ın any man in gilded rooms attend,
ıd his dear hours in humble viſits ſpend,
hen in the freſh and beauteous fields he may
ith various healthful pleaſures fill the day?
there be man, ye Gods! I ought to hate,
:pendence and attendance be his fate;
ill let him buſy be, and in a crowd,
nd very much a ſlave, and very proud:
hus he, perhaps, pow'rful and rich may grow;
o matter, O ye Gods! that I 'll allow;
ut let him peace and freedom never ſee;
et him not love this life w.. loves not me.

MARTIAL, LIB. II.

Vis fieri liber? &c.

Would you be free? 'Tis your chief wish, you say:
Come on; I 'll show thee, Friend! the certain way.
If to no feasts abroad thou lov'st to go,
Whilst bounteous God does bread at home bestow;
If thou the goodness of thy clothes dost prize,
By thine own use, and not by others' eyes;
If, only safe from weathers) thou canst dwell
In a small house, but a convenient shell;
If thou, without a sigh, or golden wish,
Canst look upon thy beachen bowl and dish;
If in thy mind such pow'r and greatness be

A lord and maſter no man wants, but he
Who o'er himſelf has no authority;
Who does for honours and for riches ſtrive,
And follies, without which lords cannot live.
If thou from Fortune doſt no ſervant crave,
Believe it thou no maſter need'ſt to have.

MARTIAL, LIB. II. EP. XC.

Wonder not, Sir, (you who inſtruct the town
In the true wiſdom of the ſacred gown)
That I make haſte to live, and cannot hold
Patiently out till I grow rich and old:
Life for delays and doubts no time does give;
None ever yet made haſte enough to live:
Let him defer it whoſe prepoſt'rous care
Omits himſelf and reaches to his heir;
Who does his father's bounded ſtores deſpiſe,
And whom his own, too, never can ſuffice.
My humble thoughts no glitt'ring roofs require,
Or rooms that ſhine with ought but conſtant fire:
I well content the av'rice of my ſight
With the fair gildings of reflected light:
Pleaſures abroad the ſport of Nature yields,
Her living fountains and her ſmiling fields;
And then at home what pleaſure is 't to ſee
A little cleanly cheerful family?
Which, if a chaſte wife crown, no leſs in her
Than Fortune I the golden mean prefer:

Too noble nor too wife ſhe ſhould not be;
No, nor too rich, too fair, too fond of me.
Thus let my life ſlide ſilently away,
With ſleep all night, and quiet all the day.

MARTIAL, LIB. V. EP. LIX.

To-morrow you will live, you always cry;
In what far country does this morrow lie,
That 't is ſo mighty long ere it arrive?
Beyond the Indies does this morrow live?
'Tis ſo far-fetch'd this morrow, that I fear
'Twill be both very old and very dear.
To-morrow I will live, the fool does ſay;
To-day itſelf 's too late; the wiſe liv'd yeſterday.

Thee to the Town let never suit at law,
And rarely, very rarely, bus'ness draw:
Thy active mind in equal temper keep,
In undisturbed peace, yet not in sleep:
Let exercise a vigorous health maintain,
Without which all the composition 's vain.
In the same weight prudence and innocence take;
Ana of each does the just mixture make:
But a few friendships wear, and let them be
By Nature and by Fortune fit for thee:
Instead of art and luxury in food,
Let mirth and freedom make thy table good:
If any cares into thy daytime creep,
At night, without wine's opium, let them sleep:
Let rest, which Nature does to Darkness wed,
And not lust, recommend to thee thy bed.
Be satisfy'd and pleas'd with what thou art;
Act cheerfully and well th' allotted part:
Enjoy the present hour, be thankful for the past,
And neither fear nor wish th' approaches of the last.

MARTIAL, LIB. X. EP. XCVI.

Me who have liv'd so long among the great,
You wonder to hear talk of a retreat,
And a retreat so distant, as may show
No thoughts of a return when once I go.
Give me a country, how remote soe'er,
Where happiness a mod'rate rate does bear,

Where poverty itself in plenty flows,
And all the solid use of riches knows:
The ground about the house maintains it there;
The house maintains the ground about it here.
Here even hunger 's dear, and a full hoard
Devours the vital substance of the lord.
The land itself does there the feast bestow,
The land itself must here to market go.
Three or four suits one winter here does waste,
One suit does there three or four winters last.
Here ev'ry frugal man must oft' be cold,
And little luke-warm fires are to you sold.
There fire 's an element, as cheap and free
Almost as any other of the three.
Stay you then here, and live among the great,
Attend their sports, and at their tables eat:
When all the bounties here of men you score,
The place's bounty there shall give me more.

HORAT. EPODON.

Beatus ille qui procul, &c.

Happy the man whom bounteous gods allow
With his own hands paternal grounds to plou
Like the first golden mortals, happy he,
From bus'ness and the cares of money free!
No human storms break off at land his sleep
No loud alarms of Nature on the deep;

From all the cheats of law he lives ſecure,
Nor does th' affronts of palaces endure.
Sometimes the beauteous marriageable Vine
He to the luſty bridegroom Elm does join;
Sometimes he lops the barren trees around,
And grafts new life into the fruitful wound;
Sometimes he ſhears his flock, and ſometimes he
Stores up the golden treaſures of the bee:
He ſees his lowing herds walk o'er the plain,
Whilſt neighb'ring hills low back to them again;
And when the ſeaſon rich, as well as gay,
All her autumnal bounty does diſplay,
How is he pleas'd th' increaſing uſe to ſee
Of his well-truſted labours bend the tree?
Of which large ſhares, on the glad ſacred days,
He gives to friends, and to the gods repays:
With how much joy does he beneath ſome ſhade,
By aged trees' rev'rend embraces made,
His careleſs head on the freſh green recline,
His head, uncharg'd with fear or with deſign?
By him a river conſtantly complains,
The birds above rejoice with various ſtrains,
And in the ſolemn ſcene their orgies keep,
Like dreams mix'd with the gravity of ſleep;
Sleep, which does always there for entrance wait,
And nought within againſt it ſhuts the gate.

Nor does the rougheſt ſeaſon of the ſky,
Or ſullen Jove, all ſports to him deny;

He runs the mazes of the nimble hare,
His well-mouth'd dogs' glad concert rends the air
Or with game bolder, and rewarded more,
He drives into a toil the foaming boar:
Here flies the hawk t' affault, and there the net
To intercept the travelling fowl is fet:
And all his malice, all his craft, is fhown
In innocent wars on beafts and birds alone.
This is the life from all misfortunes free,
From thee the great one, tyrant Love! from thee
And if a chafte and clean, tho' homely wife,
Be added to the bleffings of this life,
Such as the ancient funburnt Sabines were,
Such as Apulia, frugal ftill, does bear,

ne princely tables better cheer
lamb and kid, lettuce and olives, here. 64

A paraphraſe upon the

TENTH EPISTLE OF HORACE, BOOK I.

Horace to Fuſcus Ariſtius.

HEALTH from the lover of the country, me;
Health to the lover of the city, thee:
A diff'rence in our ſouls this only proves;
In all things elſe we agree like marry'd doves.
But the warm neſt, and crowded dovehouſe, thou 5
Doſt like; I looſely fly from bough to bough,
And rivers drink, and all the ſhining day
Upon fair trees or moſſy rocks I play:
In fine, I live and reign, when I retire
From all that you equal with Heav'n admire. 10
Like one at laſt from the prieſt's ſervice fled,
Loathing the honey'd cakes, I long for bread.
Would I a houſe for happineſs erect,
Nature alone ſhould be the architect:
She 'd build it more convenient than great, 15
And, doubtleſs, in the country chuſe her ſeat.
Is there a place doth better helps ſupply
Againſt the wounds of Winter's cruelty?
Is there an air that gentler does aſſuage
The mad celeſtial Dog's or Lion's rage? 20
Is it not there that ſleep (and only there)
Nor noiſe without, nor cares within, does fear?

Does art thro' pipes a purer water bring,
Than that which Nature ſtrains into a ſpring?
Can all your tap'ſtries, or your pictures, ſhow
More beauties than in herbs and flow'rs do grow?
Fountains and trees our weary'd pride do pleaſe,
Ev'n in the midſt of gilded palaces;
And in your towns that proſpect gives delight,
Which opens round the country to our ſight.
Men to the good from which they raſhly fly
Return at laſt, and their wild luxury
Does but in vain with thoſe true joys contend,
Which Nature did to mankind recommend.
The man who changes gold for burniſh'd braſs,
Or ſmall right gems for larger ones of glaſs,
a not, at length, more certain to be made

And when they fought the field it always wan,
Till the ambitious horſe begg'd help of man,
And took the bridle, and thenceforth did reign
Bravely alone, as lord of all the plain;
But never after could the rider get
From off his back, or from his mouth the bit.
So they, who poverty too much do fear,
T' avoid that weight, a greater burden bear:
That they might pow'r above their equals have,
To cruel maſters they themſelves enſlave;
For gold their liberty exchang'd we ſee,
That faireſt flow'r which crowns humanity;
And all this miſchief does upon them light,
Only becauſe they know not how, aright,
That great but ſecret happineſs to prize,
That 's laid up in a little for the wiſe.
That is the beſt and eaſieſt eſtate
Which to a man ſits cloſe, but not too ſtrait:
'Tis like a ſhoe; it pinches and it burns
Too narrow, and too large it overturns.
My deareſt Friend! ſtop thy deſires at laſt,
And cheerfully enjoy the wealth thou haſt;
And if me ſtill ſeeking for more you ſee,
Chide and reproach, deſpiſe and laugh at me.
Money was made not to command our will,
But all our lawful pleaſures to fulfil.
Shame and wo to us if we our wealth obey;
The horſe does with the horſeman run away.

VIRG. GEORG. LIB. II.

O fortunatos nimium, &c.

A translation out of Virgil.

O h happy (if his happineſs he knows)
he country ſwain on whom kind Heav'n beſtows
t home all riches that wiſe Nature needs,
Vhom the juſt earth with eaſy plenty feeds.
'is true, no morning-tide of clients comes,
nd fills the painted channels of his rooms,
doring the rich figures, as they paſs,
tap'ſtry wrought, or cut in living braſs;

Here a well-hardened active youth we see,
Taught the great art of cheerful poverty;
Here, in this place alone, there still do shine
Some streaks of love, both human and divine:
From hence Astræa took her flight, and here
Still her last footsteps upon earth appear.
'Tis true, the first desire which does control
All the inferiour wheels that move my soul,
Is that the Muse me her high priest would make,
Into her hollest scenes of myst'ry take,
And open there to my mind's purged eye,
Those wonders which to sense the gods deny;
How in the moon such change of shapes is found,
The moon, the changing world's eternal bound:
What shakes the solid earth, what strong disease
Dares trouble the firm centre's ancient ease;
What makes the sea retreat, and what advance,
Varieties too regular for Chance;
What drives the chariot on of Winter's light,
And stops the lazy waggon of the Night:
But if my dull and frozen blood deny
To send forth sp'rits that raise a soul so high,
In the next place let woods and rivers be
My quiet tho' inglorious destiny:
In life's cool vale let my low scene be laid,
Cover me, gods! with Tempe's thickest shade.
Happy the man, I grant, thrice happy he
Who can thro' gross effects their causes see,

t to the loſs of reaſon or of ſtrength:
active games and manly ſport, at length,
eir mirth aſcends, and with fill'd veins they ſee
ho can the beſt at better trials be.
ch was the life the prudent Sabines choſe;
om ſuch the old Hetrurian virtue roſe;
ch Remus and the god his brother led;
om ſuch firm footing Rome grew the world's head:
ch was the life that ev'n till now does raiſe
e honour of poor Saturn's golden days,
fore men born of earth, and bury'd there,
t in the ſea their mortal fate to ſhare,
fore new ways of periſhing were ſought,
fore unſkilful Death on anvils wrought,
fore thoſe beaſts which human life ſuſtain.

[redacted], O ye Gods! at a good distance, find
From the long ruins of the great;
Here wrapp'd in th' arms of Quiet let me lie;
Quiet! companion of Obscurity:
Here let my life with so much silence slide,
As Time, that measures it, does glide:
Nor let the breath of Infamy or Fame,
From town to town echo about my name:
Nor let my homely death embroider'd be
With Scutcheon or with elegy.
An old plebeian let me die,
Alas! all these are such as well as I.
To him, alas! to him I fear,
The face of Death will terrible appear,
Who in his life flatt'ring his senseless pride,
By being known to all the world beside,
Does not himself, when he is dying, know,
Nor what he is, nor whither he 's to go.

CLAUDIAN'S OLD MAN OF VERONA.

Happy the man who his whole time doth bound
Within th' enclosure of his little ground:
Happy the man whom the same humble place
(Th' hereditary cottage of his race)
From his first rising infancy has known,
And by degrees sees gently bending down,
With natural propension to that earth
Which both preserv'd his life and gave him birth:

m no falſe diſtant lights, by Fortune ſet,
ould ever into fooliſh wand'rings get;
e never dangers either ſaw or fear'd;
ie dreadful ſtorms at ſea he never heard:
e never heard the ſhrill alarms of war,
the worſe noiſes of the lawyers' bar:
o change of Conſuls marks to him the year;
ie change of ſeaſons is his calendar:
ie cold and heat winter and ſummer ſhows,
utumn by fruits, and ſpring by flow'rs, he knows:
e meaſures time by landmarks, and has found
r the whole day the dial of his ground:
neighb'ring wood, born with himſelf, he ſees,
nd loves his old contemporary trees:

FRAGMENTS.

In the Diſcourſe, by way of viſion, concerning the government of Oliver Cromwell.

I.

Ah! happy Iſle! how art thou chang'd and curs'd
Since I was born, and knew thee firſt!
When Peace, which had forſook the world around,
(Frighted with noiſe, and the ſhrill trumpet's ſound)
Thee for a private place of reſt,
And a ſecure retirement, choſe
Wherein to build her halcyon neſt;
No wind durſt ſtir abroad the air to diſcompoſe.

II.

When all the riches of the globe beſide
Flow'd into thee with ev'ry tide;
When all that Nature did thy ſoil deny,
The growth was of thy fruitful induſtry,
When all the proud and dreadful ſea,
And all his tributary ſtreams,
A conſtant tribute paid to thee;
When all the liquid world was one extended Thames.

III

When Plenty in each village did appear,
And Bounty was its ſteward there;
When God walk'd free about in open view,
Ere it one conqu'ring party's priſ'ner grew;

When the religion of our ſtate
Had face and ſubſtance with her voice,
Ere ſhe by' her fooliſh loves of late,
Like Echo, (once a nymph) turn'd only into noi

IV.

When men to men reſpect and friendſhip bore,
And God with reverence did adore;
When upon earth no kingdom could have ſhown
A happier Monarch to us than our own,
And yet his ſubjects by him were
(Which is a truth will hardly be
Receiv'd by any vulgar ear,
A ſecret known to few) made happier ev'n than

V.

Then daſh a chaos and confuſion now

in the country which didſt hate,
ock the French inconſtancy?
ve we, have we ſeen of late
nge of habits there than governments in thee?

VII.

py Iſle! no ſhip of thine at ſea
er toſs'd and torn like thee;
ked hulk looſe on the waves does beat,
cks and banks around her ruin threat;
lid thy fooliſh pilots ail,
the compaſs quite aſide?
it a law or rule to fail,
ther take the winds than heav'ns to be their guide?

VIII.

ighty God! yet, yet, we humbly crave,
oating Iſle from ſhipwreck ſave;
o' to waſh that blood which does it ſtain,
deſerves to ſink into the main;
the Royal Martyr's prayer
Loyal Martyr prays, we know)
uilty, periſhing, veſſel ſpare;
ut his ſoul above, and not his blood below.

ὅσιον κλαμὴνοσιν ἐπ' ἄνδρασιν εὖ χεταάσδαι.

vicked, with inſulting feet to tread
he monuments of the dead.

I.

Curs'd be the man (what do I wiſh? as tho'
The wretch already were not ſo;
But curs'd or let him be) who thinks it brave
And great his country to enſlave;
Who ſeeks to overpoiſe alone
The balance of a nation:
Againſt the whole, but naked ſtate,
Who in his own light ſcale makes up with arm

II. [w

Who of his nation loves to be the firſt,
Tho' at the rate of being worſt;
Who would be rather a great monſter, than
A well-proportion'd man;

IV.

But no guards can oppoſe aſſaulting ears;
Or undermining tears;
No more than doors or cloſe-drawn curtains keep
The ſwarming dreams out when we ſleep:
That bloody conſcience, too, of his,
(For oh! a rebel red-coat 'tis)
Does here his early hell begin;
He ſees his ſlaves without, his tyrant feels within.

V.

Let, gracious God! let never more thine hand
Lift up this rod againſt our land:
A tyrant is a rod and ſerpent too,
And brings worſe plagues than Egypt knew.
What rivers ſtain'd with blood have been?
What ſtorm and hailſhot have we ſeen?
What ſores deform'd the ulcerous ſtate?
What darkneſs to be felt has bury'd us of late?

VI.

How has it ſnatch'd our flocks and herds away!
And made even of our ſons a prey!
What croaking frogs and vermine has it ſent
The reſtleſs nation to torment!
What greedy troops, what armed power
Of flies and locuſts, to devour
The land, which ev'ry where they fill!
Nor fly they, Lord! away; no, they devour it ſtill.

VII.

ome the eleventh plague rather than this ſhould be;
ome ſink us rather in the ſea:
ome rather Peſtilence, and reap us down;
ome God's ſword rather than our own:
et rather Roman come again,
r Saxon, Norman, or the Dane:
all the bonds we ever bore
e griev'd, we ſigh'd, we wept; we never bluſh'd be-
[fore.

VIII.

by our ſins the divine vengeance be
all'd to this laſt extremity,
et ſome denouncing Jonas firſt be ſent
o try if England can repent:
ſethinks at leaſt ſome prodigy

That (tho' a brother) any one ſhould be
A greater favourite to God than he?
He ſtrook him down, and ſo, ſaid he, ſo fell
The ſheep which thou didſt ſacrifice ſo well.
Since all the fulleſt ſheaves which I could bring,
Since all were blaſted in the offering,
Leſt God ſhould my next victim, too, deſpiſe,
The acceptable prieſt I 'll ſacrifice.
Hence coward Fears; for the firſt blood ſo ſpilt,
As a reward, he the firſt city built.
'Twas a beginning generous and high,
Fit for a grandchild of the Deity:
So well advanc'd, 't was pity there he ſtaid;
One ſtep of glory more he ſhould have made,
And to the utmoſt bounds of greatneſs gone; [alone.
Had Adam, too, been kill'd, he might have reign'd
One brother's death what do I mean to name,
A ſmall oblation to Revenge and Fame?
The mighty-ſoul'd Abimelec, to ſhow
What for high place a higher ſp'rit can do,
A hecatomb almoſt of brethren ſlew,
And ſeventy times in neareſt blood he dy'd
(To make it hold) his royal purple pride.
Why do I name the lordly creature man?
The weak, the mild, the coward woman, can,
When to a crown ſhe cuts her ſacred way,
All that oppoſe with manlike courage ſlay.

So Athaliah, when ſhe ſaw her ſon,
And with his life her dearer greatneſs gone,
With a majeſtick fury ſlaughter'd all
Whom high birth might to high pretences ca
Since he was dead who all her pow'r ſuſtain'd
Reſolv'd to reign alone, reſolv'd, and reign'd
In vain her ſex, in vain the laws, withſtood,
In vain the ſacred plea of David's blood.
A noble and a bold contention ſhe
(One woman) undertook with Deſtiny:
She to pluck down, Deſtiny to uphold,
(Oblig'd by holy oracles of old)
The great Jeſſæan race on Juda's throne,
Till 't was at laſt an equal wager grown;

[redacted]

it rode, and in his full career
'd to my eyes no ſooner there than here,
omelieſt youth of all th' angelick race,
ly his ſhape, ineffable his face.
rowns with which he ſtrook the trembling fiend,
niles of human beauty did tranſcend;
eams of locks fell part diſhevell'd down,
upwards curl'd, and form'd a nat'ral crown,
as the Britiſh Monarch's us'd to wear,
ld might be compar'd with angels' hair:
oat and flowing mantle were ſo bright,
ſeem'd both made of woven ſilver light:
ſs his breaſt an azure riband went,
hich a medal hung, that did preſent,
ondrous living figures, to the ſight,
nyſtick Champions and old Dragon's ſight;
from his mantle's ſide there ſhone afar
'd, and, I believe, a real ſtar.
fair hand (what need was there of more?)
ms but th' Engliſh bloody Croſs he bore,
h when he tow'rds the affrighted tyrant bent,
ſome few words pronounc'd, (but what they
ere, could not, alas! by me be known, [meant,
I well perceiv'd Jeſus was one)
embled, and he roar'd, and fled away,
to quit thus his more than hop'd-for prey.
rage inflames the wolf's wild heart and eyes,
b'd, as he thinks, unjuſtly of his prize)

hom unawares the ſhepherd ſpies, and draws
he bleating lamb from out his rav'nous jaws;
he ſhepherd fain himſelf would he aſſail,
r fear above his hunger does prevail:
knows his foe too ſtrong, and muſt be gone:
grins as he looks back, and howls as he goes on.

n ſeveral diſcourſes by way of eſſays in verſe and proſe.

I. *Of Liberty.*

HO governs his own courſe with ſteddy hand,
ho does himſelf with ſov'reign pow'r command;
hom neither death nor poverty does fright,
ho ſtands not awkwardly in his own light
gainſt the truth; who can, when pleaſures knock

II. *Of Solitude.*

Sic ego secretis possum bene vivere sylvis
Quâ nulla humano sit via trita pede,
Tu mihi curarum requies, tu nocte vel atrâ
Lumen, et in solis tu mihi turba locis.

With thee for ever I in woods could rest,
Where never human foot the ground has prest;
Thou from all shades the darkness canst exclude,
And from a desert banish solitude.

Odi et amo, quanám id faciam ratione requiris?
Nescio, sed fieri sentio, et excrucior.

I hate, and yet I love thee too:
How can that be? I know not how;
Only that so it is I know,
And feel with torment that 'tis so.

O vita! stulto longa, sapienti brevis!

O life! long to the fool, short to the wise!

I.

Hail, old Patrician Trees, so great and good!
Hail, ye Plebeian Underwood!
Where the poetick birds rejoice,
And for their quiet nests and plenteous food
Pay with their grateful voice.

XI.

Whilſt this hard truth I teach, methinks I ſee
The monſter London laugh at me;
I ſhould at thee, too, fooliſh City!
It were fit to laugh at miſery;
But thy eſtate I pity.

XII.

Let but thy wicked men from out thee go,
And all the fools that crowd thee ſo,
Even thou, who doſt thy millions boaſt,
A village leſs than Iſlington will grow,
A ſolitude almoſt.

III. *Of Obſcurity.*

[redacted]

As well might corn as verſe in cities grow:
In vain the thankleſs glebe we plough and ſow,
Againſt the unnatural ſoil in vain we ſtrive;
'Tis not a ground in which theſe plants will thrive. 4

Νήπιοι, οὐδ' ἴσασιν ὅσῳ Πλεόν Ἥμισυ Παντὸς,
Οὐδ' ὅσον ἐν μαλάχῃ τε καὶ ἀσφοδέλῳ μέγ' ὄνειαρ,
Κρύψαντες γὰρ ἔχουσι Θεοὶ βίον ἀνθρώποισι.

Unhappy they to' whom God has not reveal'd,
By a ſtrong light which muſt their ſenſe control,
That half a great eſtate 's more than the whole;
Unhappy, from whom ſtill conceal'd does lie
Of roots and herbs the wholeſome luxury. 5

——Hæc (inquit) limina victor
Alcides ſubiit, hæc illum regia cepit,
Aude, Hoſpes! contemnere opes, et te quoq; dignum
Finge Deo, rebuſque veni non aſper egenis. 4

This humble roof, this ruſtick court, ſaid he,
Receiv'd Alcides crown'd with victory:
Scorn not, great Gueſt! the ſteps where he has trod,
But contemn wealth, and imitate a god. 4

THE COUNTRY LIFE.

Lib. IV. *Plantarum.*

Bless'd be the man (and bleſs'd he is) whom e'er
(*Plac'd far* out of the roads of hope or fear)

A little field and little garden feeds;
The field gives all that frugal Nature needs;
The wealthy garden lib'rally bestows
All she can ask, when she luxurious grows.
The specious inconveniencies that wait
Upon a life of bus'ness and of state,
He sees (nor does the sight disturb his rest)
By fools desir'd, by wicked men possess'd.
Thus, thus (and this deserv'd great Virgil's pra
The old Corycian yeoman pass'd his days:
Thus his wife life Abdolonymus spent:
Th' ambassadours, which the great emp'rour se
To offer him a crown, with wonder found
The rev'rend gard'ner hoeing of his ground:
Unwillingly, and slow, and discontent

d to flatter man, reply'd,
ier is. 'But Gyges cry'd,
ge, Who can that Aglaüs be?
rd as yet of no ſuch king as he.
was, thro' the whole earth around
ich a name was to be found.
ero of that name alive,
h race does from the gods derive?
ghty gen'ral, that has done
ight, and godlike honours won?
n of endleſs wealth? ſaid he.
f theſe. Who can this Aglaüs be?
arch and vain enquiries paſt,
: Arcadian vale at laſt,
n life has always ſhady been)
s town (which he but once had ſeen)
, who monarchs' envy drew,
neſs the gods ſtood witneſs to,
Aglaüs was lab'ring found,
n hands, in his own little ground.
us God! (if it may lawful be
: fooliſh gods to mention thee)
, on ſuch a private ſtage,
ſcenes of my declining age:
ils and voyages in vain,
rt let my toſs'd veſſel gain:
reſt this earneſt to me lend;
eep, and learn to love her end.

V. *The Garden.*

AND there (with no design beyond my wall) whole
and entire to lie,
no unactive ease, and no unglorious poverty.

I.

HAPPY art thou, whom God does bless
With the full choice of thine own happiness;
And happier yet, because thou 'rt bless'd
With prudence how to chuse the best.
In books and gardens thou hast plac'd aright 5
Things which thou well dost understand,
And both dost make with thy laborious hand)
Thy noble innocent delight:

He thought it fit to place him, where
A kind of heav'n, too, did appear.
As far as earth could ſuch a likeneſs bear,
That man no happineſs might want
Which earth to her firſt maſter could afford,
He did a garden for him plant,
By the quick hand of his omnipotent Word.
As the chief help and joy of human life,
He gave him the firſt gift, firſt ev'n before a wife.

III.

For God, the univerſal architect,
It had been as eaſy to erect
A Louvre or Eſcurial, or a Tower,
That might with heav'n communication hold,
As Babel vainly thought to do of old:
He wanted not the ſkill or power;
In the world's fabrick thoſe were ſhown,
And the materials were all his own:
But well he knew what place would beſt agree
With innocence and with felicity;
And we elſewhere ſtill ſeek for them in vain,
If any part of either yet remain;
If any part of either we expect,
This may our judgment in the ſearch direct;
God the firſt garden made, and the firſt city Cain.

IV.

Oh! bleſſed Shades! O gentle cool retreat
From all th' immoderate heat
In which the frantick world does burn and ſweat!

This does the Lion-ſtar, ambition's rage;
This avarice, the Dog-ſtar's thirſt, aſſuage:
Ev'ry where elſe their fatal pow'r we ſee,
They make and rule man's wretched deſtiny:
They neither ſet nor diſappear,
But tyrannize o'er all the year,
Whilſt we ne'er feel their flame or influence her
The birds that dance from bough to bough,
And ſing above in ev'ry tree,
Are not from fears and cares more free
Than we who lie, or ſit, or walk, below,
And ſhould by right be ſingers too.
What prince's choir of muſick can excel
That which within this ſhade does dwell?

[redacted]

V.

ie are the ſpells that to kind ſleep invite,
nothing does within reſiſtance make,
ich yet we moderately take:
no would not chuſe to be awake
nile he 's encompaſs'd round with ſuch delight
th' ear, the noſe, the touch, the taſte, and ſight?
Then Venus would her dear Aſcanius keep
pris'ner in the downy bands of ſleep,
he od'rous herbs and flow'rs beneath him ſpread,
As the moſt ſoft and ſweeteſt bed;
Not her own lap would more have charm'd his head.
Who that has reaſon and has ſmell,
Would not among roſes and jaſmine dwell,
Rather than all his ſpirits choke
With exhalations of dirt and ſmoke?
And all th' uncleanneſs which does drown,
In peſtilential clouds, a populous town?
The earth itſelf breathes better perfumes here,
Than all the female men or women there,
Not without cauſe, about them bear.

VI.

When Epicurus to the world had taught
That pleaſure was the chiefeſt good,
(And was perhaps i' th' right, if rightly underſtood)
His life he to his doctrine brought,
And in a garden's ſhade that ſov'reign pleaſure ſought.

Whoever a true epicure would be,
May there find cheap and virtuous luxury.
Intellips his table, which did hold
As many creatures as the Ark of old;
That fiscal table, to which ev'ry day
All countries did a constant tribute pay,
Could nothing more delicious afford
Than Nature's liberality,
Help'd with a little art and industry,
Follows the meanest gard'ner's board.
The wanton taste no fish or fowl can chuse,
Or which the grape or melon he would lose.
Tho' all th' inhabitants of sea and air
Are listed in the glutton's bill of fare,
As still the fruits of earth we see

Hiram's princely dye;
flarry ſtones met ev'ry where her eye;
elf, and her gay hoſt, were dreſs'd
ſhining glories of the Eaſt;
. Art her coſtly work had done,
and the prize of bravery
garden from the palace won;
roſe and lily there did ſtand,
r'd by Nature's hand.
hus judg'd againſt the king we ſee, [he.
iat would not be ſo rich, tho' wiſer far than

VIII.

s this happy place only diſpenſe
rious pleaſures to the ſenſe;
Health itſelf does live,
alt of life which does to all a reliſh give;
nding pleaſure and intrinſick wealth,
ody's virtue; and the ſoul's good fortune, health
tree of Life, when it in Eden ſtood,
its immortal head to heaven rear,
ifted a tall cedar till the flood;
w a ſmall thorny ſhrub it does appear,
or will it thrive, too. ev'ry where;
always here is freſheſt ſeen;
'is only here an evergreen.
ſtnro' the ſtrong and beauteous fence
Of temperance and innocence,
And wholeſome labours, and a quiet mind,
Any diſeaſes paſſage find,

ey muſt not think here to aſſail
land unarm'd, or without a guard;
ey muſt fight for it, and diſpute it hard,
fore they can prevail:
rce any plant is growing here
hich againſt death ſome weapon does not bear.
t cities boaſt that they provide
r life the ornaments of pride;
t 't is the country and the field
at furniſh it with ſtaff and ſhield.

IX.

here does the wiſdom and the pow'r divine
a more bright and ſweet reflection ſhine?
here do we finer ſtrokes and colours ſee
the Creator's real poetry

rage human industry,
rder'd that no other part
nd such dominion leaves for art.

X.

ere Art do so triumphant see,
t grafts or buds the tree:
hings we count it to excel,
cile scholar can appear
ire, and but imitate her well;
ules, and is her master here:
ates her Maker's power divine,
hanges her sometimes, and sometimes does re-
s, like grace, the fallen tree restore [fine.
s blefs'd state of Paradise before.
o would not joy to see his conqu'ring hand
r all the vegetable world command?
d the wild giants of the wood receive
hat law he 's pleas'd to give?
le bids th' illnatur'd crab produce
The gentler apple's winy juice,
The golden fruit that worthy is
Of Galatea's purple kiss:
He does the savage hawthorn teach
To bear the medlar and the pear;
He bids the ruftick plum to rear
A noble trunk, and be a peach;
Ev'n Daphne's coyness he does mock,
And weds the cherry to her flock,

Tho' ſhe refus'd Apollo's ſuit;
Ev'n ſhe, that chaſte and virgin tree,
Now wonders at herſelf, to ſee
That ſhe 's a mother made, and bluſhes in her fr

XI.

Methinks I ſee great Diocleſian walk
In the Salonian garden's noble ſhade,
Which by his own imperial hands was made:
I ſee him ſmile, methinks, as he does talk
With the ambaſſadours, who come in vain
T' entice him to a throne again.
If I, my Friends! (ſaid he) ſhould to you ſhow
All the delights which in theſe gardens grow,
'Tis likelier much that you ſhould with me ſtay,
Than 't is that you ſhould carry me away:

Was it for this that Rome's beſt blood he ſpilt,
With ſo much falſehood, ſo much guilt?
Was it for this that his ambition ſtrove
To equal Cæſar firſt, and after Jove?
Greatneſs is barren, ſure, of ſolid joys;
Her merchandiſe, I fear, is all in toys;
She could not elſe, ſure, ſo uncivil be
To treat his univerſal majeſty,
His new-created deity,
With nuts, and bounding-ſtones, and boys.

——Sed quantum vertice ad auras
Ætherias, tantum radice ad Tartara tendit.

As far as up tow'rds heav'n the branches grow,
So far the root ſinks down to hell below.

And what a noble plot was croſs'd,
And what a brave deſign was loſt!

VII. *Of Avarice.*

And, oh! what man's condition can be worſe
Than his whom plenty ſtarves and bleſſings curſe?
The beggars but a common fate deplore;
The rich poor man's emphatically poor.

I admire, Mecænas! how it comes to paſs
That no man ever yet contented was,
Nor is, nor perhaps will be, with that ſtate
In which his own choice plants him, or his Fate,

appy the merchant, the old ſoldier cries!
he merchant, beaten with tempeſtuous ſkies,
appy the ſoldier; one half hour to thee
ives ſpeedy death or glorious victory.
he lawyer, knock'd up early from his reſt
y reſtleſs clients, calls the peaſant bleſs'd;
he peaſant, when his labours ill ſucceed,
nvies the mouth which only talk does feed.
'is not (I think you 'll ſay) that I want ſtore
f inſtances, if here I add no more:
hey are enough to reach at leaſt a mile
eyond long Orator Fabius his ſtyle.
ut, hold, you whom no fortune e'er endears,
entlemen, male-contents, and mutineers,
ho bounteous Jove ſo often cruel call,

't is with a deſign only to gain
at may their age with plenteous eaſe maintain.
: prudent piſmire does this leſſon teach,
l induſtry to lazy mankind preach:
: little drudge does trot about and ſweat,
does he ſtraight devour all he can get,
in his temp'rate mouth carries it home,
ook for winter, which he knows muſt come;
i when the rolling world to creatures here
ns up the deform'd wrong ſide of the year,
i ſhuts him in with ſtorms, and cold, and wet,
cheerfully does his paſt labours eat.
loes he ſo? your wiſe example, th' ant,
:s not at all times reſt and plenty want;
weighing juſtly a mortal ant's condition,
ides his life 'twixt labour and fruition.
:e neither heat, nor ſtorms, nor wet, nor cold,
m thy unnatural diligence can withhold:
th' Indies thou wouldſt run, rather than ſee
other, tho' a friend, richer than thee.
id Man! what good or beauty can be found
ieaps of treaſure bury'd under ground?
iich rather than diminiſh'd e'er to ſee,
ou wouldſt thyſelf, too, bury'd with them be.
d what 's the diff'rence? is it not quite as bad
ver to uſe, as never to have had?
:hy vaſt barns millions of quarters ſtore,
y belly, for all that, will hold no more

an mine does. Ev'ry baker makes much bread;
hat then? he 's with no more than others fed.
o you within the bounds of nature live,
nd to augment your own you need not ſtrive.
ne hundred acres will no leſs for you
our life's whole bus'neſs than ten thouſand do.
t pleaſant 't is to take from a great ſtore.
hat, Man! tho' you 're reſolv'd to take no more
an I do from a ſmall one? if your will
but a pitcher or a pot to fill,
n ſome great river for it muſt you go,
hen a clear ſpring juſt at your feet does flow?
ive me the ſpring which does to human uſe
ſe, eaſy, and untroubled ſtores produce:

The treaſures of the gods thou wouldſt not ſpare,
But when they 're made thine own they ſacred are,
And muſt be kept with reverence, as if thou
No other uſe of precious gold didſt know,
But that of curious pictures, to delight,
With the fair ſtamp, thy virtuoſo ſight.
The only true and genuine uſe is this,
To buy the things which Nature cannot miſs
Without diſcomfort: oil, and vital bread,
And wine, by which the life of Life is fed,
And all thoſe few things elſe by which we live;
All that remains is giv'n for thee to give.
If cares and troubles, envy, grief, and fear,
The bitter fruits be which fair Riches bear,
If a new poverty grow out of ſtore,
The old plain way, ye Gods! let me be poor.

VIII. *The dangers of an honeſt man in much company.*

Honest and poor, faithful in word and thought,
What has thee, Fabian! to the City brought?
Thou neither the buffoon nor bawd canſt play,
Nor with falſe whiſpers th' innocent betray;
Nor corrupt wives, nor from rich beldams get
A living by thy induſtry and ſweat;
Nor with vain promiſes nor projects cheat,
Nor bribe or flatter any of the great.

t you 're a man of learning, prudent, juſt;
man of courage firm, and fit for truſt.
hy, you may ſtay, and live unenvy'd here;
t, faith, go back, and keep you where you were.

IX. *The ſhortneſs of life, and uncertainty of riches.*

SERE nunc Melibœe pyros, pone ordine vites.

o, Melibœus! now,
graff thy orchards and thy vineyards plant;
hold the fruit!

I.

Why doſt thou heap up wealth, which thou muſt

IV.

Yet Death at all that ſubtilty will laugh;
Death will that fooliſh gard'ner mock,
Who does a ſlight and annual plant ingraff
Upon a laſting ſtock.

V.

Thou doſt thyſelf wiſe and induſtrious deem;
A mighty huſband thou wouldſt ſeem:
Fond Man! like a bought ſlave thou all the while
Doſt but for others ſweat and toil.

VI.

Officious Fool! that needs muſt meddling be
In bus'neſs that concerns not thee;
For when to future years thou'extend'ſt thy cares,
Thou deal'ſt in other men's affairs.

VII.

Ev'n aged men, as if they truly were
Children again, for age prepare;
Proviſions for long travel they deſign,
In the laſt point of their ſhort line.

VIII.

Wiſely the ant againſt poor Winter hoards
The ſtock which Summer's wealth affords;
In graſhoppers, that muſt at autumn die,
How vain were ſuch an induſtry?

IX.

Of pow'r and honour the deceitful light
Might half excuſe our cheated ſight,

it of life the whole ſmall time would ſtay,
nd be our ſunſhine all the day.

X.

ke lightning that, begot but in a cloud,
'ho' ſhining bright and ſpeaking loud)
hilſt it begins, concludes its violent race,
nd where it gilds it wounds the place.

XI.

h, ſcene of Fortune! which doſt fair appear
ly to men that ſtand not near:
oud Poverty that tinſel brav'ry wears,
nd, like a rainbow, painted tears!

XII.

prudent, and the ſhore in proſpect keep;

Begin, be bold, and venture to be wise;
He who defers this work from day to day,
Does on a river's bank expecting stay,
Till the whole stream, which stopp'd him, should be gone,
That runs, and as it runs, for ever will run on.

Jam cras hesternum consumpsimus, ecce aliud cras
Egerit hos annos.

Our yesterday's to-morrow now is gone,
And still a new to-morrow does come on.
We by to-morrows draw up all our store,
Till the exhausted well can yield no more.

XI. *Of Myself.*

——Nec vos dulcissima mundi
Nomina, vos Musæ, libertas, otia, libri,
Hortique sylvæque anima remanente relinquam.

Nor by me e'er shall you,
You of all names the sweetest and the best,
You Muses, books, and liberty, and rest;
You gardens, fields, and woods, forsaken be,
As long as life itself forsakes not me.

EPITAPHIUM

VIVI AUCTORIS.

HIC, ô Viator! ſub lare parvulo
uleius hîc eſt conditus, Hîc jacet
efunctus humani laboris
orte, ſupervacuâque vitâ.

Non indecorâ pauperie nitens, 5
t non inerti nobilis otio,
anóq; dilectis popello
ivitiis animoſus hoſtis:

THE AUTHOR'S EPITAPH.

Upon himself yet alive, but withdrawn from the busy world to a country life; to be supposed written on his house.

HERE, Passenger! beneath this shed
Lies Cowley, tho' entomb'd not dead,
Yet freed from human toil and strife,
And all the impertinence of life.

Who in his poverty is neat,
And even in retirement great;
With gold, the people's idol, he
Holds endless war and enmity.

Can you not say he has resign'd
His breath, to this small cell confin'd?
With this small mansion let him have
The rest and silence of the grave.

Strew roses here as on his herse,
And reckon this his fun'ral verse:
With wreaths of fragrant herbs adorn
The yet surviving Poet's urn.

in Epitaph on the Author's tomb in Westminster-Abbey.

ABRAHAMUS COULEIUS,
Anglorum, Pindarus, Flaccus, Maro,
Deliciæ, Decus, Desiderium Ævi sui,
Hic juxtà situs est.

Aurea dum volitant latè tua scripta per orbem,
Et Famâ æternùm vivis, Divine Poeta,
Hic placidâ jaceas requie, Custodiat urnam
Cana Fides, vigilentq; perenni lampade Musæ,
Sit sacer iste locus, Nec quis temerarius audit
Sacrilega turbare manu Venerabile Bustum,
Intacti maneant, maneant per secula dulcis

THE EPITAPH

Tranſcribed from the Author's tomb in Weſtminſter-Abbey attempted in Engliſh.

Here under lies

ABRAHAM COWLEY,

THE PINDAR, HORACE, AND VIRGIL,

Of the Engliſh nation.

While thro' the world thy labours ſhine
Bright as thyſelf, thou Bard divine;
Thou in thy fame wilt live, and be
A partner with eternity.

Here in ſoft peace for ever reſt,
(Soft as the love that fill'd thy breaſt:)
Let hoary Faith around thy urn,
And all the watchful Muſes, mourn.

For ever ſacred be this room,
May no rude hand diſturb thy tomb;
Or ſacrilegious rage and luſt
Affront thy venerable duſt.

Sweet Cowley's duſt let none profane;
Here may it undiſturb'd remain:
Eternity not take, but give,
And make this ſtone for ever live.

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